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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

MEDICAL PROFESSION

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

MEDICAL PROFESSION

BY

J. F. CLARKE, M.R.C.S., ETC.

FOR MANY YEARS ON THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF "THE LANCET."

"Forsan et hœc olim meminesse juvabit."—*Virgil.*

23312

LONDON

J. & A. CHURCHILL, NEW BURLINGTON STREET

1874

TO

SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON, BART., F.R.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,

IN SINCERE REGARD FOR HIM AS A MAN,

AND IN PROFOUND ADMIRATION OF HIM AS A SURGEON,

This Volume is Dedicated

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE papers comprised in this Volume have already appeared in the pages of the *Medical Times and Gazette.* At the request of numerous friends and others, I have reproduced them in this form. They have no pretension to literary merit. Written in the few hours that I could occasionally snatch from a laborious practice, I preferred the discursive and gossiping style to that of the more elaborate or ornamental. Many of the chapters in this Volume have reference to a very important and striking epoch in the history of the Profession.

At a period when the angry feelings generated by a great, and often personal, struggle have long passed away, I have endeavoured to write in a spirit of impartiality and justice to all. The entire work is written from memory, for I have had no documents or notes to refer to. In the main I believe the circumstances are detailed

with accuracy. With respect to the Biographical Sketches, they are all drawn from an intimate knowledge of the persons to whom they refer. These pen-and-ink sketches will, I hope, prove acceptable to the Profession in their present form. In an Appendix I have reproduced from the *Medical Times and Gazette* three papers, on Robert Keate, Bransby Cooper, and John Morgan, as they bear directly on chapters in this work; these anonymous papers appear to me to be of great merit.

LONDON, *May*, 1874.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

FOR a long time past I have contemplated placing upon record my recollections of the Profession for the last forty years. Having been for nearly that long period officially connected with the first weekly Medical Journal which was established in this country, I have had peculiar opportunities of becoming acquainted with persons and circumstances, and a knowledge of these may be interesting and instructive to the present race of Medical Practitioners. I had at first thought of writing the history of the Profession during the time mentioned. I was anxious to carry this out for many reasons, but chiefly from the fact that I had on very many occasions been requested to do so by friends and acquaintances. It was urged upon me that it was a duty I owed to the Profession, and to various persons associated with

me in my labours, to fill up a hiatus which existed. Moreover, I had the honour, about thirty years since, of assisting Dr. Wm. Farr in the editorship of the *Medical Annual.* In that very elaborate work, Dr. Farr published the history of the Profession from the earliest times to the establishment of the *Lancet* in 1823.

This contribution to our literature is one of the most valuable ever made, and I have often been astonished that it has never been reproduced. It seemed as if the work was to be continued by myself, and I made certain arrangements for carrying it out. But now, in the autumn of life, and occupied largely in practice, I find that I could not do justice to the subject in so extended a form: but still I felt I ought to do something in that direction. I therefore determined, in the pages of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, to publish a series of papers, each, I hope, complete in itself, which will embody my own personal experience, my recollections of men and things, and a description of certain scenes behind the curtain which may serve to enlighten the present generation on some of the most interesting circumstances of a very eventful period in the history of Medicine.

The great reforms effected by the press were undoubtedly mainly achieved by a man of extraordinary ability and courage—the late Thomas Wakley. But he could never have been successful

if he had not been assisted by a staff of sub-editors and reporters. Of these men there is only, I believe, one now living besides myself—William Coulson—who was associated with the *Lancet* in its infancy. He rendered most important services to that Journal during his connexion with it. His reports of Hospital practice, his translations of foreign articles, and his 'leaders' did much to raise the reputation of that Journal.

In future chapters I shall have occasion to mention many other able men who were on the staff. It is due to them that what they did in the "good cause" should not be forgotten. They had to fight a battle against fearful odds, and, with one or two exceptions, they did their duty ably and manfully. Some afterwards rose to great distinction, some fell by the way, and some retired early, worn out by hard work and vexation of spirit. Now that the war is over, a calm retrospect can be taken of events which at the time were so complicated by passion, prejudice, and personal animosity, that no just judgment could be arrived at respecting them. An exposition of the means by which great reforms were effected at vast personal and pecuniary sacrifice, and were often attended with danger to individuals, cannot be without value. It will tend to show that, however desperate the evils with which we have to contend, however fortified by power, by long usage, and hallowed by time, those evils can be remedied by

a fearless, consistent, and persistent opposition. It will be found that though the means resorted to by the early reformers of the Profession were often desperate, and occasionally even unjustifiable when submitted to the test of history; at the time, at least, they appeared to be absolutely necessary. It is doubtful whether if a more scrupulous and righteous course had been pursued, results of such magnitude would have been obtained; but, anyway, there is much to be regretted, while there is much that merits admiration. It was impossible that great benefits could have been obtained for the mass of our brethren some forty years since without the infliction of injury and even of ruin upon individuals. This has always been the case in all great reforms. The cause of Medical reform is no exception to the rule. In recording my recollections of persons and events with whom and which I was more or less intimately associated, I hope to hold the balance evenly, and that—

> "I may safe betwixt the dangers steer—
> Of Scylla, flattery; and Charybdis, fear."

CHAPTER II

THE STATE OF THE PROFESSION IN 1823.

THE HALL AND COLLEGES—THE SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS —THE PERIODICAL MEDICAL PRESS—THE MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

IN order that the reforms effected during the last forty years may be properly appreciated, it is necessary that I should give an account of the actual condition of the Profession in 1823. It was then in what may be called a "transition" state. The statute of 1815, known as the "Apothecaries Act," was just coming into force. Before that enactment there were really no laws to regulate the Profession. It was not necessary for a Medical Practitioner to pass any examination whatever to qualify him for practice. The consequence was, that the practice of Medicine was carried on mainly by uneducated men, who had merely served an apprenticeship behind the counter, but had given no other evidence of their capacity to take care of the health and the lives of the people. They competed often successfully with men who had taken the diploma of the College of Surgeons, or who were

with Scotch graduates. This became so intolerable, that in the year 1812 an Association was formed, consisting of qualified Practitioners, with the object of obtaining some protection against unqualified persons, and to obtain an Act of Parliament rendering some examination compulsory on those who entered into "general practice." The President of this Association was Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Mann Burrows, the father of Sir George Burrows, late President of the General Medical Council. It was attempted at first by the Association to secure the College of Physicians as their patrons and the future "educators" of the "inferior grade." This the College positively refused to do, and the College of Surgeons was equally unfavourable. The consequence was, the Apothecaries Act was passed at a very late hour in a very thin House.

This Act, so momentous and so sweeping and stringent in its clauses, gave all the legal power over the Profession, so far as the "General Practitioners" were concerned, into the hands of the Society. It made it incumbent that every man, not in practice at the time of the passing of the Act, who practised generally—*i.e.*, "attended, prescribed, and dispensed medicine for gain in a Medical case"—should be a Member or Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, and should pass an examination such as the governing body of the Society should determine as fit and proper. By one of its clauses it was empowered

to bring an action against any person, however otherwise qualified, who practised as an "Apothecary" without a licence. The Act had not a retrospective effect, and hence it was some time before its great powers began to tell on the Profession. Gradually, however, they did tell. The examinations at the Hall became more stringent, and the sole right of "Apothecaries" to practise was enforced by actions for penalties brought against members of the College of Surgeons who practised generally. In some future chapter I may go further into details respecting the Society, but at present it is sufficient for my purpose to have stated so much as bears upon the position of the Profession in 1823.

The College of Surgeons, a close and irresponsible oligarchy, was obstructive and insolent. It was evidently the object of the Council and the Court of Examiners to keep the examinations at so low an ebb as to make the members, to use the words of one of them years afterwards, only fitted "for the common exigences of Surgery." This, too, in the face of the fact that the "Society" was steadily improving the curriculum and the examinations of their candidates. The examiners of the College were, moreover, usually teachers and Hospital Surgeons, and had the control of the curriculum of the student. The Members of the College were treated with insult and contempt; they were not allowed to enter the College by the

ordinary doors, but had to pass through a miserable back entrance in Portugal Street.

The College of Physicians was equally exclusive. It consisted only of Fellows and Licentiates. No Licentiate could become a Fellow unless he were a graduate of one of the English universities, and none but a Fellow could hold office in the College. This was the state of things, too, at a time, be it remembered, when the reputation of Medicine was sustained in the metropolis by men who were out of "the sacred pale." At this time, Clutterbuck, Copland, Tweedie, Holland, Neil Arnott, Armstrong, Birkbeck, Uwins, Shearman, Hancock, Roberts, Temple, Cleverley, and Merriman, with a host of other Licentiates, were in full practice. Such, in brief, was the state of the governing bodies. In consequence of this, the antagonism of classes was bitter, and produced constant quarrels and remonstrances.

If we turn to the Schools of Medicine and the Hospitals, we find that the teaching was altogether unsatisfactory. Clinical teaching was all but unknown, and I recollect one of the earliest letters inserted in the *Lancet* was a complaint from a student of one of the larger Hospitals, that a Surgeon of eminence had gone through the wards without "once opening his mouth." In consequence of the difficulties in procuring subjects, anatomy was not completely taught, and the only Hospital Schools of Medicine at that time were

attached to the larger institutions—the united Hospitals of Guy and St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew and the London Hospital. But there were a number of "private schools," some of them of great reputation, and officered by men of high talents and acquirements. There was the Windmill Street School, at which Brodie had lectured; the famous schools of Joshua Brookes and of Carpue; the Webb Street, or the school of the Graingers; and others. It is a remarkable fact that at the present moment there is not a single private school in London. The history of their rise, career, and fall will be a not uninteresting chapter in these "Recollections."

Turning to the Societies, we find them in an undeveloped state. The Medical and Chirurgical met in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the numbers present at the meetings being scarcely, on the average, a dozen, and this, too, when Sir Astley Cooper was the President. Discussion was not encouraged in any way—indeed, often discouraged; no reports of the proceedings were allowed to be published, on the ground that such publication might interfere with the sale of the "Transactions." The Medical Society of London, then holding its meetings in Bolt Court, was somewhat under the influence of the "cold shade of aristocracy." The Westminster, located at the great Windmill Street School, was flourishing, but no account of its "Transactions," as was the case with the rest,

was published. The Societies connected with the Schools of Medicine were of use only to their members; the Profession in general derived no information from them.

What was the state of the periodical literature of the Profession at this time? It was mainly represented by the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, established and edited by Dr. J. Johnson; the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, an able periodical circulating largely in England; and the *Medical Repository*, conducted by Dr. James Copland. It is worthy of remark here, that Clutterbuck, when practising in St. Paul's Churchyard, edited for several years a monthly journal which ceased to exist many years before the establishment of the *Lancet*. This veteran member of our Profession, whose face and form even to a recent period were familiar to so many of us, outlived his work upwards of sixty years! In my biography of him in the "Lives of British Physicians," published by W. Tegg, I enter somewhat more minutely than I can here on the services he rendered to the members of the Profession in the periodical alluded to. It is due to this able, upright, and kind-hearted man to say that he to the last was a consistent advocate of the rights of the many; this is more especially necessary, inasmuch as he was the "*one* faithful amid the faithless found."

The Quarterlies contained very little except long

and elaborate abstracts of new books, occasionally original articles, but no independent reports of Societies or Hospital practice. As far as the social position of the Profession went, or keeping the members of it *au courant* with the events of the day, these periodicals might as well not have been in existence. With reference to the appointments to Hospitals, they were obtainable only by family or money influence. No man, whatever his talents and acquirements, had the least chance of obtaining a Hospital appointment unless he were connected with the staff by family or other ties, or had a large command of capital. Thus, at Guy's and St. Thomas's, at the time I am alluding to, the Surgeons and Assistant-Surgeons formed a snug family party; whilst at others the Surgeons had been the "apprentices" of their predecessors, to whom they had given enormous premiums with the understanding that they were to be so appointed.

CHAPTER III.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "LANCET"—SIR ASTLEY COOPER'S LECTURES — WILLIAM COBBETT, WILLIAM LAWRENCE, AND THOMAS WAKLEY—JAMES WARDROP.

ON October 5th, 1823, being Sunday, there issued from a small publisher's in the Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church, the first number of a Journal which was to exercise great influence on the Medical Profession. This was the *Lancet*. It was a little foolscap 8vo of thirty-six pages. Its contents were of a motley character; and now with that first number before me, I can hardly imagine it to be the father, as it were, of the huge *Lancet* of to-day. It started modestly enough as to appearances; it had no cover; but it contained a bold and defiant preface, enunciating the objects and principles of the new periodical, objects and principles which so long as he who wrote that preface lived, were in the main kept in view, and acted upon.

The first article was a lecture by Sir A. Cooper, delivered in the theatre of St. Thomas's Hospital, which at that time was united with the neighbouring Guy's. Then came an onslaught on the

Livery of London, more political than Medical; but still evincing that able and powerful mastery of invective which its author maintained until the last. Then came a short leading article with the simple heading "Dr. Collyer," but an article of such a character that it must, with its successors, be passed over in a cursory manner. Then Critiques of Dramatic Performances, then Extracts from Quarterly Medical Journals, Composition of Quack Medicines, Table Talk, and a savage Review of Southey, the Poet Laureate.

I have thus briefly enumerated the contents of the first number of the Journal with which I was associated for nearly forty years, and with whose chief I laboured in the cause of the Profession so long, and occasionally so laboriously. And here let me say, in respect to the late Thomas Wakley, that, in my personal relations to him, nothing could have been more genial and satisfactory. It is something to say of a man after being his lieutenant for many long years, exposed as he was to many vicissitudes, "harassed to-day, harassing others to-morrow," like the soldier described by Corporal Trim, never out of danger, that, with one solitary exception, I never had an unkind word from him. The occasion of the utterance of that unkind word was a paltry quarrel with a person whose name is not worthy of being mentioned here. But, this momentary anger over, our friend-

ship became as warm and steadfast as ever. Let me say, moreover, of Mr. Wakley, that he never broke his faith with me either in the most trivial or the most important matters. I think it necessary to say this much, because in the course of this and succeeding chapters I may have to speak of him with the freedom that he always advocated, and which he invariably exercised when writing or speaking of others.

Thomas Wakley was the son of a farmer at Membury, in Devonshire, at which village he was born in 1795. As a boy he was of a restless disposition, and was anxious to go to sea. On a sudden he took one voyage on board an Indiaman to Calcutta, after which he relinquished the "ocean wave" and went to school at Wiveliscombe. He was apprenticed to an apothecary at Taunton, but finished his indentures with two other gentlemen, one at Henley-on-Thames, the other at Beaminster. After visiting the various Hospitals in London with the view of selecting the most eligible one to enter, he fixed upon the united Hospitals of Guy's and St. Thomas's, at which Sir Astley Cooper, then in his zenith, gave the lectures on Surgery. Young Wakley was no doubt influenced in his choice of a school by his admiration of Sir A. Cooper, then one of the handsomest men of his time, and of most pleasing and genial manners. However this may have been, he finished his curriculum in the Borough, and passed the College of Surgeons in

1817. From that time to 1823, when the *Lancet* was established, there is little worth noticing in his career; but shortly before the latter period he had opened a shop at the east corner of Norfolk Street in the Strand, so long and well known afterwards as Butterfield's the chemist's, and as the post-office. It was whilst in this shop that he conceived the idea of establishing a weekly Journal to reform the abuses which existed in the Hospitals and Medical Schools of the metropolis. He communicated his plan to Mr. Collard, now the venerable head of the eminent firm of that name, the pianoforte manufacturers. Mr. Collard was an old schoolfellow of Wakley's, took much interest in his welfare, and assisted him in the first seven or eight numbers of the new Journal.

It is worth mentioning, to show how steadfast and firm were the friendships of Mr. Wakley, that amongst the dozen immediate followers of his remains to their last resting-place, was his old schoolfellow, bowed somewhat by age and not so elastic as forty years before, but as cheerful as was consistent with the occasion, and redolent of praises of his old chum, of his boldness, of his kindness of heart, of his imprudent chivalry, and his inconsistent firmness. I have stated that the first article in the little hebdomadal was a lecture by Sir A. Cooper, delivered in the theatre of St. Thomas's Hospital, on Wednesday evening, October 1st, 1823. It was entitled "Duties of the

Profession," and was reported as if verbatim. This, however, was not the case; but the report was altogether so admirably done from notes, that it suffered nothing from not having been taken in shorthand. The reporter was Thomas Wakley. It may well be imagined that the appearance of the new Journal was received nowhere with more surprise than at the Hospitals in the Borough. The Professors were in a perfect state of alarm and astonishment, threatened the offender with all kinds of punishment, and declared that such an "outrage" against rights and privileges could not be allowed to go on. The students received the bantling in a very different spirit; they were delighted with the new-comer. They saw at once the great advantages which must accrue to them from the publication of able and authentic reports of the lectures delivered by their teachers.

The *Lancet*, from the first, was popular with the alumni and Surgeons in general practice; dreaded, feared, and disliked by consulting Practitioners, lecturers, and Hospital Medical officers.* For a short time the name of the editor of the new journal was kept secret, but it could not long re-

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The fact of Mr. Wakley having been brought up as a "general practitioner" is the key-note of his conduct and success. In his long career he invariably upheld the rights and privileges of his own grade, and if he employed physicians and surgeons on the *Lancet*, he was always true to his "first love."

main so. Young Wakley was seen to take notes; but many of the students did the same, and he was not a man to answer any questioner whom he might deem inquisitive or impertinent.

But Sir Astley Cooper was really alarmed at the publication of his lectures—alarmed for a reason which will appear directly, and was most anxious to stop their publication. He had his suspicion of his old student, and took a summary but decisive mode of determining whether his suspicions were well founded. He went late to Mr. Wakley's house in Norfolk Street, rung the night-bell, requested to see the "Doctor" immediately respecting an urgent case, was ushered into Mr. Wakley's private room, and there found the culprit actually correcting a "galley" containing a report of his (Sir A. Cooper's) lecture delivered the night before! I have heard Mr. Wakley say that the interview had a very ludicrous aspect in some respects, and the unexpected meeting and the discovery gave rise to a hearty laugh on both sides. But this soon subsided, and Sir Astley, in a tone evincing real concern, expressed his alarm and annoyance at the appearance of his "unprepared and offhand lectures" in print. The young editor reasoned with his visitor, declared that the lectures had given great satisfaction, were models in their way, and that it would be a great loss to the Profession if their publication were discontinued. He was met with the complaint that the lectures contained

scarcely anything but the experience of the lecturer himself. "I read few books, and I know scarcely anything that is going on in Surgery on the Continent. The productions are most incomplete and unsatisfactory." He was again assured that the lectures were of extreme value, mainly from the fact that they were the genuine records of the lecturer's experience. Eventually Sir Astley was satisfied with the reasoning advanced in favour of the publication, and stipulated only that he in future should correct the "proofs" before going to press. This was assented to with thanks, and, after an interview which was prolonged until the small hours, the friends parted.

It is somewhat remarkable that Sir Astley Cooper, though he opposed Mr. Wakley in after life, and more particularly in the trial of Cooper *v.* Wakley, never was the subject of a nickname in the *Lancet*. We had Brodie "the little eminent," Earle the "cock sparrow," Mayo "the owl," Halford the "eel-backed," and a host of others to whom I shall refer on a future occasion; but Cooper never was "honoured" with a sobriquet. The *Lancet* was carried on for several years at "the point of the bayonet," and was dreaded and hated by one section of the Profession, whilst it was encouraged and supported by the other.

After a time the Journal was printed at the office of Mills, Jowett, and Mills, the eminent printers in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. Cobbett printed his

famous *Register* at the same establishment, and this brought him and Wakley frequently together. I mention this because Wakley, to some extent, made the style of Cobbett his model ; but Wakley was far inferior to that remarkable person in his knowledge of the English language. The style of the *Register* was as truly Anglo-Saxon as was anything written by Dean Swift ; the *Lancet* was forcible, rotund, and occasionally inflated. Cobbett had a more racy and biting wit than Wakley, who had more humour and good nature in his ridicule or invective.

At this time it was not an uncommon occurrence for four persons to meet in a little room in Mills's office ; three of them made themselves famous—William Cobbett, William Lawrence, and Thomas Wakley ; the fourth was a barrister of the name of Keen, who used to join the party on printing nights, probably with a view of determining whether the productions which were about to appear were libellous. However this may be, the sanctum was seldom violated ; the printer's boy was the only person admitted, and the "boy" at the time in question was poor George Clark, the printer of the *Lancet* for many years, and who died in harness only the other day. "George," as we always called him in the *Lancet* office, because there was another "Clark" on the establishment, has told me that the little room was a scene of the utmost merriment. He could hear as he ascended the

stairs the boisterous laugh of Cobbett above the rest; the loud, cheerful, good-humoured "ring" of Wakley; and on entering the room, could *see* the quiet sneering smile of Lawrence, and hear the suppressed giggle of the lawyer.

What a quartette! Three of those present were remarkable men indeed; one all but unknown.

> "As mid the horses of the sun,
> One was, they say, of earthly race."

And yet, with some similarity in the three, how different in many respects! Similar, as each of them was the architect of his own fortune. Similar in that self-reliance which raised three of them to high distinction. Similar in their ambitious selfishness, in their being all "good haters." Similar in another respect scarcely to be understood. They were all professors of liberal opinions at one period of their lives, at others they became "something more than Conservative." It is well-known that Cobbett, in spite of his fierce attacks upon all Governments, whether Tory or Whig, was a "Tory of the good old type." Lawrence commenced a sa Radical *pure and simple.* He obtained power, and then his great abilities and vast acquirements were ranged in opposition to all reform. Wakley in the House of Commons as the Liberal member for Finsbury, or as the demagogue addressing a mob, was a very different person to Wakley when he had retired to his "Sabine Farm" at Harefield. There he could, and did, expatiate

on the importance of protection to the landowner, and he preserved game with a rigour that was never surpassed in the region of "The Dukeries." The contrast between these three men, however, was marked in an especial manner in their powers as public speakers. Cobbett, unrivalled as a writer of pure English, able and interesting as a lecturer, was a poor speaker. He was nowhere in debate. His miserable failure in the House of Commons is a matter of history. He who in his *Register* was the terror of Governments and the leader of a large portion of the thinking public, was "a bye word and a jest" before the assembled Commons. In fact, he had no readiness of expression. He was quite deficient in imagination, and halted, and even broke down in the discussion of subjects with which he was undoubtedly well acquainted. Not so Thomas Wakley. He was equally happy when addressing a low audience, as in his place in the House. Indeed, I know no one of his contemporaries who was his equal in this respect, with the exception of O'Connell. But Wakley was considerably below the "Liberator" in all respects. O'Connell was a great scholar, had a voice unsurpassed in richness and power, and broke out occasionally into eloquence which has never been surpassed in ancient or modern times. Wakley had wonderful tact in adapting his style and his expressions to his audience. He had a voice of considerable power and sweetness. He

had, moreover, a fund of humour which served him to good purpose on many occasions. When addressing the "unwashed," he could tickle their fancy and appeal to their rough ready sense in a manner which commanded their admiration and applause. In the House he was always listened to with pleasure and interest, and in his few personal encounters in that assembly, he certainly was on no occasion "second best." I shall have occasion from time to time, in these memoirs, to give specimens of his tact and ability as a speaker. It is remarkable that with the exception of O'Connell, he was, I believe, the only man of that time who sustained his reputation as a speaker to the populace, and to the first assembly of gentlemen in the world. "Orator Hunt," who in his palmy days was even superior to Wakley as a speaker to the mob, broke down ignominiously when he spoke in Parliament.

The success of Wakley was not due, as in the case of O'Connell, to extensive acquirements and a classical education, for he "knew nothing of Greek, and less of Latin," but he had strong common sense, a fine presence, and the power of seizing, as it were, instantly on the main points of an argument. Moreover, his genial good nature and wonderful animal spirits must be taken into account when estimating the cause of his success as a public speaker. William Lawrence was altogether of a different type of speaker. The

polished, accomplished, and classic Lawrence would have been quite out of his element if he had attempted to address an election mob; he would have failed to enlist their sympathies. He could not condescend to lower his intellect to theirs; for, notwithstanding his shortcomings and his desertion of his "principles," he was a proud man, well acquainted with his power, and too shrewd to "throw pearls to swine." But when he stood to address an intellectual audience, Lawrence was really great as an orator. What could have been finer than his speeches on Medical reform, delivered with so much grace and eloquence at the Crown and Anchor Tavern? There he shone unrivalled. Well might we all exclaim, when he joined the opposing party, "*Et tu Brute!*"

I have entered somewhat into detail respecting the connexion of Cobbett and Lawrence with the early career of the *Lancet*, because undoubtedly they exercised a most importance influence on the fortunes of that Journal. Cobbett, it is true, never wrote for the *Lancet;* there is not a single article from first to last that emanated from his pen, but he acted the part that Johnson acted to Goldsmith in his two delightful poems, "The Traveller" and the "Deserted Village."* He put the coping-stone occasionally on the building; put the master touch on the structure, and no doubt occasionally

* Johnson contributed the four last lines both of "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village."

"improved the occasion" by his pungent wit and his inimitable powers of invective. Lawrence, on the contrary, was an active though unpaid member of the staff. He wrote reviews of the most pungent character. He was the author of many of the leading articles which denounced the College of Surgeons for its selfishness, its imbecility, and its meanness. Those of my readers who have the time and opportunity of referring to the volumes of the *Lancet* for 1825-28 will have afforded to them a rich intellectual treat in perusing the leaders on the College of Surgeons; and if they rise from the perusal of these remarkable productions with a sigh of grief that the writer "turned his back upon himself," and became the most formidable antagonist of his own principles, they may content themselves that he rendered good service to the cause, and that he was not the first who was—

"Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall."

When Lawrence was ensconced in power, and became the ablest and most uncompromising of "obstructives," of course he ceased to have any connexion with the Journal of progress. Then it was that the able, witty, and unscrupulous Wardrop joined the staff of the *Lancet*. He smarted under the infliction of real or assumed grievances; he had been passed over by the Council, and he never forgave the insult or injury, whichever it might be, and spent several of the best years of

his life in denouncing personally the individuals by whom he had been slighted. I have in another chapter of these Recollections given a sketch of Wardrop. I may here say, in addition to what I therein stated, that Wardrop rendered immense service to the *Lancet* during his connexion with it. His scurrility, his wit, his venom, were not without their effects. To Wardrop the *Lancet* of the time owed its raciness. He was inimitable in his abuse. He showed himself a master of satire in his "Intercepted Letters," and he overwhelmed antagonists by the fertility of his resources, and by his happy and appropriate coinage of nicknames.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR A. COOPER'S ATTACK ON THE "LANCET"—MR. BRANSBY COOPER'S CASE OF LITHOTOMY—REPORT OF THE "TRAGEDY"—ACTION FOR LIBEL.

IN a former chapter I have stated that Sir Astley Cooper was never "honoured by a nickname" in the *Lancet*. But some time in the year 1827, Sir Astley, in a speech made at a public dinner, used some strong language respecting that Journal. He denounced it as *a reptile press*, and used the word *miscreant* in his comments. Of course this was not allowed to go unnoticed or unchallenged, and Sir Astley was roundly abused in return. The relationship which existed between most of the Surgeons and Assistant-Surgeons of the Borough Hospitals offered a subject for fair comment. Undoubtedly, though most of them were men of mark, they were too closely related, hence they were termed "neveys and noodles," and subjected to various kinds of insulting epithets. Amongst the Surgeons of Guy's Hospital was Mr. Bransby Cooper (nephew of Sir Astley), who had done good service in the war with France.

In 1828—just forty-four years ago—my predecessor was Mr. James Lambert, a Surgeon in general practice at Walworth. He was a man somewhat in ill-health, of considerable ability in his Profession, and acted as reporter of cases at the Borough Hospitals, and occasionally of the papers and discussions of the Societies. He successfully tied the common carotid artery on the distal side; an operation first, I believe, performed by Wardrop. There is no doubt that, in the course of his connexion with the Hospitals named, there had been some misunderstandings between himself and Mr. Bransby Cooper; in fact, at one of the biennial dinners of the Hospitals, Mr. Cooper turned him out of the room. Mr. Wakley has often told me that Lambert was constantly bringing reports of cases under Mr. B. Cooper's care, the tone of which was often unfriendly, and occasionally very severe. These reports were rejected. At length, a case of lithotomy occurred which attracted considerable attention. Lambert brought an account of the case to the *Lancet* office, and declared, as Mr. Wakley stated, that if it were not published he must cease his connexion with that Journal. Admitting that Lambert was a valuable *aide*, and that he would have acted upon his threat, there never was and never could be any justification of the mode in which the case was published. I am in a position to state that Lambert's report was simply a plain narrative of

the facts of the operation, with some comments. The form in which it was published was due to after-manipulation, and it is not difficult to determine that there was more than one person engaged in the process. At this time of day it is all but incredible that such a report could ever have been published. But forty years ago, passions in the Profession ran high, and the Medical press had obtained an unenviable notoriety for its personalities and its libels. The publication of Mr. Bransby Cooper's case still further lowered the character of this branch of our literature, and at the time I joined the *Lancet*, writers for other periodicals, whether political or literary, were in the habit of treating us as somewhat inferior, both in position and caste.

The influence exerted by the publication of Mr. B. Cooper's case was very great on the Profession, and the trial which resulted from it is one of the most remarkable on record. I would willingly have passed over this stage in the history of the Profession, for it is not creditable to most of the persons implicated. But I could not consistently do so. The transaction, I know, afterwards was deeply regretted by some of the actors in it; but the evils it inflicted upon others were irreparable. Previous to the appearance of the report, the newspapers had been plied with little sensational articles about "a dreadful operation at Guy's Hospital." Here, then, is the report as it appeared in the *Lancet* for March 29th, 1828:—

"THE OPERATION OF LITHOTOMY, BY MR. BRANSBY COOPER, WHICH LASTED NEARLY ONE HOUR ! !*

"We should be guilty of injustice towards the singularly gifted operator, as well as to our numerous readers, if we were to omit a 'full, true, and particular' account of this case. It will, doubtless, be useful to the country 'draff' to learn how things are managed by one of the privileged order—a Hospital Surgeon—nephew and Surgeon, and Surgeon because he is 'nephew.'

"The performance of this tragedy was nearly as follows :—

"Act 1. The patient† (a labouring man from the county of Sussex, thick set, ruddy and healthy in appearance, and fifty-three years of age) was placed on the operating table, at a few minutes past One o'clock, on Tuesday, the 18th. The only one of the Surgical staff present, besides the operator, was Mr. Callaway. The ceremony of binding the patient we need not detail ; the straight staff was introduced, and was held by Mr. Callaway. The first incision through the integuments, appeared to be freely and fairly made ; and, after

* The following passage occurs in John Bell's great work on Surgery: "*Long and murderous operations, where the Surgeon labours for an hour in extracting the stone, to the inevitable destruction of the patient.*"

† The poor fellow, who has left a wife and six children, said that "he came to town to be operated upon by the '*Nevey*' of the great Sir Astley."

a *little* dissection, the point of the knife was fixed (apparently) in the groove of the staff, which was now taken hold of, and the knife carried onwards —*somewhere.* A small quantity of fluid followed the withdrawal of the knife. The forceps were now handed over, and for some time attempted to be introduced, but without effect. 'I must enlarge the opening,' said the operator; 'give me my uncle's knife.' This instrument was given, and a cut was made with it, without the staff being re-introduced. The forceps were again used, but as unsuccessfully as before; they were pushed onwards to a considerable distance, and with no small degree of force. 'It's a very deep perineum,' exclaimed the operator. '*I can't reach the bladder with my finger.*'

"Act 2. The staff reintroduced, and a cutting gorget passed along it—various forceps employed: a blunt gorget—a scoop—sounds and staves introduced at the opening in the perineum. 'I really can't conceive the difficulty—Hush! hush! Don't you hear the stone?'—'Dodd (turning to the Demonstrator), have you a long finger? Give me another instrument—Now I have it! Good God! I can hear the stone when I pass the sound from the opening, but the forceps wont touch it.—O dear! O dear!'

"Such were the hurried exclamations of the operator. Every now and then there was a cry of Hush! which was succeeded by the stillness of

death, broken only by the horrible squash, squash, of the forceps in the perineum. 'Oh! let it go —pray let it keep in!' was the constant cry of the poor man.

"This act lasted upwards of half an hour; the former upwards of twenty minutes. The stone was eventually laid hold of, and never shall we forget the triumphant manner in which the Assistant-Surgeon raised his arm and flourished the forceps over his head, with the stone in their grasp. The operator turned to the students, and said, 'I really can't conceive the cause of the difficulty,' the patient being upon the table, bound, whilst the operator was '*explaining*.'

"The man was put to bed much exhausted, but rallied a few hours afterwards, and leeches were applied, in consequence of tenderness of the abdomen. He passed a restless night, was in great pain, and was bled from the arm on the following morning. Leeches were applied in the afternoon, and about seven o'clock in the evening death ended the poor fellow's sufferings, about twenty-nine hours after the operation.

"*Examination of the Body.*

"There was a very large and sloughy wound observable in the perineum, and the scrotum was exceedingly dark coloured from ecchymosis. The finger could be passed to the prostate without difficulty, which was not deeply situated; indeed,

it was the declared opinion of Dr. Hodgkin and Mr. Key that the man *had not a 'deep perineum.'* The whole of the cellular tissue throughout the pelvis was easily lacerable, and this was especially the case with the portion between the bladder and rectum, admitting of the passage of the finger with great facility, and to a considerable distance. There was a tolerably fair lateral section of the prostate and neck of the bladder. The gland itself was larger than natural, and the portion which is designated the third lobe presented a singular appearance, being of the size of the tip of the little finger, and forming a kind of valve at the neck of the bladder; part of this third lobe had a dark-coloured appearance, and it seemed as if some substance had been resting upon it. The bladder itself presented nothing remarkable.

"The peritoneum lining the abdominal parietes was highly vascular, and there was a slight quantity of turbid serum in the cavity of the abdomen. The kidneys had a mottled appearance throughout their cortical substance.

"There are two or three points in this case to which we beg particular attention; first, the statement of Mr. B. Cooper, at the time of the operation, that he '*could not reach the bladder with his finger,*' as contrasted with the fact of the bladder being very readily reached in the post-mortem examination, the man not having a deep perineum; secondly, the circumstance of the finger passing

with facility between the bladder and rectum to a great depth, as considered in connexion with another declaration of Mr. Cooper, that he could not feel the stone with the forceps until the time of its extraction, although a sound, passed into the bladder downwards from the penis, struck upon the stone, as was the case also, on one or two occasions, when a staff was passed at the perineal opening.

"The surface of the calculus was rather larger than the disc of a shilling, flat, oval-shaped, and apparently consisting of lithic acid."

In addition to the report, leading articles of an exciting kind, and squibs and epigrams, some in the worst taste, were inserted. As a specimen, take the following :—

"When Cooper's 'Nevey' cut for stone,
His toils were long and heavy ;
The patient quicker parts has shown,
He soon cut Cooper's 'Nevey.'"

Under these circumstances, Mr. Cooper had no alternative but to bring an action for libel. This he did, and some account of the proceedings will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRIAL OF COOPER *v.* WAKLEY—THE CONDITION OF THE PROFESSION AT THE TIME — PERSECUTION OF THE PRESS BY THE GOVERNMENT—UNPOPULARITY OF SIR JAMES SCARLETT IN CONSEQUENCE — PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE RESULT OF THE TRIAL—LORD TENTERDEN.

IN order that the universal interest which the trial of Cooper *versus* Wakley excited in the public mind may be understood, it is necessary to take a glance at the position of the Profession and of society in general at the period. The trial had undoubtedly great political as well as great Professional importance. It had long been felt that the avenues to Professional advancement were closed to the "rank and file." No matter what a man's talents and acquirements might be, he had little or no chance of advancement at a Hospital, except through family or money influence. All the prizes in the Profession were monopolized by those who could pay for them, or who were fortunate enough to have friends at Court. The apprentice of the Hospital Surgeon paid a very large premium for his indentures, and, as a rule, it was understood, that he was to be placed on the

Hospital staff as part return for his money outlay. This gave rise to a system of nepotism of the most objectionable character. Hospital Surgeons were selected, not from the mass of the Profession, but from the private pupils and relations of the "staff." To such an extent was this carried in the united Hospitals of Guy's and St. Thomas's, that at the period referred to (1828) the Surgeons and Assistant-Surgeons were, with two or three exceptions, the apprentices and relatives of Sir Astley Cooper. In this particular instance it must be admitted that the system had not worked disadvantageously to the interests of the poor or of Surgery itself.

With the solitary exception of Mr. Bransby Cooper, there was not a single gentleman connected with the Surgical staff of these Hospitals who had ever been publicly arraigned as "incompetent." It is true several of them had been subject to adverse criticism in the pages of the *Lancet*, but no one had ever presumed to charge them with "incompetency." Difficult, and what are called "unfortunate," cases had occurred to most of them, and these had been held up to public odium and public reprobation. But the manifest injustice and unfairness of the comments made upon their conduct sufficed to defeat the malignity of the attacks of their opponents. How could it be otherwise when men such as Aston Key, John Morgan, and Thomas Callaway were in office at

Guy's, and Joseph Henry Green, Benjamin Travers, and Frederick Tyrrell at St. Thomas's? Still, in spite of the really great and just fame of these gentlemen, the system of breeding in-and-in was unpalatable to the Profession, and was the source of much heart-burning and jealousy amongst the great body of students of the Hospitals in question, and of the Hospitals in London generally.

To add to the discontent prevailing, there had been, shortly before (1827), an unseemly quarrel at the great Hospital of St. Bartholomew's, in which Mr. Abernethy did not bear an enviable part. It was sought by him to make certain arrangements with respect to the Surgical staff, which would serve his own personal interest, but would be detrimental to the interest of some of his junior colleagues. Hence his quarrel with Mr. Lawrence, which culminated in the establishment by this gentleman of a rival Medical school; of his attack upon Mr. Stanley, and of his incomprehensible acts of injustice to Mr. Skey. At this time, too, the establishment of what was then called the "University of London" attracted increased attention to the system of nepotism. The school of "all the talents" had its influence in checking a vicious mode of election to high offices in the Profession. The announcement of the names of the Professors of this Institution startled the Profession by the fact that most, if not all but one of them, were "outsiders;" were not,

in fact, connected with any of the large endowed Hospitals, but were all of high and deserved distinction. Pattison, afterwards Jones Quain, the most distinguished Anatomist of the time; Samuel Cooper, the author of the renowned "Surgical Dictionary;" Elliotson, the most accomplished Physician of the period; Anthony Todd Thomson, whose "Dispensatory" had a world-wide reputation; Turner, whose "Chemistry" had no worthy rival in this country; Robert Carswell, the most profound Morbid Anatomist in Europe; and Robert Grant, the "English Cuvier," were on the list of the Medical staff of the new Institution. This fact, made more impressive by the high scientific character of the Council of the University, had a powerful influence on the mind of the Profession and of the public.

Nor was the fame of the private Schools for teaching Medicine and Surgery in the metropolis without its effect. Amongst others, Joshua Brookes, and the Graingers and Carpue for Anatomy; Wardrop and Lawrence for Surgery; Armstrong, Clutterbuck, and Marshall Hall for Medicine; Pereira for Materia Medica; and Brande and Faraday for Chemistry; were all connected with "private schools." A great portion, too, of the leading practice, particularly in Medicine, was in the hands of the "outsiders." Can it be wondered at, then, that the trial of Cooper

versus Wakley should have attracted so much interest in the great body of the Profession itself?

But the social and political state of society at the time of the trial had a marvellous influence in giving importance to the proceedings. Two questions were deeply agitating the public mind, both of which were identified with great changes in the body politic—the Roman Catholic Disabilities Bill, and the great Reform Bill. The agitation of these questions had produced an amount of antagonism in political parties never surpassed in magnitude—it might be said in "ferocity"—at any period of our history. The object of these measures was the abolition of what are called vested interests, and of giving an impetus to intelligence and reform. But there was another circumstance connected with the trial which, in my opinion, so far as its results are concerned, was far more powerful than either of the preceding. The Ministry of the day—that of the Duke of Wellington—was opposed to all unshackling of the fetters of the masses. The Attorney-General of this Government was Sir James Scarlett, who had seceded from the Whigs.

It was the misfortune of Sir James, during his period of office, to file more criminal informations against the press than did any of his predecessors or his successors. One morning paper in particular, conducted with great ability, which was inimical to the Government, succumbed entirely under a

succession of these informations. The criminal proceeding has always been regarded with distrust and alarm by Englishmen; and it is fortunately now only resorted to in the most serious offences against society and the Government. It is certain, however, that Sir James Scarlett had become the object of general dislike, and it was common when speaking of him to characterize him sneeringly as the *Whig* Attorney-General. This was the man chosen by Mr. Bransby Cooper as his chief advocate. No one will deny to this eminent lawyer the possession of unrivalled powers of rhetoric—of a knowledge of the law exhaustive and profound, and, as an advocate in addressing a jury, he was without an equal. But he had contracted views upon great public questions, was no friend to the "Fourth Estate," and was apt to show temper when he should be cool, and to take a legal rather than an equitable view of the case he had to sustain.

I think Mr. Bransby Cooper, in selecting him for his "leader," made a grave mistake, looking at the temper of the times and the proclivities of jurymen at a period when there was a strong disposition on their part to uphold the liberties of the press, and to view the Attorney-General in no favourable light. Associated with Sir James were the late Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Scarlett. I cannot help, in going over the report of the trial after so long an interval, being struck with the contrast of

the calm, unemotional cross-examination of Mr. Pollock, and the excited manner of his great leader. There was a reason for this, which will appear presently. Sir James, as a personal friend of Sir Astley Cooper, exerted almost superhuman efforts on behalf of his client, but he was certainly not fortunate in the way in which he conducted the case.

The defendant, who had determined to conduct his own defence, availed himself, however, of the assistance and advice of the foremost advocate of the rights and liberties of the people—Henry Brougham—and of the most rising lawyer of the time—Fitzroy Kelly, the present Lord Chief Baron. Of all who took an important part in this memorable struggle, I believe the only one remaining is Sir Fitzroy Kelly. The plaintiff and defendant, the counsel on both sides, the witnesses, the judge, are all gone; the witness who saved the defendant (Mr. Alderman Partridge) having died a year or two since, at a green old age, at Colchester.

Public expectation had been raised high by newspaper paragraphs respecting the coming trial. It was known that the Attorney-General would represent the plaintiff, and it was expected that Brougham would defend, and address the jury. But it soon transpired that Mr. Wakley would be his own advocate. Many thought at the time that this was most unwise and presumptuous; but,

as the sequel proved, it was otherwise. Mr. Cooper did well in bringing the action for libel in the ordinary form; for though he might, I believe, have moved for a criminal information successfully, he would have to some extent blinked the inquiry and have raised the suspicion that he was afraid to meet the charges advanced against him. It is, moreover, likely that Sir James Scarlett was opposed to a criminal information, recollecting as he did the odium which attached to his name with respect to that mode of proceeding.

In stating that the jury was more or less influenced by Sir James's attacks upon the press, of course I do not intend to impute any dereliction of duty or of honour to them. They were a body of most respectable gentlemen; but the advocate went too far, and overshot his mark. The jury did not fail to see this, and even the judge almost reproved the Attorney-General for calling upon the jury to show their "indignation" in the amount of damages. I shall refer to this hereafter. In mentioning the judge, however, I cannot lose the opportunity of expressing my admiration of the way in which he conducted the trial; though advanced in years, and suffering from ill-health, Lord Tenterden was most urbane, patient, painstaking, and impartial. He bore with extreme good nature, and only gently reproved, the mistakes in putting questions, &c., into which the inexperienced defendant naturally

fell; he himself occasionally examined witnesses on technical points which he did not consider clearly made out to the jury. His summing up was a model of impartiality and ability, and I have reason to believe, as I shall state hereafter, but for the manner in which Lord Tenterden addressed the jury, they would actually have found for the defendant. After notice of action had been served on Mr. Wakley, he took immediate steps for his defence; but it is a singular fact that he was so unprepared that, when the day of trial was fixed, Mr. Brougham moved that the cause should be postponed for nearly six weeks, on "account of the absence of important witnesses." This was opposed by Sir James Scarlett, but granted by Lord Tenterden. Now, Mr. Wakley was not prepared with the witnesses who rendered him most service at the trial; nor was he at the time of applying for an adjournment aware that he could procure them. Indeed, strange as it may appear, Mr. Alderman Partridge—the "only witness, as it appears to me," said Sir James Scarlett, "who from his science and education seems entitled to any credit at all"—was not subpœnaed until the very night previous to the trial. But the defence mainly rested on his evidence, which was given as became a Surgeon—clearly, and with gentlemanly address and manner. It is certain that his evidence had a most important influence on the jury. Even in his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett his

manner was so cool, so self-possessed, and showed so much self-respect, that the great advocate had the worst of the encounter. At length, on the morning of December 12th, 1828, commenced a trial for libel, in which, for the first time in this country, the defendant opened the case and had the reply.

CHAPTER VI.

TRIAL OF COOPER *v.* WAKLEY—POPULAR EXCITEMENT—EVIDENCE—ADDRESSES—SUMMING-UP AND VERDICT.

SELDOM or never before had the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster presented so animated an appearance as it did on the morning of Friday, December 12th, 1828. Long before the doors were opened a large crowd was collected, and the Court was densely filled by the first rush. The struggle to gain admittance had been so great that some of the barristers had lost their wigs, others had theirs half off, coats were rent, and parts of them torn away. The counsel, jury, and witnesses had the utmost difficulty in obtaining their seats. At a few minutes past nine the defendant appeared on the floor of the Court, attended by his counsel, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Fitzroy Kelly. The plaintiff was represented by Sir James Scarlett, Mr. F. Pollock, Mr. Scarlett, and Mr. Platt. The jury, which was special, could not reach their box until a quarter to ten o'clock, and then only five or six answered to their names. A *tales* was therefore prayed by Sir James, and the panel was filled up to the required number by common jurymen. In

consequence of the very crowded state of the Court, it was nearly half-past ten before they were sworn. The defendant had laid on the floor of the Court a cast of a child in the position for lithotomy, as well as instruments, &c.; but from the crowded state of the Court, he could not be accommodated with a table for their exhibition. After a time, however, a table was supplied. The Court presented a remarkable appearance on the opening of the trial. Before the entrance of the judge there was a busy and continuous murmur; this was hushed the moment the venerable Chief Justice entered the Court, who, having bowed to the bar, took his seat amidst profound silence. The seats were filled by Hospital Surgeons and eminent Practitioners, and a large body of students. Of course, the defendant, having elected to defend himself, was the chief object of attraction.

Thomas Wakley was then in the zenith of his physical, if not of his mental, power. His fine presence, the self-possession he displayed from the first, and the consummate ability with which he conducted the case, soon enlisted popular feeling in his favour. The judge, too, showed him remarkable indulgence, and felt, no doubt, some compassion for a young man doing a foolhardy thing, as it was generally considered by all present, in putting out his "feeble strength" against the greatest legal advocate of the day—David against Goliah. But it soon became evident that the

match was not so unequal as was expected, and the first stone from the sling took damaging effect on the great lawyer. To this I shall refer immediately. The pleadings were opened by Mr. Scarlett, and the declaration, which was of considerable length, embodied the report of the operation and a leading article which had appeared in the *Lancet*, and which, in fact, constituted the libel. The damages were laid at 2000*l.* The defendant justified, and his pleas, which were drawn by Mr. Kelly, at considerable length, were then read. It is unnecessary here to go into detail respecting these pleas. They amounted, in fact, to a justification of the libel, and upon this ground mainly the defendant claimed the right to begin. No such right had ever before been demanded in a case of libel, and it was against the opinion of his counsel that the defendant on this occasion would succeed. He, however, quoted certain cases of alleged trespass in which the defendants were allowed to begin, and these being submitted to the judge, he, after consulting with some of his brethren in the other courts, decided in favour of the defendant's application, the Chief Justice remarking, "The view I take of it is this, that it is incumbent on the defendant to make out the truth of his allegations by evidence on his part, and that until he has done that the plaintiff is not called upon to give any evidence on the subject." This was the first serious blow struck at the great lawyer, and this

was the annoyance to which I referred in a former chapter as influencing Sir James Scarlett's temper throughout the entire proceeding.

Mr. Wakley then addressed the jury, and called several witnesses in support of his allegations in the alleged libel. It would be tedious and unprofitable now to enter at any great length into the evidence on either side, but it may be stated that the defendant called nine witnesses—eight in support of the accuracy of the report of the operation, and one, Mr. Harrison, the Treasurer of Guy's Hospital, in support of one of the pleas advanced for the defence: that Mr. Bransby Cooper had been elected "Surgeon to Guy's Hospital because he was the nephew of Sir Astley Cooper." The two most important witnesses as to the accuracy of the report of the case in the *Lancet* were Mr. Alderman Partridge, of Colchester, and Mr. James Lambert, the reporter of the case. It must be admitted, I think, that the evidence of Mr. Partridge was the only evidence that was of great service to the defendant. It was given in a manner at once so clear and straightforward that it carried conviction to the minds of his hearers that he was an able, truthful, and disinterested witness. Even in his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, he displayed such a self-command, and such an unequivocal position, that he nonplussed the great advocate. Here are two or three questions and answers:—

"Whereabouts did you stand?"

"When this operation was performed?"

"Yes."

"Why, I had a chair to sit immediately behind Mr. Cooper."

"Very well; you sat behind him; did you know him?"

"I never saw him before that day."

"Now, sir, I come to ask one or two more questions, and then I shall have done. I think you stated to my lord you had no doubt the first incision was made into the bladder?"

"I had no doubt, and have no doubt now."

"Do you believe that any person of competent judgment who witnessed the operation could doubt that?"

"As I cannot doubt it myself, I do not know how anybody else can." (Laughter.)

"That is sufficient. Do you believe that in the first incision—I am only speaking of the first—the point of the knife did find its way into the groove of the staff?"

"I have before said, I am convinced that it did."

"Now, sir, I am desired to ask you this question; you say you have read this report in the *Lancet?*"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you read it last?"

"I take the work weekly, and I read it every week as it comes."

"Are you a correspondent of the *Lancet?*"

"I told you, just now, that I never saw the editor before, and I never corresponded with him."

"It is no reproach to you if you had, as they are all men of talent that must correspond with him."

"You are very kind, sir."

Mr. Lambert gave his evidence readily and clear enough when examined by the defendant in support of his case, and swore to the entire accuracy of his report; but, on his cross-examination, he hesitated, fenced with questions, and was obliged to admit some facts which told sadly against him. He afterwards attempted, in another place, to which we shall refer hereafter, to excuse himself, on the ground that he was nervous and had just before entering the witness-box had a communication made to him respecting a preceding witness, which greatly annoyed and distressed him. But, admitting all this, he certainly cut a very sorry figure, and was severely reprimanded by the judge, who said, in the course of the examination—"This is fencing in a way most unbecoming; you do not answer any one question directly." Mr. Lambert replied to Sir James Scarlett: "I do consider myself more competent than Mr. Bransby Cooper; certainly, sir. I consider him 'totally incompetent.'" He admitted that there had been a misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Bransby Cooper on one occasion at a Guy's dinner; that it did not amount to a quarrel; that he gave

an explanation to Mr. Cooper that appeared to satisfy him. He did not see a gush of urine after the use of the knife, and therefore concluded it had not reached the bladder. He believed a small opening had been made into the bladder, through which a small quantity of urine issued, mixed with some blood. He intended to convey the impression that the man had lost his life for want of skill. He was the author of the quotation from John Bell, and of the remark of the patient that he had come to London to be "operated upon by the nevey of the great Sir Arstley." He was not the author of the epigram, "When Cooper's nevey," &c. In his re-examination by Mr. Wakley, Mr. Lambert said he was ejected from his position of apothecary to the Middlesex Hospital because complaints had been made against him that he was the reporter to the *Lancet;* but he swore positively that neither during the time he was connected with that Hospital, nor afterwards, did he send any communications to that Journal.

The other witnesses for the defence did not much help the defendant. There was evidently, I believe, a desire to give an accurate account of the operation; but they differed in their statements, no doubt, from not being in a position to accurately observe the various steps of the procedure; but generally they gave it as their opinion that the operation was unskilfully performed.

With reference to the appointment of Mr. Bransby Cooper as Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, over the head of his senior, Mr. Callaway, Mr. Harrison swore that he was considered most eligible for the appointment; that it was generally approved of by the Surgical staff and by the governors. He refused to draw a comparison between the merits of Mr. Bransby Cooper and Mr. Callaway. With Mr. Harrison's evidence the proceedings of the day closed; and on the following morning, the interest of the trial having rather increased than diminished, Sir James Scarlett proceeded to address the jury on behalf of the plaintiff. From the opening passages of his address it was clear that he was annoyed at the turn events had taken. No doubt it was sufficiently mortifying that he, the ablest advocate at the bar, had been defeated on a point of law by a young man of another profession; but he was clearly wrong, as an advocate, in showing that mortification, and of complaining bitterly that he *had* been defeated. This is the circumstance to which I referred in my last chapter as having so far influenced the judgment of Sir James as to have made him, with other circumstances then mentioned, the worst advocate Mr. Bransby Cooper could have chosen to represent him.

Sir James opened with a fierce tirade against the press, in the course of which he said—"Gentlemen, I am no enemy of the periodical

press—far from it, though I have never flattered it, and will never court it; but this I will say, the example of this proceeding has given it a triumph and an interest which it never had before." He proceeded to speak of the career of Mr. Bransby Cooper, which undoubtedly was an honourable one, serving as he had done with merit in the army, and subsequently as assistant to his uncle, Sir A. Cooper, to whom he was an apprentice. He dwelt with much force on the fact that Sir Astley had always trusted him as his representative in his absence, and that, therefore, he must have had full confidence in his abilities as a Surgeon. He defended his appointment as Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, and sneered at the *Lancet* as jealous at not having been consulted on the subject.

In dealing with the question of the manner in which the operation was performed, Sir James gave a minute and not inaccurate account of the operation of lithotomy, and proceeded to show that the case under discussion was no ordinary one, but beset with difficulties which might have puzzled the greatest Surgeons, even Sir Astley Cooper himself. He criticised with much minuteness the statements of the various witnesses for the defendant, and showed in what manner they differed, and attempted to prove that the report was contradicted in many particulars by the witnesses for the defendant. He cautioned the jury against receiving implicitly the evidence

of the *hireling* Lambert, on whom he passed a severe censure for the *manner* in which he reported the case. He dwelt at some length on the fact of the disagreement between him and Mr. Bransby Cooper, and insinuated that the report had originated in malice. On these points, however, he was not very successful. He then referred to the evidence he should adduce for the plaintiff, to that especially of Mr. Callaway, who assisted him at the operation, and who would give his opinion as to the manner in which it was performed. He should bring other distinguished Practitioners before the jury to give their evidence in favour of the abilities and acquirements of Mr. Bransby Cooper. He concluded a long, able, and energetic address, and called upon the jury to let "indignation go hand in hand with justice," and to give their verdict accordingly.

The first witness for the plaintiff was Mr. Callaway, who, after describing the steps of the operation and the difficulties which appeared to surround it, was asked by Mr. Pollock:—

"In your opinion, sir, was the operation performed properly and scientifically, or in a bungling or clumsy manner?"

"I think it was performed, under circumstances of very considerable difficulty, with as much care as the case could possibly receive."

"Was the delay that occurred in the operation occasioned by the difficulties presented in the

case, or was it owing to Mr. Bransby Cooper's want of skill at the time?"

"I think entirely in consequence of the situation of the stone: the difficulty in detaching it."

The witness then said he had seen Mr. Cooper perform lithotomy successfully in less than a minute: that operation was not reported in the *Lancet*. He had seen him tie the subclavian artery with success. Then came this very important question, which has a serious bearing on the question at issue, and on the subject of reporting Surgical cases generally:—

"Now, sir, would you, as a gentleman of science and experience, form a judgment of an operation, and on the degree of the operator's merit, without communicating with him on it?"

"Certainly not."

In his cross-examination by Mr. Wakley nothing material was elicited from this witness: he might have said that he wished Mr. Cooper had a fortune, for then he (Mr. Callaway) would have been elected Surgeon. He thought the stone had been lodged behind the pubes, but he could not say that it was attached to the bladder. Mr. Bransby Cooper had said that he could not explain the cause of the difficulty.

After Mr. Callaway's evidence, Mr. Key, Mr. Laundy, Dr. Hodgkin, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Travers, Mr. Green, Dr. Babington, Dr. Roget, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Hilton, Sir Astley Cooper, and Mr. Dalrymple

were examined, who all concurred in giving their opinion that Mr. Bransby Cooper was an able Surgeon, and that the operation, being one of very unusual difficulty, was performed with skill.

After this evidence, the defendant addressed the jury. He plunged at once into the real questions at issue. Was or was not Mr. Bransby Cooper a Surgeon fitted by capacity and experience to be a Surgeon to Guy's Hospital? Would he have been elected Surgeon to that great institution if he had not been the nephew of Sir Astley Cooper? He repudiated all feelings of animosity towards the plaintiff, whom he regarded in private life as most estimable and amiable. But the question for the jury to decide was not simply one between himself and the plaintiff, but between the poor patients of Guy's Hospital and the public. These were the parties more immediately interested, and he called upon the jury to show by their verdict that the poor were not properly treated by such Surgeons as Mr. Bransby Cooper. He ridiculed the notion of bringing a host of Hospital Surgeons to testify to the ability of Mr. Cooper, whilst the plaintiff had only produced one witness on his behalf who was actually present at the operation. He asked the jury that if any one of them was suffering from stone, whether he would consent to be operated upon by Mr. Bransby Cooper; and if not, how could they give a verdict in his favour? He asserted that the Surgeon had no right to keep the

man bound on the table when he demanded to be released. "He knew the agonies of the stone; he knew too well what were the sufferings arising from the operation; and he was anxious to choose the lesser evil. He said, 'Let me go—for God's sake let me go! I implore you to let me go—I pray you let me go; do desist; let it keep in!' 'No, no,' says the operator, 'I shall not let it keep in; I must remove the stone; my reputation is concerned. You were brought here to have the stone extracted; extracted it shall be, and it must be, if you die upon the table!'" This piece of clap-trap was not without its effect upon the jury, uttered as it was in a vehement and dramatic manner. Mr. Wakley concluded an able, energetic, and truly *nisi prius* speech, with the following words:—

"I entreat you, therefore, to consider well your verdict. Weigh well the consequences. I care not for the consequences. If you are satisfied of the manner in which this operation was performed, and think he performed it as it ought to have been performed, give him your verdict. I would, with my family, give up every thing; I would give up the *Lancet;* I would give up all, and expire on this spot, rather than injure Bransby Cooper, or any other man under the sun: but if you are satisfied that the operation was not performed as it ought to have been—that if it had been performed properly, the

man might have been still living, and a comfort to his wife, and a blessing to his now helpless children—then give such a verdict as will satisfy the poor, as will show the public that men are not to go into offices of this sort where the poor are thus killed, and that Hospital Surgeons shall not be at liberty to 'wade and ride through blood up to their necks' to eminence in the Profession, like great generals. Ah! gentlemen, return a verdict which shall satisfy the poor; which shall degrade for ever, cast eternal disgrace on those Hospital Surgeons who have had the hardihood to come forward here to-day and swear that the operation was performed as it ought to have been, and that they would themselves have operated in a similar way. I have done, gentlemen."

At the conclusion of the address there was loud applause from various parts of the Court. In his summing up, the Lord Chief Justice, after reading the libel, and observing on the fact of the man demanding to be released during the operation, that the Surgeon, so long as he hoped to succeed, should not listen to that demand, concluded as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I cannot assist you, I think, in this case more than I have done. I have already mentioned that the operation is one of great difficulty—of very great difficulty—one in which there has been failure in the hands of great Surgeons. The length of time furnishes no criterion at all of

the operator's skill nor does the use of instruments. You will take the whole of the case into your consideration; if you are of opinion the defendant has made out what it was incumbent on him to make out, that the operation was performed unskilfully and unscientifically, and in a manner to render the operator unfit to fill the position he now holds —if you think he has made out that, whatever may be your opinion of the form of the report, or whatever may have been the motive which induced Mr. Lambert to send this report to the defendant, the defendant is entitled to your verdict. If, on the other hand, you are not satisfied that he has made out that this operation was unscientifically and unskilfully performed, then you will find your verdict for the plaintiff; and if you find your verdict for the plaintiff then you will next have to consider what you think you ought to give as your amount of damages. I have already mentioned to you that a charge of this kind against the character of a Professional man, greatly circulated and widely circulated as this has been, is one calculated to do him great and serious injury, and one, therefore, that the jury must think they should say by their verdict that the defendant was wrong in circulating if untrue. However, I cannot go the length of agreeing with an observation made by the learned counsel, that the verdict on any occasion should mark indignation. The verdict should mark cool and temperate consideration; but I do not think on

any occasion it should mark either indignation or angry feelings. Gentlemen, with these observations I shall leave it in your hands."

The jury retired at a quarter to nine o'clock, and returned into Court at twelve minutes before eleven, with a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 100*l.*

Mr. Wakley had nearly fainted from fatigue during his address, but had regained his strength. Outside of the hall there was a large crowd, who cheered him vociferously, and the *Sun* newspaper keep its type up to twelve o'clock to record the verdict. I well remember the busy scene outside the *Sun* office in the middle of the night, and the anxiety of the crowd to obtain copies of the paper.

So ended this memorable trial, but its results were of vast importance to the Profession. I shall in the next chapter enter into various questions connected with the case.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRIAL OF COOPER *v.* WAKLEY—EXPULSION OF MR. LAMBERT FROM THE MEDICAL SOCIETIES—RESULTS OF THE TRIAL—ITS EFFECTS UPON THE PUBLIC AND THE PROFESSION.

IN a former chapter I stated my conviction—a conviction which, I believe, is now generally entertained by all impartial persons—that the form and style of the report of Mr. Bransby Cooper's operation, which gave rise to the trial, were unjustifiable and outrageous. Under any circumstances, such a report was a disgrace to its framers, and of course to its publisher. And now, when we can calmly look at the whole question without favour and without malevolence, it might be acknowledged that that report was neither strictly accurate nor fair, even in its details. Mr. Partridge, it is true, admitted that, in the main, it was correct, but he could not endorse nor approve of the style in which it was written; but he repeated his assertion that by the first incision the bladder was reached, as was evidenced by a flow of urine. It will be remembered that Mr. Lambert denied this, and persisted in his evidence that a gush of urine did *not* follow the first incision; and then, when it was

stated that in the second attempt the forceps were carried "somewhere," he suggested that they did not enter the bladder. This suggestion was manifestly unfair and most unjust to the operator. How could the reporter, standing some little distance off, arrive at such a conclusion? It was a mere surmise, and the statement was not made in the interest of truth, but to give a sensational and tragic character to the proceedings.

Had Sir James Scarlett conducted his cross-examination of these two witnesses with his usual ability, he might have served his client better than he succeeded in doing. It was unquestionably a mistake on his part to treat Mr. Partridge as a "hostile" witness, for he was really not so. I have already stated that his evidence was able, calm, and impartial. The cross-examination of this witness, from the manner it was carried out, made an unfavourable impression on the judge and jury. Mr. Lambert was in a different position, and had no right to complain of any amount of severity to which he was subjected. But here, again, Sir James was not happy, though he did succeed in wringing from the witness the fact that there had been a "sort of quarrel" between himself and Mr. Cooper. But in his cross-examination, and in his address to the jury, Sir James failed to make the most of the admissions of Mr. Partridge, and of the almost impossibility of Mr. Lambert being able to determine whether the forceps in the second

attempt had entered the bladder or not. The case, shorn of all dramatic incident and fairly stated, amounted to one of great difficulty, from the unusual position of the stone, the deep perineum of the patient, and the loss of self-command by the operator. But all this might have been stated in a few plain sentences. The facts, so far as they could be ascertained, might fairly have been given, and no one would have had any right to complain. The *suggestions* and the dramatic form of the report were without justification and without excuse of any kind. That Mr. Bransby Cooper was an injured and persecuted man, the Profession has long since acknowledged.

I have stated that the jury were a long time undecided as to their verdict; indeed, at one time it was an even balance whether it would not be for the defendant. Mr. Thomas, one of the jury, came under my Professional care some years afterwards. He was known to a great number of persons as the first superintendent of the F division of police, and subsequently as the chief constable of Birmingham. He was a man of intelligence and shrewdness. He informed me that for a considerable time a moiety of the jury were in favour of a verdict for the defendant, and it was only after a perusal of the libels, for which the jury sent into Court at the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, that the verdict, with very low damages, was given for the plaintiff. The jury were influenced in their verdict,

not only by the form of the report, but by the very unsatisfactory nature of the evidence given by almost every one of the defendant's witnesses. Had the defendant rested his case on the evidence of Mr. Partridge only, it is probable he would have obtained a verdict. Even the able and impartial summing-up of the judge would not have been effective in serving the plaintiff in the face of Mr. Partridge's evidence, and the energetic and "sensational" address of Mr. Wakley. I think it would have been a great misfortune to the Profession and the public if the verdict had been on the other side; and though the damages were small, they were sufficient to mark the sense of the jury that the defendant had not proved his case.

That in some respects the verdict was a "triumph" for the *Lancet*, must be admitted; but that the report and the trial did immense injury to the Profession I shall presently show. When the first excitement of the proceeding had died out, the members of the Profession began to reflect on the influence which it would have upon the general body of Medical Practitioners. They could not fail to perceive that, in the eyes of the public, such a report and such a trial must be injurious to the welfare and respectability of their calling. Steps were accordingly immediately taken to expel Mr. Lambert from the two Medical Societies with which he was associated. He was a Fellow of the Medical Society of London, then the lead-

ing Society, as far as position and reputation went. The President was Dr. Haslam, who, not agreeing with the manner in which the indictment against Mr. Lambert was framed, resigned the Presidential chair. But Mr. Lambert, after having been heard in his defence, was expelled by an almost unanimous vote.

He would not retract any statement in his report, nor would he admit that the form in which it appeared was objectionable and unprofessional. Had he admitted this he might have obtained a few votes; but as he would not, I believe not more than two hands were held up in his favour. His expulsion from the Westminster Medical Society was the occasion of a very stormy scene, chiefly on account of Mr. Wakley and some friends demanding admission to the meeting-room, and that admission being resolutely and effectively prevented. The Society, which was then in a very flourishing condition, met in the museum of William Hunter's house, which is now a gigantic French *café* in Great Windmill-Street. The President was Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, who somewhat exceeded his duties as chairman by vacating his seat, and moving to the floor of the room, in order to launch a severe and telling philippic against the offending member. Mr. Lambert was expelled by an overwhelming majority. His defence was long, and possessed some merit; but he was a tame speaker, and rather defied his opponents and

justified his conduct, instead of appealing to their sense of justice, and acknowledging his error in writing a report so offensive and so unprofessional. I think he was hardly dealt with, in being placed in the very front of the battle. He might have succeeded in doing away with a great amount of animosity by declaring, as he could have done with perfect truth, that he was not responsible for the *form* in which the report appeared. But he elected, after advice, to stand the entire brunt. He did so, and from his expulsion his connexion with journalism ceased.

Mr. Lambert was also expelled the Borough Hospitals, and a board was placed in the hall of Guy's, cautioning all students against reporting for the *Lancet*. The penalty for disobedience was expulsion. This board was removed about fifteen years since. The blow thus inflicted on his pride and position had a disastrous effect upon him. Never robust or in full health, he began to lose his spirits and strength. He still, for some time, carried on his practice as a Surgeon in Walworth ; but he never recovered the shock, and died shortly after the trial. He was unfitted for the stirring times and for the exciting and arduous duties he had to fulfil.

I now propose to show in what way the trial affected the Profession, both in its social and political relations. In doing this, it is necessary to refer for a moment to the position which the

Profession occupied at the time, with respect to the public and with regard to its internal economy. The public recognised only two classes of Practitioners, the "family doctor," and the "Physician" or Surgeon—the consulting Practitioner.

There can be no doubt, I think, that at this period the relations between the public and the family Doctor were, as a rule, more cordial and more binding than they are at the present time; that the rules of etiquette between doctor and patient were more rigidly observed; and that changing the ordinary Medical attendant was less frequent than it is now. If the "general Practitioner" was less skilled in his Profession and generally worse educated than at the present time, it is certain the confidence reposed in him was great, and he was the family friend. I do not intend to insinuate that this is not the case now, in a vast number of instances, but I am sure the older Practitioners will bear me out in my statement that our hold of our patients of the present day is less firm and satisfactory that it was forty years since. In one word, the Profession was held in more respect by the public at that time than it is now. The relations of the Surgeon-apothecary with the consulting Practitioner were also far more satisfactory. If the former occupied an "inferior" position, he was less liable than now to be interfered with or ousted by the Physician or Surgeon. I am sure there was more of the true *esprit de corps*

then than there is at present. Moreover, we were free from the vice of specialism—a system which has done more to injure the great body of the Profession than all the quackery and "pathies" in existence. It has foisted on the public a belief that the well-informed Physician or Surgeon, trained in every department of his Profession, can do less for a local complaint than he who has devoted himself "specially" to the affected organ —as if the man who merely understood the action of the mainspring or the lever were a better watch-maker than he who was well acquainted with the entire mechanism. Moreover, the Medical press was, previous to the establishment of the *Lancet*, conducted, at all events, with a gentlemanly spirit, and with becoming deference to Professional opinions and views. It was, in many instances, tame, but, as a rule, not ill-informed, and had scrupulously avoided all *personal* matters. Such a thing as a nickname was unheard of.

It remained for the *Lancet* to introduce into Medical journalism an element which has caused more heart-burning and quarrels than any other could possibly have done. This was the system of personal attack and the calling of nicknames. It is probable that the early association of Wakley with Cobbett may, in some measure, account for this. They were both self-educated men; both had the highest opinion of their own abilities, and both men of iron frames, and, if I may so say,

insensitive minds. *Cobbett's Register* had long been famous (1823) for its powerful writing and its personal abuse—often much more savage than that of the *Lancet*, but not more calculated to wound and distress. But Cobbett was attacking political opponents in times of great political excitement, and was battling with men who had behaved to him with relentless persecution and cruelty. There was no such excuse for Wakley. He entered into the fight against men from whom he had received no injury, and with whom he had had no previous quarrel. Not satisfied with criticising in no friendly spirit the doings and writings of eminent men, he attacked them personally; called Hospital Surgeons "bats," and Scotch Doctors "dubs." He abused them in a spirit of ridicule, and often applied nicknames to them which were galling and offensive. One was an "owl," another a "cock sparrow," another an "oyster," and so on; indeed, these are amongst the mildest of the nicknames used. The adjectives employed were often of the most offensive kind. In short, the *Lancet*, as the representative of Medical literature, was sunk so low that it was only to be classed with the very lowest of the political prints of the day. At this time the Medical press had obtained an unenviable notoriety for its personal abuse and the low *morale* which it manifested.

It always appeared to me remarkable that a

man of Mr. Wakley's undoubted shrewdness and ability could separate entirely, as he professed to do in his writings, the *personal* from the *private* character of those he assailed. It is probable that, amongst the Hospital Physicians and Surgeons who were the objects of his attack, there was not one whose private character was not unimpeachable. It would have been impossible to attack them on that ground, or, at least, dangerous; but their personal infirmities, their bodily defects, their characters as men holding public appointments, were unscrupulously attacked. I, for one, deny the possibility of separating, so far as he affected to do, personal from private character.

How far ridicule and satire are fair weapons of offence and defence in public questions, is a point I shall not undertake to decide. That they are powerful agents no one will deny; but they ought to be handled by a master. Compare the attacks of Junius or even of Wilkes with those of Cobbett and Wakley—What a difference! The difference, indeed, between the polished fencer and the burly bruiser. And this may be accounted for, I think, by the fact that both Cobbett and Wakley were uneducated men—their early training had been defective. Had it been otherwise, the world might have been spared a vast amount of abuse, ill-feeling, and heart-burning.

> "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
> Emollit mores, nec, sinit esse feros."

The great excitement caused by the trial, in the public mind; the publication of the proceedings *in extenso* in all the newspapers, and a separate issue in a pamphlet, could not fail to call the attention of the public to the position of the Medical Profession. They were inclined to regard most consulting men as "incompetent," and that the members of a Profession who could so quarrel amongst themselves and vilify each other were no better than they should be, and a great deal worse than people in general had supposed.

Those who recollect the period to which I now refer will bear me out in the truth of these observations. It took a long time to eradicate the impressions then made—their effects, I believe, are still in existence: and though the education of the Profession in general has been marvellously improved, and men entering on the practice of physic are generally better qualified by preliminary training and early education than formerly, all is not to be attributed to the influence of the Medical press. I am willing and anxious, as may naturally be supposed, as the oldest representative of that institution, to do it full justice. But I cannot shut my eyes to the faults it committed, to the enmities it engendered, to the personal wrongs which it inflicted, and to the bad example it set and followed. I am of opinion that, if the war which was waged by the *Lancet* against abuses. and against persons had been conducted in a better

spirit; had the question in dispute been argued on its merits; it would have been better for all of us. Reforms would have been effected in half the time; the scandal of numerous libels avoided; the Profession as a body far more united, and its position with the public far more satisfactory. These, too, were the opinions of him who had played so important a part in the most stirring times. In later life, when he took a mental view of "the broad field of battle," after the clang of arms was over, and the sound of martial music no longer heard, he lamented over the havoc that had been caused, and the misery that had been inflicted. There were many causes for this—causes into which I need not enter; some will suggest themselves to my readers. At all events, Thomas Wakley, in his later years, conducted the journal associated with his name with so much good feeling (and, I may say, with proper dignity), as to have made some amends for the past.

With respect to the trial which is the subject of this chapter, I know that he deeply regretted its occurrence. It is somewhat remarkable that the plaintiff and defendant, through the good offices of Robert Liston, became acquainted—I may say friendly—nearly twenty years after the trial. I was the first person connected with the *Lancet* who saw Mr. Cooper after his contest with Mr. Wakley, and this was seven years after.

CHAPTER VIII.

SKETCH OF MR. ASTON KEY—REPORTING FROM MEMORY—INTERVIEW WITH MR. BRANSBY COOPER—HIS CHARACTER—EFFECTS OF THE TRIAL UPON HIM—REFLECTIONS.

AFTER I had been on the *Lancet* about five years (1839), in a conversation one day with Mr. Wakley, he lamented the closure of Guy's Hospital against any one reporting for the *Lancet*. He suggested that I should make an attempt to report some Surgical cases of Mr. Key, who was not unfavourable to the proceeding. Accordingly, I took a letter of introduction to Mr. Key, to his house in St. Helen's Place, and arrived there just at 12 o'clock, and as he was about to leave home—that being his hour for doing so. His servant informed me that he would not see any more "patients" that day. I sent my letter in, and was almost immediately admitted to his consulting-room. He was affable, and, as always, gentlemanly in the extreme. He said he had no possible objection to his cases being reported, and would give every facility he could possibly afford me. That, however, he said, smilingly, would be but little, for, in face of the board in the Hall, he

could not countenance me in taking a single note. I explained that this would not be an insurmountable difficulty, as I could do something from memory; at all events, I could make a trial. I felt, however, under the circumstances, that I could not do so in opposition to the wishes of Mr. Bransby Cooper, and therefore, before I visited Guy's, I would see that gentleman. Mr. Key gave me a note of introduction, and the next day I paid my visit to Spring Gardens.

Before describing that interview, I would diverge for a moment from my narrative, to say a few words about one of the most accomplished Surgeons of his time. Amongst the "giant Surgeons" of the Borough Hospitals, Charles Aston Key, if not the foremost, was inferior to none. He was less brilliant—or, perhaps, showy—as an operator than Sir Astley Cooper, less learned and accomplished than Green, and less philosophical than Travers; but he was superior to Sir Astley in accuracy of diagnosis and in the higher principles of Surgery. He was a far better operator than either Green or Tyrrell; and, though he had not that originality of thought which belonged to the author of "Constitutional Irritation," yet in all that constitutes a first-class practical Surgeon he was the superior of Travers. His operations were the most neat and finished—no flourish, no demonstration; if one could coin a phrase with propriety, they might be called the "poetry of Surgery." I

know but one man amongst his contemporaries who came at all near him in this respect; this was Robert Keate, in his palmy days. But Keate was inferior to Key in those higher elements of mind which are necessary to the formation of a great Surgeon. It is to be regretted that neither of these remarkable men have given anything of importance to the literature of Surgery. No work was written by either with which we could identify his name. Key's appearance and manner were much in his favour. He had a handsome, intellectual face, denoting great perception and great reflecting powers, and an eye of extraordinary intelligence. His manner was finished without being finical, and affable without being familiar. He was, if anything, too cold and unemotional; but the calm power he displayed at the bedside was striking, and gave instant confidence to the patient and his friends. He was somewhat above the middle height, of a graceful figure and carriage, and dressed in the full dress of the time—a blue coat with bright buttons, and black continuations.

It was somewhat remarkable that I had never, to my knowledge, spoken to Mr. Bransby Cooper, and it is quite certain, if I had, he had no recollection of the circumstance. "I called, in Spring Gardens, at the house so long occupied by Sir Astley Cooper, and having sent in my card, was almost immediately ushered into Mr. Cooper's presence. Those who knew this amiable, kind-

hearted, and good man can imagine how I felt when he rose from his chair, walked to me, and took me by the hand. I had placed the word "Surgeon" on my card. He said, with that frankness and *bonhommie* which were so characteristic of him, "I see you are a Surgeon, Mr. Clarke, what can I do for you?" The moment I mentioned the object of my visit, the effect upon his face was most painful, and for the moment I regretted that I had made my visit. He sunk back in his chair, put his hands before his face, and sobbed—literally sobbed liked a child. I cannot describe my emotions at this juncture. I felt almost inclined to leave the room, but feared this was scarcely justifiable.

After the first shock was over, he said, still under much emotion, "This is cruel, sir, indeed; very cruel. Why bring up to me remembrances always painful, sometimes too painful for me to bear? I am the last person you should have applied to in this matter." I assured him that I had come to him out of respect for his feelings, and not to wound them; that, if he had any objection whatever, I would not enter Guy's Hospital as a reporter. He became calmer, and thanked me for my "consideration," adding that he had never had any objection to his cases being fairly reported, and should offer no objection to it now; but how could he give me permission to do so whilst the board which was placed in the hall by the committee of the Hospital was retained in its place? I told

him I was prepared to take all responsibilities and labour upon myself if he could assure me that he really would not feel hurt at my attempting to report some of Mr. Key's cases from memory. On his further assurance on this point, I rose to leave, but he requested me to prolong my visit for a few minutes—this I did to half an hour. The conversation was to me most interesting, but withal somewhat melancholy. He spoke of the utter ruin that had befallen him in consequence of the trial; the mental anguish he had endured, and which, even then, would give rise too frequently to those "dark hours" when he seemed almost hopeless.

I expressed my regret that the trial had ever taken place, and believed that Mr. Wakley now regretted it. But Mr. Cooper contended that it was the only course open to him: had he not gone into court he might have been branded as a murderer as well as an incompetent Surgeon. What had afflicted him most was the expression of the defendant in the cause:—"I will ruin Bransby Cooper, if I ruin myself." I expressed doubts as to the accuracy of the expression, but he persisted in its correctness, and all I could say was, that I hoped a better feeling now prevailed.

Some years after this, at the first interview with Mr. Wakley, I have reason to believe he asked him if the words had been uttered by him, and Mr. Wakley replied "not exactly." But the intensity of feeling which then prevailed, and the angry

passions which predominated, render it likely that words quite as bitter had been really spoken. I left Mr. Cooper, very favourably impressed with him in every way, and the next day repaired to Guy's Hospital to "take some cases" under the care of Mr. Key. Four new cases of joint disease had been admitted into the Hospital, and of these I took mental notes, putting them to paper as soon as I got home. I was much struck with the power of clinical teaching displayed by Mr. Key. Nothing could have been more to the purpose or more instructive. I soon however found these teachings were not regularly pursued, but were only like occasional gleams of sunshine on an otherwise cloudy day.

On the next visit, Mr. Key hurried through the wards, scarcely said a word, and, after a regular "run," jumped into his carriage and drove from the Hospital. In fact, there was no system, no regularity, either in attendance or teaching, and, having finished my four cases and published them, I did not again attend at Guy's. I used, after this, to come often into contact with Mr. Bransby Cooper. He was a frequent visitor at the Medical and Chirurgical Society, and invariably spoke. Let the subject be what it might, he rose to address the meeting, sometimes more than once in the evening. He always appeared to me to talk much better than he thought; he was clear and glib, but he seldom said much that was really worthy of being recorded.

That Mr. Bransby Cooper was not equal in mental power and manual dexterity to those of his colleagues at the Borough Hospitals I have mentioned, will, I think, be readily admitted; but he was a man of average ability and skill, and not an "incompetent" Surgeon. He was kind-hearted, and an immense favourite with the pupils. His lectures were popular, and his class well attended. I believe he never recovered completely the effects of the trial. This was evidenced in many ways, but more particularly by his being remarkably emotional. He could not address an audience on any subject which touched on a tender point without bursting into tears. I may sum up his claims to our esteem in a few words. He was a good, but not a great Surgeon; a somewhat weak, but highly honourable and amiable gentleman.

I may conclude my account of the memorable trial associated with his name, and of which he was the innocent victim, by a few general reflections on the subject.

I stated in the last chapter that the trial did immense injury to us as a Profession in every way; lowered us in public estimation, and sank the Medical press to the lowest level. If there *could* be an excuse for the tone then assumed by the *Lancet*, it might be urged that the evils were of such magnitude, and so deeply rooted, as to require the most violent remedies. But

the history of all such struggles, whether the fight be literary or otherwise, is in favour of moderation on the part of the stronger antagonist.

> "'Tis good to have a giant's strength,
> But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

The narrative of the trial of Cooper *versus* Wakley may not be without its use at the present time. It must have been observed by many that, for some time past, there has been a disposition, in one quarter at least, to carry out the objects of the writers by what may be called, in the mildest language, "undue pressure" on individuals. This course, if persevered in, cannot fail to lessen the respectability of the Medical press. It is one that all men of matured thought and proper powers of judgment must deeply regret and strongly condemn. The young gentlemen who now "wield the thunder" should consider that the state of the Profession in 1828 was very different from what it is in 1874. Let them remember that, the stronger the cause, the less need of threats or abuse; that truth will prevail and be triumphant, whatever be the means resorted to to stop her progress or trammel her exertions.

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW WORDS ABCUT MYSELF—OLNEY—BOBBIN LACE—NONCONFORMIST CELEBRITIES: ANDREW FULLER; WILLIAM BULL; WM. CAREY—THE POET COWPER; ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF HIM—JOHN NEWTON—DR. KERR, OF NORTHAMPTON—LONDON FIFTY YEARS SINCE—THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT has always appeared to me that the weary knife-grinder of Canning, who exclaimed, "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!" must have been a knife-grinder of very little soul. No man, whatever his calling, if he have moderate powers of observation and a little common sense, can fail to have some "story" to tell—not necessarily about himself, nor of

"Moving accidents by flood and field,"

but of circumstances which he has witnessed, or of things which he has seen. The most insignificant person may be a spectator of great or interesting events; and his chronicle of them may not be without its amusement to others. The interest we feel in Pepys is on account of his "Diary;" and who cares a fig for Boswell, except in connexion with Johnson?

Many of my friends—and some persons I don't know—have asked me to say a few words about myself. If I acted entirely on my own judgment in the matter, I should certainly decline to bring my unimportant career before the Profession ; but some, whose judgment I respect, and whose position is of the highest amongst us, have advised me to comply with a request which, they are good enough to say, they "think reasonable." It is not likely that I shall escape criticism for what may be regarded, by some "word-catchers," as egotism and vanity, but I am too old a soldier to be frightened by mere flashes in the pan. Moreover, if I have nothing to say worth saying of myself, I can say something of others with whom I have come more or less in contact during the last forty years. Their names will, at all events, awaken interest. The matter will be sterling, however imperfect the manner in which it is told.

In the valley of the Ouse, about five miles nearly due north from Newport Pagnell, is situated a small town, now only known from the memories attached to it—Olney. It was once very flourishing as the centre of the manufacturing district of British lace. Before Nottingham had made itself famous by its machine-made lace, many thousands of persons in the neighbourhood of Olney earned a good living by the beautiful product of the "pillow and the bobbins." My grandfather and father were lace merchants, and employed so many

hands that it was one person's work to receive the lace from the women and children who brought it to the different inns in the neighbouring towns and villages at stated times to receive their wages in exchange. The introduction of the Nottingham product had a most disastrous effect on the bobbin lace, and distress to a very severe and painful extent followed in Buckinghamshire. Now the manufacture has dwindled to an extent that is all but a collapse. My grandfather and father felt the crash severely, as did all the other merchants, except those who had made a competence for themselves and retired sufficiently early not to see the labours and struggles of many years ending only with misfortune.

It is usual with autobiographers to commence with some account of their ancestry, some tracing their descent to the Norman conquest, and some going even further back. I have nothing of this kind to describe—indeed, all attempts to go beyond three or four generations have failed. I only know that our coat of arms, when I was a child, was over the door in the hall of the old manor-house at one time occupied by my grandfather. This denoted at some time or other that we belonged to a "fighting family;" but in what fights we took part I could never ascertain. Antiquarians and archæologists have told me that our family had a Saxon origin; but knowing how often these gentlemen make mistakes, I have not

attached much importance to their conjectures. On my mother's side, however, I feel proud of my great-grandfather. He was a miller in the immediate neighbourhood (Lavendon), and occasionally preached in barns and conventicles at a time when it was dangerous to do so, Nonconformity at the period being only something short of criminal. But I mention my ancestor because he was the friend of Cowper the poet, and because he must have been, though probably uneducated, a remarkable man, inasmuch as he is mentioned in the most affectionate manner by the poet, whom no one will ever accuse of being a flatterer. Cowper frequently refers to him in his correspondence; and once, when he was suffering from a "bad leg," which threatened to destroy him, and for which he was attended by the celebrated Kerr, of Northampton, Cowper remarks: "If Mr. Perry dies, he will leave few better men behind him."

I am contented with having one ancestor I can refer to, who was worthy of such an apostrophe from one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived. The mill in which the "godly miller" ground corn, and occasionally held forth, is still in the family, my cousin now carrying on the business.* The "right of the water" of the Ouse is attached to Lavendon mill for three miles, and in this stream

* Since this was written, the mill, in consequence of the death of my cousin, has passed into strange hands.

the finest pike are to be caught. Here, too, game of all kinds, though on the river side, was plentiful, and my uncle was one of the best shots in the county; could bring down a wild goose with a rifle, and, as a fisherman, whether in throwing the net or angling, was not surpassed by any gentleman in the neighbourhood.

But my native town is not only celebrated as the abiding-place of Cowper during most of his literary life, and for his giving such a charm to the neighbouring scenery in "The Task," but the Vicar at one time was John Newton, who, whatever were his faults of manner and of judgment, was a man not to be mentioned without feelings of admiration and affection. Olney, shortly before my birth in 1812, and for a long time previously, had been one of the centres of Nonconformist teaching and teachers, and intimately associated with great missionary enterprises, particularly in India. From the "Seminary" of Sutcliffe issued many a young and ardent spirit devoted to the "carrying of glad tidings to the far East"—many never to return; many to die in harness, after a brief struggle; and some—to be counted on the fingers—to return to their "home" after years of labour often accompanied by privation and generally with broken health.

My grandfather's house was, at the time I am speaking, the *rendezvous* of the "giant

missionaries" of the period, and those who acted for the giants in their absence. Andrew Fuller, of Kettering, the author of "The Gospel its own Witness," was a frequent visitor; so was William Bull—grandfather of the late Dr. Thomas Bull—of Newport Pagnell, one of the most learned and accomplished preachers in the Baptist connexion. He had an inveterate habit of smoking, and was seldom seen without "a yard of clay and 'returns.'" Cowper, whose correspondence with Bull forms a prominent feature in the letters of the "best of all English letter writers," had a great admiration of Bull, and remarks, with some humour but evidently with regret, "No man is perfect; Bull smokes!" Bull, in his preaching, bore some resemblance to the celebrated Rowland Hill, as he was very prone to a joke in the pulpit; but he was a sincere, good man, and, as a scholar, was, I believe, only inferior amongst the Nonconformists to Adam Clarke.

The most remarkable man, however, who came occasionally to my grandfather's house was Dr. Carey, the pioneer of missions in the East Indies, whose industry, learning, and self-denial stamp him as one of the most marvellous men that ever existed. He was a working shoemaker at a little village named Moulton, near Northampton, and from this humble position he raised himself, without previous training, without education, and originally without funds, to be the greatest of Eastern

missionaries and the most eminent of Eastern scholars. The house is still shown to pilgrims where this great and good man "worked for his daily bread," and the little signboard over the door at Moulton is still preserved with befitting honour in the Baptist Missionary House in Castle Street, Holborn. One of the workers in this good cause was the father of John Churchill, who has just retired from the firm who publish this volume. I had the honour of the acquaintance of that venerable man, who carried on the Nonconformist ministry at Thames Ditton for upwards of half a century. I dined some time since with another venerable Dissenting minister, now upwards of eighty years of age—the Rev. Mr. Wollacott—who was personally acquainted with all the ministers I have named, and gave me the information respecting Carey's signboard.

I have heard my grandmother, when I was a child, speak of Cowper, of whom she had a vivid recollection, as a very shy man, avoiding all persons in his walks, and generally accompanied by his dog "Beau." When Southey contemplated publishing an addition to his "Life and Works of Cowper," in the shape of a volume to be entitled "Cowperania," I ventured to send him a few scraps which had not been published respecting the poet. Unfortunately, the cloud that eventually became dark soon after completely over-shadowed his fine intellect, and my little scraps never met the light.

I had some time before, at the period of the destruction of the old bridge at Olney—

> "That, with its wearisome, but needful length,
> Bestrides the wintry flood,"

sent a short article, entitled "Cowper's Walks," with a drawing of the bridge, to the late William Hone, which he published in his "Year-Book." In this paper I mentioned having seen, when a boy, the very "post-boy" whose "twanging horn," fifty years before, had been heard by the poet, and whose "coming in" is immortalized in that most delightful of all the books of "The Task"—"The Winter Evening."

I published, in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, about thirty years since, two papers having reference to the scenes described by Cowper. One of these, entitled "May-Day and Cowsliping," was enriched by a note of considerable length by the amiable and accomplished editor.

One anecdote I have heard of Cowper which has never been published, and which is certainly genuine. The chief hair-dresser of the town, Mr. Wilson, whom I well remember, when he had become an old man, as the clerk of the "meeting" house, was in the habit of shaving Cowper. The poet used to sit in a semi-reclined position in a chair, his head thrown back, and his eyes shut. Seldom or never did a word pass between them. On one occasion, however, the silence was broken by the following circumstances:—

Wilson was shaving away in solemn silence. The poet was that day to dine with Lady Austen at Clifton. Wilson had left home to be punctual to his engagement, and had desired his journeyman to bring Mr. Cowper's best wig after him—the wig had been dressed for the occasion. When Wilson had finished the operation, Cowper suddenly exclaimed—"Oh, Mr. Wilson—my wig!" Wilson, who was a wit—and many were the witticisms that I heard from him in after years—immediately said—

> "I came before your wig was done,
> But if I well forebode,
> It certainly will soon be here;
> It is upon the road."

The poet gave one of his melancholy smiles, and said, "Very well applied indeed, Mr. Wilson."

After my father left Olney, I continued to go to school there for some time, and well do I remember our journeys to London. The coach—the old Wellingborough—used to leave that town at six in the morning, reach Olney at eight; then it stopped for breakfast, which usually occupied half an hour. We lunched at Woburn, dined at Dunstable, and remained always an hour at St. Albans to visit the fine old abbey. London was usually reached about seven. We used to walk up all the hills. Well! that was a slow pace, and the times were slow; but a day, particularly if it

were fine, might be much less pleasantly spent than in the manner described.

The names of two Medical Practitioners in connexion with Olney occur to me as worthy of mention. One was an old gentleman of the name of Biggs. He was one of the old school of apothecaries; but report made him rich. At all events, he must have had some means. His highest fee for midwifery was half-a-guinea; this, however, he would often pooh, pooh! and refuse to take. Indeed, with poor people, he not only ignored the fee, but always carried with him, on his first visit after delivery, a bottle of good port wine. He died before my time; but I recollect old people speaking of him with reverent affection. The other was the celebrated Kerr—pronounced always Karr—of Northamption. As his name denotes, he was a Scotchman, and had been in the army. He was a rough, shrewd, able, and decided Surgeon, and his reputation as great in Northampton and the surrounding counties as Sir Astley Cooper's was in London. Speaking of Sir Astley Cooper, he, with Abernethy, were the only Surgeons whose names were familiar as household words to every class of society when I was a boy. The most popular names about 1819-20 were the Duke of Wellington and Sir Astley Cooper.

After I left Olney for good, I resided in London and its neighbourhood, and went to school for some

time at Gloucester House, Walworth. The house was built on a portion of an estate called Lock's Fields. Dr. Hooper had leased about four acres of the fields, had built a mansion, and laid out the grounds in a remarkably useful and picturesque manner—in fact, everything was done to make the little domain complete, orchard, garden, lawn, moat, grotto, &c. This estate was next to one originally belonging to Sir Matthew Bloxam, the ancestor of the present Dr. Bloxam, which consisted of several acres. So rural was this scene, within a mile and a quarter of the bridges, that you might when in the grounds fancy yourself far in the country. It may surprise the present generation to know that birds'-nesting and even shooting were indulged in with success in this urban solitude.

Nothing is more indicative of the vast strides made by the metropolis in the last fifty years than a little circumstance associated with our school. Forty-five years ago, one of the masters, in going through one of the shrubberies, heard an unusual noise, and examining the spot whence it issued, was surprised to find a huge cuckoo in a reed-sparrow's nest, its wings flopping over the sides of the nest, and threatening every minute to capsize it. This unusual circumstance was made into a short paragraph, which went the round of the newspapers under the title of "Rus in Urbe." The result was, the number of my schoolfellows increased twofold in the course of a single year.

A large town now occupies the site of Dr. Hooper's and Sir Matthew Bloxam's grounds; but, at this time, the greater part of Stamford Street and its neighbourhood were luxuriant orchards. On the site of the present South-Western Terminus stood a windmill; opposite, where the church now stands, was an old farm-house. St. George's Fields were "hedges and ditches and ponds of water." The grandfather of Mr. John Forster, of Guy's, occcupied a house immediately opposite Maudsley's factory in the Westminster Road. He had built it some years before, and had some acres of land on which he cultivated his taste for botany, long carried on afterwards by his son, my friend, Mr. John Forster.

Going west, you had Tothill Fields, Westminster, and the Five Fields of Chelsea, on which Belgravia is now built. On the north and the east, the changes that have taken place have even been more remarkable. A great portion of the City Road on either side was garden ground, cultivated for the supply of the London markets; and Tavistock Square and the neighbourhood were known as the "Long Fields." In one of these was fought the celebrated duel known as the "Forty Footsteps," and a farmhouse was in the midst, to which it was the custom of people living in the crowded neighbourhoods of Soho, Covent Garden, and Holborn, to send their children to drink pure milk, and inhale fresh "country" air.

At that time the state of the Profession was very different, particularly in London, to what it is now. Practices were local and localized, and the area of them contracted. The "family doctor" was usually within easy call. He had not to contend with pseudo-consulting-Practitioners, who take low fees. Specialism was unknown, or confined to bone-setters, corn-cutters, and uneducated dentists. The "wear and the tear" of railway travelling had not then engendered a new class of nervous diseases; life was slower, but more enjoyable; and practice was more pleasant, and as lucrative, if not more so, than now. I have to apologize for the discursive nature of this chapter. My next will be more Professional. If I have succeeded in "snatching from oblivion" a few simple facts, I am satisfied. I hope I have not wearied the reader.

CHAPTER X.

DISCURSIVE WRITING — CHOICE OF A PROFESSION — A MEDICAL PHILOSOPHER—MEDICAL BOTANY—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE POLICE FORCE—A POLICE SURGEON—MURDER OF "THE ITALIAN BOY"—THE ANATOMY ACT —THE OLD RESURRECTIONISTS.

MR. TRISTRAM SHANDY makes no apology for the discursive nature of his style in his "Life and Opinions," and is content to wander on in his narrative from "grave to gay." Following the example of that illustrious writer, I have in these chapters formed no particular plan for my guidance. Though fully impressed with the force of the rebuke conveyed in the exclamation of Horace, "*O imitatores, servum pecus!*" I must continue to adhere to my no-system mode of writing. It has this advantage to the writer—that it enables him to write that which comes uppermost, and, as it were, on the spur of the moment; and the reader is not, or may not be, wearied by a too elaborate essay. At all events, as I wish to make every chapter as complete as possible in itself, the reader can follow or not, at his will, the lucubrations here published. Like my uncle Toby, I have no desire to "puzzle my brain with abstruse thinking," or to

annoy the reader by trying to unravel what I have so thought. Something instructive and interesting might be written on the circumstances which influence a boy or man in the choice of a profession.

From some little experience on this subject, I am doubtful whether "accident" is not often more at work in the matter than any plan of action devised and steadily carried out. It seems questionable to me whether Cowper was entirely right in his observation—

> "God gives to every man,
> The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
> That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
> Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

This seems scarcely compatible with the fact that, if we have reverend divines, we have irreverent ones also; and we have had judges good and great as Hale and Mansfield, and as wicked and as mean as Scroggs and Jeffreys. Still, accident, or "Providence," or some cause undefinable or undefined, does seem to place men often in the right place, in spite of all preconceived wishes or ideas.

Had Ferguson been a town boy instead of a shepherd's son, it is doubtful whether he would have been one of the most profound and original of astronomers. Clive became a great general and statesman from "accident." Cases without number might be cited in illustration of the proposition enunciated above. Well, what has this to do with the chapter or *my* career? I may answer,

little or nothing, except that, "magnis componere parvis," it may have a certain interest to all of us.

I entered the Profession of Medicine because our family Doctor took some fancy to me, and I a great fancy to him. He was one of the old school, in practice before the Act of 1815, and was contented to style himself "apothecary and man-midwife." He was a kind, genial, fatherly man, and I was imported into his house and surgery "on liking," for apprenticeship to him. Unfortunately, his large-heartedness was *too* large for his means, and he succumbed to misfortune, or rather to unselfishness—he failed in practice, and I was obliged to seek some other "master." In this dilemma, my uncle, who was connected with the *Sun* newspaper, which, after a career of nearly a century, ceased to exist only a year or two since, took me one morning to see a friend of his, with the view of placing me out. This friend was John Churchill, late the publisher of the very serial in which these Recollections were first laid before the Profession.

Churchill, then a young man, had established himself as a Medical publisher and bookseller in Leicester Square. He occupied at the time (1828) the east side of the shop now Ward's well-known invalid's chair and carriage manufactory, on the north side of the square. I shall not easily forget the awe with which I was inspired on entering his presence. He questioned me minutely as to my ability to "assist" in an open

surgery. Could I make pills and plasters? could I translate prescriptions and dispense them? The answers being satisfactory, I was forthwith given a letter of introduction to Dr. John Stevenson, then in practice, or rather professing to practise, in High Street, St. Giles's, or, as it was more euphoniously styled, "Bloomsbury."

Here, in a little open shop, retailing penny-worths and prescribing eighteenpenny mixtures, lived one of the most remarkable men of the time. He was the senior editor of "Stevenson and Churchill's Medical Botany," was a profound naturalist, an eminent scholar, and, like William in "Black-eyed Susan," "played upon the fiddle like an angel." He was a man of very eccentric habits, and a bachelor. He spent most of his time at Coombe Wood, Hampstead, or some of the woods within a few miles of London, collecting botanical or entomological specimens. He never rode anywhere, never spent a shilling in carriage-hire, and was most abstemious. His habit was to breakfast about eight, which he always did in his shirt-sleeves, to save his coat. Except in winter time, he was without his coat in the evening. He would leave home about eleven, returning at four or five with his specimens, and would spend some time in arranging them, placing the grubs in flower-pots, &c. He would devote part of the evening to reading, or writing his works, and usually ended the day with a long spell upon the

violin. He took but two meals a day, and these consisting of the plainest food. Our conversations were not very lively. We seldom met but at meal-times, and at dinner one source of his astonishment, if not his annoyance, was that I required bread in addition to potatoes or other vegetables. He was a handsome, fair man, upwards of six feet in height, strongly built, and upright as a dart. He had no views or sympathies beyond the sciences he cultivated, and was quite indifferent to the outer world, whether political or social. He lived to a great age, and died only a few years since. My continuance with him was only for a few months. During that time I was entrusted with taking to the artist who illustrated the "Medical Botany" specimens of plants and flowers, and giving him instructions respecting them. My leisure time, which was far too great, was taken up with reading, writing, and studying the numerous specimens of my master.

His co-editor in the work was a very different man. James Morss Churchill, then in the prime of life, was in a large and lucrative practice in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. He was of genial and affable manners, and "cut out," by appearance, manners, and acquirements, for a "Doctor." But he erred on the opposite side to his friend Stevenson. Churchill was generous, even extravagant, and made his botanical excursions pretexts for a day in the country—a drive behind "a dashing

bay," and a dinner at some tavern or hotel, from which he returned late in the evening. The work to which allusion has been made, "Medical Botany," was published by John Churchill in monthly parts, price 3*s.* 6*d.*, and was illustrated by copper-plate engravings coloured from nature.

There had been no work of the kind up to that time which could bear comparison with this, either as regarded its typography, or the beauty and truth of its illustrations. It was the first work of any consequence that John Churchill published; but it afforded early evidence of the enterprise and spirit which have since characterized his career.

On leaving Stevenson, with whom I found it impossible to agree, I was afterwards bound apprentice for five years to Mr. Charles Snitch, a Surgeon in general practice in Brydges Street, Covent Garden. His practice, when I joined him, was small but select. It is curious, however, that, even so late as that (1828), he had not a single patient on his books who did not pay for Medical advice and attendance by the quantity of physic sent in to him; and the Christmas bills contained every item as elaborately set forth as in a lawyer's or carpenter's bill. No more vicious system of payment could have been devised, either as regarded the welfare of the patient or the position and comfort of the Practitioner. Fortunately for all engaged, the "system" is now all but a "thing of the past," and never can exist again as it once existed. I

had a good deal of time on my hands, was very much confined to the Surgery, sometimes not leaving the house for weeks together. I had, fortunately, the run of Cadell's books—the then representatives of the Blackwoods in London—and was seldom without some works of interest to read. Cadell's shop was in the Strand, facing Catherine Street, and was conducted by a kind-hearted old gentleman, named Buckman, a friend of my uncle, who never thought it a trouble to change my volumes as often as I pleased, as if I had been a subscriber to a library, instead of being merely a recipient of his unselfish kindness.

I was soon, however, destined to be more occupied. In 1829 the Metropolitan Police was established by Mr. Peel, and my master was appointed by Sir John (then Mr.) Fisher—Surgeon to the F Division of the force.

This division, which included most of the theatres and some of the worst and lowest neighbourhoods, had from time immemorial been the roughest and most "larking" part of London. It was the scene of most of the exploits of Tom and Jerry, and from one week's end to another, particularly after dark, was fruitful of riots, street-fights, pickpocketing, and the lowest debauches. At that time the public-houses were allowed to keep open all night, and even on Sundays were only closed during the hours of "divine service." It may readily be conceived what a frightful state of things prevailed, particu-

larly as there was no regular police force, the "Bow Street runners" devoting themselves to the detection of crime, and the old watchmen—the "Charlies"—being all old men, and quite incapable of quelling a disturbance or taking an offender into custody.

Of course, the new police in this neighbourhood were regarded in no friendly spirit, and many were the wounds and contusions which we had to attend to in consequence. The duties of the police Surgeon in this district were by no means pleasant; he had to deal mainly with two sets of men—one "fresh and green from the country," the other the old Bow Street "robin redbreasts," who had been incorporated into the force. The first were the fools, the other the knaves. The fools often shirked duty from fear, the knaves from gaiety or worse. It was necessary, if a police officer were taken ill or unfit for duty in the night, for him to present himself to the Surgeon, no matter what the hour, and get from him a certificate stating that he was "unfit for duty." During the first few months of the establishment of the police, these calls became so numerous as to become a perfect nuisance, and we were obliged to exert great diligence and severity to prevent the plea of sickness being abused; as it was, it was very difficult to prevent cheating and malingering.

During my apprenticeship, the murders of Burke

and Hare in Edinburgh had been imitated in London by Bishop and Williams. These worthies had carried on the traffic in murdered bodies, it is believed, for a considerable time. Their career was brought to a close by the murder of an Italian boy, whose body they had taken to King's College to sell. The late Professor Partridge was then Demonstrator of Anatomy in the College. His suspicions as to the body and the men were aroused by some appearance he observed, and he accordingly told Bishop and his companion to call for payment the following day. In the meantime, investigations and examinations were made, and the men, on presenting themselves, were arrested; they were eventually tried for murder, convicted, and executed. I well remember seeing the body of Bishop on the dissecting-table at the Little Windmill Street School. As an inquest was ordered to be held on the boy, the body was removed to the Covent Garden watch-house—a miserable hole, long since taken away, but then situated at the south side of the portico of Covent Garden Church.

The duty of examining the body fell on Mr. Wetherfield, then, and still, a Surgeon, residing at the corner of Southampton Street. The others present were—Mr. Mayo, then Lecturer on Anatomy at King's College; Mr. Partridge, his Demonstrator; Mr. Beaman, parish Surgeon; his assistant, the late D. Edwards; and myself, as

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the representative of the police Surgeon. The day selected for the post-mortem examination was Sunday. It was extremely hot, and the sun full upon the little room on the first floor, where we were assembled. I well recollect most of the incidents of the affair, which lasted a considerable time. The boy's teeth had been removed for sale to a dentist, and with this exception there were no external marks of violence on any part of the body. The internal organs were carefully examined: there was no trace of injury or poison. Mr. Mayo, who had a peculiar way of standing very upright with his hands in his breeches pockets, said, with a kind of lisp he had—"By Jove! the boy died a nat*h*ral death." Mr. Partridge and Mr. Beaman, however, suggested that the spine had not been examined, and after a short consultation, it was determined to examine the spinal column. Upon this being done, one or more of the upper cervical vertebræ were found fractured. "By Jove!" said Mr. Mayo, "this boy was murthered." To Mr. Partridge and Mr. Beaman are, I think, due the discovery of the murder.

It appeared that it was the custom of the murderers to strike their victim on the upper part of the spine, and when insensible to place him head foremost in a water-butt. More than forty years have elapsed since that day, but I have so vivid a recollection of it that I almost feel, on reflecting upon it, the terrible weakness I experienced, the

want of food, and the then horrible task which was imposed upon Edwards and myself of sewing up the body when the rest were gone! Of the six who were present on that day, four are still alive; two—Mayo and Edwards—are gone.* Of the four remaining, if they have got somewhat older, they at least retain some of their youthful fire, some of their wonted energy. With the trial and execution of Bishop and Williams, the system of "Burking" came to an end; but there is too much reason to believe that it was carried on to a very great extent in London. Many persons had been missed, and were never afterwards heard of; it was naturally supposed they had been murdered, and their bodies sold for dissection.

Here it may not be out of place just to say a few words respecting the position of the anatomical schools, teachers, and students, previous to the passing of the Anatomy Act. Nothing could have been more unsatisfactory and disgraceful to us as a civilized nation. The outrages against decency, the misdemeanors, which the law was compelled to wink at, continued long after the necessity for a change had been demonstrated. The low ruffians who acted as "resurrectionists" were, to a certain extent, necessary evils, but they were the lowest of the low, and would stop at nothing to obtain

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* Since this was written, Mr. Partridge and Dr. Beaman are no more.

their ends. He who recollects the passing of the Anatomy Act will remember how, for three or four years after, he was frequently in the evening waited upon by an ill-looking rascal, who solicited assistance. "I was one of them, sir," he would say, "whose lost their work by the Anatomy Act." One could scarcely refuse such an appeal, seeing how much we were indebted to the applicant. This kind of application died out in time, and it is now probable that not a single "resurrectionist" is in existence. But it is awful to contemplate the amount of crime of the worst kind which must have been committed. Wretches who held human life as a mere marketable commodity must, to have lived, committed many murders. Even now the Anatomy Act is imperfect. The inspector should have more power conferred upon him; so that the supply of bodies, under proper regulations, should be equal to the demand. No one could have carried out his duties with more energy and prudence than the present inspector: but he is hampered in his efforts, and thwarted in his endeavours to make the supply sufficient. Of late, however, I am glad to say there have been fewer complaints of a deficient supply than in former years.

CHAPTER XI.

EDITORS, AUTHORS, ACTORS, AND DOCTORS: DOWTON, O'SMITH, C. MATHEWS, JOHN REEVE, R. KEELEY, FANNY KEMBLE, CHARLES KEMBLE, EDMUND KEAN, DR. MAGINN, JACK LAWLESS, HONORATUS LEIGH THOMAS, MERRIMAN — PROFESSIONAL INCOMES — ELLIOTSON — LONG-WINDED WRITING—DR. PINCKARD—DR. SPURGIN —MR. ANTHONY WHITE—BENJAMIN GOLDING—JOHN P. VINCENT—DR. DARLING.

DURING the five years of my pupilage I was in the very centre—at that time (1828-33)—of the literary and dramatic world. It was then the fashion for editors and actors to live either at or near their places of business. Barnes, who was for a long period the editor of the *Times*, lived in Soho Square; John Wight, the editor of the *Morning Herald* and author of "Mornings at Bow Street," in the Strand; and Stewart, the proprietor of the *Courier*, at the printing and publishing-office of the paper, on the north side of the Strand, opposite Wellington Street. The house was taken down when the north part of Wellington Street was formed, in consequence of the burning down of the old Lyceum Theatre. Murdo Young, the editor of the *Sun*, who died a year or two since, upwards of eighty years of age, lived at 112 in the Strand,

then, and for fifty years before, the *Sun* Office; Gaspey, the proprietor and editor of the *Sunday Times*, lived in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Dowling, the editor of *Bell's Life*, in Norfolk Street, Strand.

Actors of celebrity lived in the neighbourhood. Dowton just opposite our house, with his sister, who was married to a hosier of the name of Smith. I used constantly to see Dowton, and on one occasion prescribed for him. He was a tall, portly man, and off the stage (though he was as free from "cant" as any one I knew) looked the very character for the impersonation of which he was so celebrated—Dr. Cantwell in "The Hypocrite." O'Smith, the delineator of "The Vampire," "The Bottle Imp," and similar characters, resided next door, and was a patient of my master. He was a singular-looking man, with a tall, gaunt frame, and a face well suited for the characters he represented with such marvellous effect. He was one of the gentlest and kindest of human beings, and was never wearied of doing good works. In the same house lived John Huckell, the stage-door-keeper of the Adelphi Theatre—not an actor, but a well-known personage, and the friend of Charles Mathews the elder, who at this time, with Yates, was lessee of the Adelphi. Huckell, like Mrs. Malaprop, had a peculiar propensity for remarkable "epitaphs." He would frequently come into the surgery to speak about his wife, who was

a confirmed invalid, and to show me letters he had received from his "friend" Mathews. The fact was, Mathews would draw Huckell into a correspondence with a view of making use of his sayings in his "At Home's." On one occasion, in writing to Mathews, Huckell stated that his wife had "a most vocarious appetite," but he had no doubt that this arose from her being "impregnated with asthma."

John Reeve, the "elephant of fun" at the Adelphi, lived on the first floor at Stammers's, the silversmith, two doors east of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand. I occasionally visited him. Like Liston, he was subject to fits of the most desponding melancholy, during which he presented a most wretched spectacle. He could never play, like Edmund Kean, unless under the influence of powerful stimulants, the reaction from which was really dreadful. I once recollect going behind the scenes at the Adelphi to see him. He was at the time playing his great and humorous character of Marmaduke Magog in "The Wreck Ashore," Jemmy Starling, the next prominent character, being sustained by the present Mr. Buckstone, the author of that famous drama. John had just come off the stage from a scene in which he had convulsed the audience with laughter. I found him walking up and down a short corridor which existed in the old Adelphi building. He was extremely irritable

and nervous, and declared he could not finish his part. A full dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia in camphor mixture somewhat revived him, and, at the summons of the call-boy, he was again on the stage to convulse the audience. Like Kean, he was remarkably sensitive to the expression of the slightest disapprobation on the part of the audience, but was revivified, as it were, by applause.

When Keeley was playing in "The Bottle Imp," he was on one occasion a great sufferer from the footlights, and came into our surgery for me to cup him. Everything was got ready for the operation. I was just on the point of placing a glass on his back, when he suddenly turned round, and, with a most comically serious face, exclaimed, "Don't, don't hurt me!" "Mr. Keeley," I replied, "you really must be quiet, or I cannot go on." I took about twelve ounces of blood, with the effect of entirely relieving him; and I believe he never suffered from the same symptoms afterwards. It is a curious fact that he never forgot this little episode in his life, even when memory on other events long past was most imperfect. I met him, shortly before his death, in a Brompton omnibus. He referred to the operation, but I found he did not recollect many circumstances in his career at the same period; and, when I spoke of some of them, he merely said "God knows." Mrs. Glover lived in Soho Square; Yates in the rooms fronting the Adelphi Theatre

in the Strand; Arnold, the lessee and manager of the Lyceum, in Golden Square; Mrs. Waylett, the most charming of ballad singers, in the Quadrant. For some time before her retirement from the stage, she suffered from severe illness, and had often to appear when she was more fitted to be in bed. I recollect when I was a student at University College, that I frequently saw "Jack Bannister," then nearly an octogenarian. He lived in Gower Street, and used to hobble out daily to take the air.

At this time (1830) a newspaper called the *Age* was published in Catherine Street, in the Strand, at a house taken down some little time since for the Gaiety Theatre. This paper was most scurrilous and unprincipled. The owner and editor was a person of the name of Westmacott. He libelled people, as it were, with impunity—at all events, I do not recollect an action for libel being brought against him. Westmacott, however, on one occasion got severely punished. When Fanny Kemble first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of Juliet, the part of Romeo was sustained by her father, Charles Kemble. In some comments upon her first appearance, Westmacott styled her a "doxy." A few nights afterwards, Kemble, whilst on the stage, saw the impudent libeller in one of the dress boxes. The moment the piece was over, Kemble, still in costume, went round to Westmacott, took him

by the collar, dragged him into the lobby, and gave him a sound thrashing. We were always early-to-bed people in Brydges Street. I was just getting into bed when the night-bell rang, and on coming into the surgery I found Westmacott in a sad plight. He told me he had fallen down. I gave him a lotion for a black eye, and some medicine. The fellow had the impudence to fling a shilling on the table.

"What is this for?" I said.

"Why, for yourself. I could not call you up without giving you a fee."

"Oh," I said, "take up the shilling; I'll place you on the pauper list."

He laughed heartily, took up the shilling, and departed. He dared not proceed against Kemble for the assault, and contented himself with abusing him in the *Age* as a "coward" and a "ruffian." Kemble was contented with the revenge he had taken.

The *Age*, however, was destined to be outdone in ribaldry and blackguardism by another paper. The *Satirist*, edited by Barnard Gregory, was established some few years later. It was a disgrace to the periodical literature of the day; but it displayed considerable ability, and had a good circulation. Gregory was an actor of no mean powers, and appeared several times on the stage, usually as Richard the Third. Those, however, who had been attacked by him

mustered in strength and drove him from the stage. Westmacott died two or three years ago, in Paris, at a very advanced age; Gregory succumbed in the prime of life; Edmund Kean played occasionally at Drury Lane, but he was fast sinking from physical infirmities. He was almost nightly attended at the theatre by his Surgeon, Mr. Douchez, a dapper, shrewd, and convivial little man. Kean was very much attached to him, and in his later years was constantly in his company. Douchez then lived in Golden Square, and in the evening was to be almost invariably found at "The Harp," a house used by Kean, in Little Russell Street, Covent Garden.

I was present the last time Kean appeared as Othello at Drury Lane. Charles Young—the brother of George Young, the eminent Surgeon, who practised for many years in the house now occupied by William Coulson—was Iago; Cooper, Cassio; and Miss Phillips, Desdemona. In the fourth act Kean broke down, but managed somehow to struggle through the scene. He immediately threw himself upon a sofa just behind the scenes. He was very weak and tottery. Douchez told me that he was fearful Kean could not finish the part, but he gave him his usual dose of brandy-and-water. When the call came, Kean jumped up and stalked on the stage, exclaiming, with a proud air, "Now hear them! hear them!" in allusion to the applause which he knew he

should elicit. This was his last appearance at Drury Lane.

Amongst acquaintances and patients at the time now referred to was Dr. Maginn, then one of the editors of the *Standard*, but newly established. Maginn, the most versatile of writers, was scarcely anything "off the stage." He had what some one called a kind of "gin-and-water face," so far as colour went, but his features were regular and his eyes expressive, his forehead broad and expanded. He would sit in company drinking his "gin twist," no matter how many glasses. He seldom spoke, but had a habit of biting short pieces of straw by the hour together. He professed to be a Conservative, but I believe he had no settled principles, and was of opinion, with Chatterton, that a man "ought to be able to write as well on one side the question as the other." At all events, he carried out this doctrine, for he would write a leader in the *Standard* one evening, answer it in the *True Sun* the following day, and abuse both in the *John Bull* on the ensuing Sunday. He was the Ensign O'Doherty of Blackwood's "Noctes," and at one time Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. "Honest Jack Lawless" was an occasional patient during the time of the famous debates in Parliament, just before the carrying of the Bill for Emancipating the Roman Catholics. Jack was a fine, dashing Irishman, above the middle height, firmly made, and active as a deer.

His features were finely chiselled ; nothing of the Celtic about them. He dressed in a green coat, and a hat with somewhat turned-up brim. He was then publishing his "History of Ireland" in weekly numbers, with a bright green cover. Regularly every Saturday morning he brought me the current number. Poor Jack, who was so prominent an aide-de-camp of O'Connell before the Emancipation Act, sank into obscurity soon after it was carried. It would be departing too far from the object of these Recollections to dwell farther on actors and authors, though I could fill pages with my recollections of them.

It is time, however, to say something of the men of our own Profession. The men whom we chiefly called in consultation occupied at the time prominent positions, but some of them contributed little or nothing to the literature of the Profession. Honoratius Leigh Thomas, councillor, examiner, and twice President of the Royal College of Surgeons, was often called in by us. He was a very poor Surgeon, very undecided, and avoided operations, but he was a shrewd Practitioner in Medical cases, to which his practice was mainly limited. He was familiarly known as "Dr. Thomas," and had a very extensive practice amongst the middle classes. He had in early life been a pupil of the celebrated Cruikshank, whom he afterwards assisted in his anatomical demonstrations, and lived with at his house in Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

He subsequently married a daughter of Cruikshank, and succeeded his father-in-law as tenant of the house in Leicester Place, in which he practised for nearly half a century.

Mr. Thomas, as far as I know, made no contribution to the Profession. He was courteous and able as an examiner, dignified as president; but he had no genius; there was nothing suggestive, nothing of *élan* about him. He was perfect in the sick-room; cool, attentive, kind, and in Medical cases an excellent Practitioner. Personally he was the *beau-idéal* of a Physician. A tall and slender form, slightly bowed; a face sedate but kind; a forehead, though somewhat low, denoting great perceptive power; and a calm, somewhat subdued voice. He dressed truly "Professionally"—black dress-coat, waistcoat, and trousers, black silk stockings, and pumps; a spotless white cravat encircled his long neck; and a massive chain, with seals and keys, dangled from his watch-pocket. As I have said, he assisted Cruikshank in his anatomical lectures; but I am not aware that he was ever connected with any Hospital or Dispensary. He seemed to have a dread of operative procedure, though by no means in his palmy days a bad operator; but he would delay and delay Surgical interference until his patient, tired out, would consult some more decided Surgeon. He had a very extensive practice amongst licensed victuallers, and probably attended

more members of that craft than any other Surgeon of the present century.

In midwifery cases we were in the habit of calling in Merriman and Golding. Merriman, like Thomas, chiefly attended the middle classes; and amongst them he was popular, as he deserved to be. He was originally in general practice, and at a mature age became a Licentiate of the College of Physicians. He was a man of some literary ability, and a consummate obstetric Practitioner. He was in every way fitted for that department of the Profession. He was gentle, decided, and an excellent operator. In person he was of the middle height, with a fine benevolent expression of countenance, a high and expanded forehead. He wore gold spectacles. He dressed without regard to the custom of the Medical Profession of the day. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and generally light-coloured waistcoat and trousers. He was in appearance and manners a finished gentleman. He never took a fee from a governess or a curate. I wrote his life for the second edition of the "Lives of British Physicians," published by William Tegg.

It may not be out of place here to refer for a moment to the incomes of celebrated Medical Practitioners. These, I believe, are usually much overrated. In almost the last conversation I had with Dr. Merriman at his house in Brook Street, this subject was touched upon. "I do not believe," said Merriman, "in these enormous

incomes. I have had as large, perhaps a larger, practice than any obstetric Physician of the time, and in my most prosperous year I never made more than 4000*l.*" Brodie in his zenith never exceeded 13,000*l.* per annum, and though Sir A. Cooper is recorded to have made in one year the great sum of 24,000*l.*, it was acknowledged by him to be quite an exceptional amount. His average income was probably about half that sum. But it must be recollected that he was quite an exceptional Surgeon—no man was so generally consulted; no man ever received such large fees for operations. Abernethy, I believe, never in one year reached 10,000*l.*, and Liston's income never amounted to 7000*l.* These appear small compared with the incomes of great lawyers; but it must be remembered that we are only paid for what we do, not for what we are retained to do; and, moreover, we only receive our fees when the work is done.

Elliotson was occasionally consulted. He had just made himself famous by his clinical reports in the *Lancet*, by which his income rose in one year from 500*l.* to 5000*l.* But he was the first to publish such lectures. I know that his imitators since have met with no such success. I shall have to speak fully of Elliotson in a subsequent chapter, and need not enlarge upon his career at this time.

In these days, when almost every man is a lec-

turer or "author," and publishes his narratives in the journals or in monographs, it may be worth while to refer my readers to the models of contributions to the practice of Medicine published by Elliotson. It is refreshing in these days to go back forty years to look at them. There they are all simple matter of fact, with common-sense deductions; not as now, pages filled with

> "Fancies to show the stretch of human brain,
> Mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain."

The great evil of the present day, *quoad* the writers and authors of the Profession, is the voluminous* nature of their contributions. This is an evil which seems on the increase. Can it be abated? We fear not. "Voluminous" writers should remember that their lucubrations are read in an inverse ratio to their length. Facts can be stated briefly; the briefer, so long as they are clear, the better. Sir Samuel Romilly contended

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* When Sheridan was making his great speech against Warren Hastings, Gibbon was in the gallery, and was much pleased by a reference made to him by the orator as the "luminous historian." Being twitted afterwards in company as to the expression, the wit said, "No, I did not say luminous; I said *vo*luminous." The force of the joke will be understood by the fact that the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" originally appeared in eight large volumes. The work was dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland—"the Butcher." On Gibbon presenting his seventh volume, the illiterate old rogue exclaimed, "What, another d—d big square book, Mr. Gibbon!"

that no speech of an advocate in the Court of Chancery need exceed twenty minutes in length. Take a volume of the *Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society* fifty years since, and compare it with one of modern date. The difference is striking, but not pleasant to us. Yet who shall say the late volumes are to be compared in interest and value to the earlier ones? When Astley Cooper, Haighton, and Babington were at Guy's; Green, Tyrrell, and Travers at St. Thomas's; Abernethy and Stanley at St. Bartholomew's; Brodie, Keate, and Chambers at St. George's; Sir C. Bell at the Middlesex; White, Lynn, and Guthrie at the Westminster; Blizard and Heaviside at the London, most of whom contributed to the "Transactions," we had none of the windy reports that characterize those of the present day. The evil had begun to exhibit itself in the time of Sir Astley, who once naïvely remarked to me—"Sir, the writers are becoming like seamen who neglect the prominent landmarks for taking useless soundings, and make absurd calculations of no use to any one, and liable to run the unlucky ship on a rock."

It is related that Blake, the most imaginative of painters—Fuseli himself not excepted—once saw the ghost of a flea, and sketched it. Had he belonged to the "pre-Raphaelite School" of the present day, it is probable that he would have

made the "ghost" merely a feature in an elaborate production of his easel. Perhaps he would have placed it on a rich blanket, on a superb bed, in a gaudily-furnished room; every thread of the blanket, every line of the bed tick, every object—even the most minute—elaborately "worked-up," the "poor ghost," like that of Hamlet's father, being invisible, or only seen by the gifted eye. What would have been the result? The great sketch of the flea, so wonderfully portrayed by the painter, would have been "nowhere." Writers on Medicine and Surgery of the present day get hold of the "ghost of a fact," and they theorize upon it to such an extent, and with such elaborate minuteness, that we are mystified, and looking for the meaning, as we do for that in Gratiano's talk, find to our cost that it is "an infinite deal about nothing."

Many Practitioners of the present day are not contented with pursuing the "even tenour of their way" to eminence and success. Each and every one is anxious to be original and a discoverer. Thus, one identifies his name with some therapeutic "discoveries;" one finds the dung of a toad, judiciously administered, an infallible remedy for consumption; whilst another declares, from a "large experience," that the "thin white curd of asses' milk" is an universal panacea. Young Surgeons who have yet to "gain their spurs"

"invent" all kinds of imaginable instruments. One, who has never seen a gunshot wound, may modestly give to the Profession an improved bullet extractor, to be procured only of Weiss or Coxeter. Another, who probably has never performed ovariotomy, introduces a new "clamp," or something else, to "arrest hæmorrhage;" whilst another, less ambitious or more "modest," contents himself with parading a new kind of tweezers for extracting superfluous hairs.

Richard Pinckard was a Physician in extensive practice in Bloomsbury Square. He was one of the "old school." He had no theories—

> "A primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

But he was a shrewd, common-sense Practitioner, and successful too. He had great faith in medicines, and always prescribed with a definite object—"the remedy for the disease." He was a tall, big man, with a common-sense expression of face, which at once inspired the patient with confidence in him.

At the time referred to, the late Dr. Spurgin, who unfortunately lately fell a victim to the garrote, had a large practice. He resided in Guilford Street. He was a Practitioner of good common sense. Unfortunately, in the very zenith of his practice he took to farming; his practice declined,

and he spent the later years of his life in something like indolence. He was a large-hearted man, and an honour to the Profession.

Anthony White, the senior Surgeon of the Westminster Hospital, was, as I have stated elsewhere, one of the ablest, but certainly the laziest, Surgeon of his day. He was a man of consummate ability, and of large resources in difficult or dangerous cases. But his besetting sin was idleness, and this he carried to an extent that seems almost incredible. I believe that he never was known to keep an appointment in his life. Not only was it nothing to him to be an hour or a couple of hours behind time, but he has actually been known to forget the day, and go the next; and on one occasion it is positively stated that he was a full week in arrear, having mistaken his appointment by seven days. It may readily be supposed that White never had a large practice, though he might undoubtedly have been fully occupied had he been a man of business. But to go with him round the wards of the Westminster Hospital, when he did go round, was really a treat. He spoke little, but it was always to the purpose, and what he said stamped him as a man of high philosophical, yet practical, views of Surgery. White was about the middle height, stout, firmly and rather clumsily built. He was subject to gout, and usually walked slowly and with difficulty. He had a large head, a high and

capacious forehead, with an eye of surpassing intelligence. His mouth was large and masculine, but his chin wanted that full development which indicates firmness and resolution. He spoke slowly and deliberately. He dressed in black, somewhat slovenly, but always clean.

Golding, of whom I spoke just now, was the very opposite of Merriman. He lived in St. Martin's Lane, in a house taken down when Cranbourn Street was formed. It was one of the old-fashioned houses, with several steps leading up to the front door. Golding never had an extensive practice, but he was undoubtedly a man of ability. He was quick, decided, and self-opinionated. He went to his work like a workman, and was deficient in that gentleness which characterized Merriman. He was a man of great industry and perseverance. He founded Charing Cross Hospital, which was originally a dispensary in Villiers Street. Even after an attack of apoplexy, ending in partial paralysis, with which he was afflicted shortly after middle life, Golding maintained his vigour and determination. He was a spare man, somewhat above the middle height. He had a sharp, shrewd expression of countenance, a sagacious blue eye, and head formed less for reflection than action, more for combativeness than for emotion. He was an upright man, but somewhat crotchety, and rather too self-willed to be called amiable.

John Painter Vincent was occasionally called in for his opinion. He resided for many years on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Vincent was a peculiarly shy man, but was not without ability. People who did not understand him, thought him slow and dull; yet he was a minute and careful observer; but he wanted manner. He failed to impress his patient, at first, certainly, with an idea of his real power. Those who knew him better had great confidence in him. In person just above the middle height, he walked quickly and somewhat clumsily. He had somewhat of the appearance and manner of a lawyer's clerk hastening to court. He dressed rather shabbily in black. His face denoted no great power. His features were regular, and he had a good forehead, but he never seemed to be on good terms with himself, and consequently was often not on good terms with others.

Dr. Darling, who had been in India, had a tolerable practice amongst old Indians. He lived on the east side of Russell Square. He was a man of very limited ability, and his resources in the treatment of disease were scanty. He was of the old school of blue pill and black draught, and treated most cases as "bilious." He was a man about the middle height, and would ordinarily be taken for a Methodist parson. He dressed in black, with a white cravat. His countenance had

a little touch of Mawworm, but he bore a character for kindness and liberality. He did nothing for the literature of Physic.

These were some amongst the large number of consulting men then in full practice, but some of whom died and "made no sign." I have purposely omitted to notice several, who will be referred to in subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER XII.

A PRIVATE MEDICAL SCHOOL FORTY YEARS SINCE—LATITUDE OF STUDENTS—A BATCH OF LECTURERS: MICHAEL RYAN, GEORGE DARBY DERMOTT, AND JOHN EPPS—LONDON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNALS—RIVAL EDITORS—AN "ORIGINAL" EDITOR—A HOST OF WITNESSES—A WAGER AND PRACTICAL JOKE—POLITICS AND MEDICINE.

AT the time I entered to lectures (October, 1833), the private schools were in their zenith. I shall have something to say about them generally in a future chapter, so, on this occasion, I shall give a description of one only. The "Gerrard Street" or "Dermott's" School was situated at the Westminster Dispensary, in Gerrard Street, Soho. The lecture and dissecting rooms were on the second floor of the building, and, at that time, were as complete as almost any other in London. At this period a lecturer was permitted by the Examining Boards to lecture on three subjects. The staff of the Gerrard Street School consisted of Dr. Michael Ryan, who lectured on Medicine, Midwifery, and Medical Jurisprudence; Dr. John Epps, on Materia Medica, Chemistry, and Botany; Mr. Dermott, on Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery. The fee for "perpetual" attendance on these courses was 22*l.*

The "entries" were numerous, and at the time when I joined the School, the *alumni* numbered nearly 300.

At the present day the course of education pursued in this School would be regarded as most imperfect and unsatisfactory; but it is doubtful whether it did not fulfil all the requirements of the period, *quoad* the examinations at the College and Hall. These were very different from what they are now. Many of the Gerrard Street scholars attained, in after life, distinction and eminence. The three lecturers named above had no academical distinction, but they were representative men of the period, and some account of them may not be without interest to the present generation. I shall describe them in the positions they occupied as important teachers.

George Darby Dermott was of Irish extraction, and, I believe, the son of an Irish Presbyterian minister. He had many of the merits and some of the faults of his countrymen. He was eloquent and impulsive, often wayward and uncertain; but it may be doubted whether any man of his time had a more consummate knowledge of anatomy, or could convey that knowledge more forcibly and instructively than he did. It is true that he had no "system," and it was no uncommon occurrence for us to have a demonstration of the bones of the foot one day, and of the brain the next. He had, however, the excuse of a deficiency of subjects, at

a time when teachers had to depend entirely on the supply afforded by the resurrectionists. Moreover, he had no prosector. In one respect this was an advantage to his class, for he would constantly dissect while demonstrating. This proceeding had the effect of arresting the attention of his audience, and of instilling into their minds what may be called the first principles of anatomy.

The great fault of Dermott was his attention to what may be regarded as unnecessary minutiæ. This was sometimes wearisome and unproductive. To give an instance. The first six weeks of his course on anatomy were devoted to a description of the bones of the head. Every foramen, however minute, every sulcus, however unimportant, was unnecessarily enlarged and elaborated upon. In this respect he was undoubtedly at fault, but he could never see his error. He published two works eminently illustrative of his peculiarities as a teacher. The first was a large octavo volume on the Anatomy of the Bones of the Head; the second was his Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck. Nothing less practical than the first could be conceived, nothing more practical than the second ever issued from the press. In the first production I was his amanuensis. The preface is one of the "curiosities" of Medical literature, and was concocted between us.

Our connexion in literary subjects was something peculiar. The plan we pursued was to retire to

some tavern in the neighbourhood, where we could have a private room. Dermott primed himself with gin-and-water. I invariably fortified myself with a glass of port wine. He walked about the room dictating to me what he wished to say. Great anatomist as, undoubtedly, he was, he was marvellously deficient in bringing to bear upon his subject what a soldier would call the influence of the "light artillery." He was singularly wanting in placing his views in an attractive form. He was minute; I was discursive. He made the Corinthian column; I was the humble assistant in attempting to adorn it. It may well be supposed that the assistant architect had very little work to perform.

After the lapse of nearly forty years, I feel it my duty to my old preceptor to acknowledge the great obligations which I owe to him, and there are thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in various parts of the world, who will bear witness to the remarkable ability of Dermott as a teacher of anatomy. Dermott was the assistant of the celebrated Joshua Brookes, at his Theatre of Anatomy, in Blenheim Street, Oxford Street. That once renowned school is now a lead warehouse, and is situated just behind Colburn's, the late publisher's house, in Great Marlborough Street, and is the first building on the right in Blenheim Street.

After Brookes's death, within a fortnight of the opening of the Medical session, Dermott being

unable to obtain possession of the Blenheim Street premises, bought the lease of a house in Little Windmill Street. He made a contract with a builder to alter the house in fourteen days in such a way as to fit it for an anatomical school. He used to boast, in after-life, that he superintended the workmen, and, that by having relays for night and day work, and by "giving them as much beer as they could drink," they worked with a good will and alacrity such as he had never seen surpassed. "Don't talk to me," he would say, "about the injurious effects of beer—at all events, for a certain time." Dermott opened the session with a moderate class. This school was afterwards well known as the "Little Windmill Street School," at which Tuson, Guthrie, and Jewel lectured. It is the second or third building on the left from Brewer Street, and is now in the occupation of Mr. Nichols, a leatherseller.

Dermott was an enthusiastic reformer, and interspersed his lectures with sarcastic allusions to the deficiencies in the Medical corporations, the necessity for legalizing the sale of dead bodies for dissection, and for Medical reform generally. He ridiculed with much humour the wearing of gowns by Professors when lecturing at the Universities or other schools. He characterized the gown as a "piece of black rag hanging from their dorsal spine." He came daily to lecture with a great bundle of petitions to Parliament for the removal

of grievances, and these, signed by his pupils, were continually being presented to the House of Commons, and had, no doubt, some influence in the carrying out of the Anatomy Act. He was very unpunctual as to the time of commencing his lecture. This gave rise to many quarrels between himself and his pupils. His lecture in the afternoon usually occupied two hours, and if he observed symptoms of weariness in his audience, he would say, "Gentlemen, you are fatigued with the subject; let us have a little interlude to revive you." He would leave off demonstrating the muscles of the thigh for a few minutes, and give us the soliloquy of "Hamlet," or the death scene in "Richard III.," amidst the enthusiastic applause of his audience. He would then finish his demonstration.

Dermott was not a great physiologist, and of practical Surgery he knew very little; but nobody could take exception to his teaching of the principles of Surgery. At the time to which this chapter refers, students of Medicine had none of those ideas of propriety of conduct which happily characterize the present generation, and some of them "broke loose" to an extent which could not now be tolerated. The morning lecture commenced, or was supposed to commence, at ten, and on the names being called over certain well-known "fast young gentlemen" were frequently absent. "They will soon be here," Dermott would say; and he

was right. A sound was heard on the lower stairs, and a chorus of voices of "See the conquering hero comes," announced that the night revellers were returning to their allegiance. The lecturer would pause for a few moments to allow the "denizens of the night" to take their seats, occasionally loaded with the trophies of their night's amusements, consisting of knockers and other articles, which they had brought forward as symbols of the previous night's exploits. Once seated, however, Dermott would not permit any deviation from the strict rules of decorum necessary to be observed in the lecture-room. If any one ventured to infringe those rules, he was instantly silenced by the lecturer.

Dermott was convivial to a fault in his habits, and took a great delight in inviting his class to his house on certain evenings to "drink punch and smoke." He generally accompanied his invitations to these meetings with some remarks on the advantages of keeping within reasonable bounds with respect to the quantity of punch they would imbibe. "But," he would observe, "I do not wish to be inhospitable; I wish every man to enjoy himself under my roof; and, gentlemen, if any of you, or all of you, after leaving my residence, has or have the misfortune to be intercepted on your way to your lodgings, send for me, and I will bail you; I make it a point not to go to bed early on these evenings, in order that I should be forthcoming to

relieve you in any difficulty in which you may be placed."

Unfortunately this promise required to be often acted upon, and it is to the honour of Dermott that he never failed in fulfilling it. In those days the offender was not required to go before a magistrate. The habits of the students of Medicine have happily so greatly improved during the last thirty-five years that they can bear comparison with the *alumni* of any other profession or calling. In summing up the character of this remarkable man, thousands of whose pupils are now practising their Profession with honour and credit, and many of whom, I have no doubt, will read this account of their old master with the conviction of its truthfulness, I should say that Dermott, so far as anatomy is concerned, had a talent for teaching beyond any man of his time. He was plain, clear, and energetic, and if a student failed to appreciate the value of his instruction, it was the fault of the pupil, and not of the teacher. That he had faults may be readily imagined after what has been already stated. These were partly due to his erratic mode of teaching, but more, probably, to the circumstances under which he was placed.

This short and imperfect account of him, if not entirely correct, is, in the main, just to his memory, and any one acquainted with the history of his time will have no doubt that he exercised a very important influence on the future of anatomical teach-

ing. It should be stated, to his honour, that his pupils were seldom rejected at the College of Surgeons, and many students from other schools entered his private class, in order to complete their knowledge of anatomy. In person, Dermott was above the middle height, active, and firmly built; his face was expressive of some power: he had a good forehead, bright, intelligent black eyes, and a somewhat large mouth. In lecturing, he spoke in a loud shrill voice, almost amounting to a falsetto.

Dr. Michael Ryan, the Lecturer on Medicine, &c., was a genuine Irishman. His lectures were of a somewhat "rigmarole" kind, or, more properly speaking, compilations of almost every author from the time of Hippocrates downwards. Ryan was totally deficient in originality, and was a very inferior Practitioner; but he was learned, had most agreeable manners, and was strongly impressed with the importance of appearance in a Physician. He dressed in black, wore a white "choker," carried a large gold watch, as big as a turnip, to which was appended a massive chain, with seals and keys. It is true, he did not carry a gold-headed cane, but he had a huge gold snuffbox, the contents of which were frequently applied to his olfactory organ.

Ryan was one of the Physicians of the Western Dispensary, in Charles Street, Westminster, and most of his students at the Gerrard Street School were also his pupils at that institution. At this time the Apothecaries' Company received the cer-

tificate of fifteen months' attendance at a recognised Dispensary as evidence that the candidate for their licence had passed through a sufficient course of Practical Medicine. Ryan had a curious way of eking out a lecture. He would select for his theme some case which he had treated at the Dispensary, and if any remarkable case occurred there, he had a fine opportunity of availing himself of this privilege. I recollect, on one particular occasion, he had treated a case of hypertrophy of the heart "successfully" with the iodide of potassium. He did not think it sufficient to state the fact; he would take from his pocket a list of the names of students who attended his practice at the Dispensary. "Gentlemen," he would say, "I have the honour of giving you the names of those who witnessed this remarkable case;" and he read from the list the names of 150 of those who were, or ought to have been, present. The reading of this list necessarily occupied a considerable portion of his lecture, and he would conclude with the remark—"With such a host of witnesses, gentlemen, I think I am entitled to assert that my diagnosis was correct, and my treatment most successful." His audience, of course, cheered and laughed.

Ryan, however, at this time, did valuable service to the cause of the Profession. He was editor of the *London Medical and Surgical Journal*, then published by Renshaw, in the Strand. This

journal might be regarded as an *equipoise* between the *Lancet* and the old *Medical Gazette;* it avoided the personalities and virulence of the *Lancet,* and the tameness and milk-and-water contents of the *Gazette.* It ought to have been the leading journal of the time, but, unfortunately, a dispute between the editor and publisher of the journal led to a disruption between them. The consequence was, Renshaw carried on the *Journal,* which was edited by John Foote, then a general Practitioner in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. Foote was a man of undoubted ability, but conceited and pragmatical. Ryan published an opposition Journal, to which he appended the title of "original." Foote was not a match for his learned and cumbrous antagonist.

I have reason to believe that if the *Medical and Surgical Journal* had been carried on in the manner in which it was originally framed, it would have had a most beneficial influence on the Profession. Whilst it excluded from its pages the disgraceful attacks on personal character which then were a prominent feature of the *Lancet,* it afforded to a large class of contributors to periodical literature a medium of expressing or publishing to the world their experiences in the science and practice of Medicine. Unfortunately, the quarrel between Renshaw and Ryan terminated in a collapse of both the journals, each having deteriorated in every way, and

Ryan's "original" was badly printed on bad paper.

For some months I assisted Ryan in the editorship of the journal, and for a little time was sole conductor of it. I need scarcely say that it would have been a wonder if it had been successful under the management of a boy just out of his teens. Still, we had some contributions which were of great value. Thus, we published Fletcher's lectures on "Medical Jurisprudence," and Gully's translation of Broussais' lectures on Medicine. But Ryan had become involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the journal was neglected by him. He died at a comparatively early age. He was attended at his house in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, by Drs. Bright, Roots, and myself. The post-mortem examination was made by me at seven o'clock on a January morning, the two Physicians being present at that early hour. I never saw so much general visceral disease in any body before or since. Ryan wrote a work on Medical Jurisprudence—a mere compilation—and one on the "Philosophy of Marriage," which it is well that it never reached a second edition. Ryan was just above the middle height, and inclined to corpulency; he was of fair complexion and red haired. His face was truly Milesian. He had a large head. He was a good-natured, kind-hearted man; but too facile, and with little consistency and firmness. He was a favourite with his pupils.

John Epps, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Edinburgh, was the eldest son of Mr. John Epps, who, some fifty years ago, was noted for having a ham and beef shop in almost every part of London, and was the subject of one of the most humorous of Hudson's comic songs. Dr. Epps was a better educated man than either of his colleagues, and he had natural abilities of a very high order. He was conscientious and painstaking as a lecturer, but he had an imperfect practical knowledge of either of the subjects on which he lectured; somehow or other he managed to instil a fair amount of information into his pupils. He knew more of Materia Medica than of chemistry or botany. The two latter sciences were taught by him less practically than could have been desired. He, however, "pegged away" with his experiments in chemistry, and would make the students alternately prepare gases, apply the tests for poisons, &c.

His laboratory was somewhat small, but compact. The amount of glass destroyed on some mornings was very great—a serious loss at that time, when glass was of great value compared with the present day. He, however, never lost his temper, never said an unkind word; even when the blundering pupil had smashed a dozen or more of the best glasses, the good-natured little man would say, "Try it again, my friend, you will get on better soon." He confined his teaching of botany chiefly to the system of Linnæus.

Epps's style of lecturing was clear and attractive. He had a fund of anecdote, and was what Bacon called "a full man." He had read much, and was possessed of varied knowledge. I recollect, on one occasion, two or three of the students played him an innocent trick, which afforded him an opportunity of showing his readiness in resources. A bet was made that Epps would not be able to tell the name of a plant which one of the students would present to him. This wager was accepted. Accordingly H——, a Yorkshire pupil, after lecture one morning, produced a plant—I think it was the *mercurius perennis*—and, handing it to the lecturer, said he would feel obliged by being informed of its name. Epps smiled, and said,

"My friend, I should be happy to tell you, but you would derive more benefit by finding it out yourself. Do so, and if I find you are correct when I come to-morrow morning, I will give you my Life of Dr. Walker." In the meantime a name was invented; I cannot recollect exactly what it was. The next morning punctually at ten—for he was always punctual—in walks the little Doctor with a book under his arm.

"Well, my friend," said he, addressing H——, "have you discovered the name of the plant?"

"Yes," said H——, "it is so-and-so."

"Very good; and here is my Life of Dr. Walker."

Those in the secret could hardly refrain from a laugh; but a proper decorum was observed. H—— won his wager.

Epps had very strong political views. He was one of the school of Burdett and Cobbett; but, unlike Dermott, he never mentioned politics in his lectures, or, if he did, it was in the most cursory manner. Out of school he had no such reserve, and would speak at public meetings, or write articles of the most advanced kind. When an election was going on in his borough (Finsbury), it was his custom to have in front of his house in Great Russell Street a huge placard, with the names of his favourite candidates emblazoned on it. He was an excellent speaker, spoke always to the point, and had a dry, quiet humour, which made him a favourite with his audience. He was a man of extraordinary industry and perseverance, and never succumbed to difficulties or hard work. He was a firm believer in Phrenology; Dermott was as much opposed to it. Dermott, though an energetic and practised speaker, was no match for Epps in debate. He lost his temper, and blurted out offensive epithets; his wit was low and personal. Epps, on the contrary, never got out of temper; made fun of his antagonists in a good-natured way, and was usually thoroughly up in the subject he was treating.

In person he was below the middle height, and had something the appearance of a Quaker. He

wore a broadish-brimmed hat, low down over the forehead, which was one of the finest I have ever seen. His features were regular, and pleasing in expression. After the Gerrard Street School broke up, he took to the practice of homœopathy. He died a year or two since, full of years, and with the kind regrets of many of those who admired the man, whilst they regretted his "nonconformity."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NORTH LONDON HOSPITAL—ROBERT LISTON—FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE "LANCET"—THOMAS WAKLEY'S COURAGE—LITERATURE, LAW, AND MEDICINE—EARLY REPORTING—THE MEDICAL SOCIETIES FORTY YEARS SINCE—MEDICAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE—QUARTERLY AND WEEKLY JOURNALS—"ERINENSIS"—"SCOTUS"—THE "INTERCEPTED LETTERS."

IN the early part of the year 1834, whilst I was a student, a girl came under my care with a great toe in a state of necrosis. I was anxious that it should be removed. Accordingly, I sent her up to the North London Hospital. Liston had, some short time before, been appointed Surgeon to the Hospital, and my patient was placed under his care. I was quite a stranger to Liston, but as soon as he was informed by me that I had sent the patient to be operated upon, we became friends at once. This was the commencement of a friendship which ended only with the life of "the master." "I shall take the toe off," he said, "on Thursday; I hope you will be present." I was present. I had never seen him operate before, and was struck with the manner in which he handled the knife. Indeed, altogether, there was something so novel

and striking in the proceeding that, simple as it was, could not fail to attract the attention and command the admiration of the spectators. The girl made an excellent recovery.

The case was reported in Ryan's *Medical and Surgical Journal*, and I continued to attend the Hospital, with the intention of reporting cases as they occurred. Liston had seen my report in Ryan's *Journal*, and spoke to me on the subject. He expressed himself pleased with it, and inquired if I knew who was the reporter. I told him I was. He then suggested that I should become connected with the *Lancet*, and gave me a letter of introduction to the late Mr. Wakley. I entered into an engagement with that gentleman to report Hospital cases, write notices of new books, and in fact, to make myself "generally useful." For a considerable period I was the main support of the journal. I always, however, made my literary labours subservient to my more strictly Professional duties—in fact, literature was my amusement; practice the business of my life. My duties were not always unpleasant.

In the earlier days there was a good deal of adventure and excitement, and I liked my employment. Moreover, there was something in the friendships I formed, and in the fact of my being a "pioneer," as it were, of progress. I served, too, under a man from whom I never for more than thirty years had an unkind word. Whatever were

the faults of Thomas Wakley, it is certain he was brave, determined, and manly. He never left his aide-de-camp to bear the whole brunt of an assault. He cheered on the forlorn hope which he headed, and having got into a difficulty boldly faced it, and fought his way out of it. There were no little pettifogging manœuvres to escape responsibility when he had incurred it—no retreating from a position with a fallen crest, and a craven heart, at the threat of an antagonist, or from the fear of an action for libel.

Many of the most eminent lawyers of the past and present age have owed their success, not in a trifling degree, to their connexion with the political press as reporters. Foremost amongst these was John Lord Campbell, who commenced the career of a briefless barrister, but afterwards became reporter on the *Morning Chronicle.* That once renowned journal was, at the period when Campbell joined it, edited by Perry—one of the ablest and most independent of journalists.* Perry "intro-

* When Sheridan was lessee and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, he displeased Perry by his incompetence and irregularity. The *Morning Chronicle* was silent as to his doings. Meeting Perry, with whom he was on friendly terms, at a dinner party, Sheridan complained that he was neglected by the press. "Well," said Perry, "as far as I am concerned, I have refrained from noting your proceedings at Drury Lane out of charity to you—in fact, I must have condemned them if I spoke of them at all." "Oh," said Sheridan, "my dear fellow, abuse me as much as you please, but pray don't

duced" several of his reporters to the successful practice of the law. It is unnecessary to refer to many other well-known cases of later date.

There can be no doubt that the training which reporting gives is of immense advantage in after life to those engaged in that occupation. During my long connexion with the *Lancet*, I have been associated with men who had their "spurs to win." They have owed something of their success in life to that journal, and legitimately so, I think. They who elevated and adorned the literature of Medicine were entitled to publish their lectures and contributions on the practice of Surgery and Physic

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treat me as if I were not worth powder and shot." O'Connell used to boast that he would never have been so popular as he was had he not been "the best abused man in the kingdom." I had a conversation with the late Lord Lyndhurst, whom, many years ago, I was in the habit of meeting at dinner at the house of a connexion of mine. It was at the period the late Lord Truro was Lord Chancellor, and was succumbing to the attacks made upon him by the press, which eventually ended in his resignation of the Great Seal. "Truro," said Lord Lyndhurst, "has been frightened by the attacks made upon him. He should be gratified by these notices. Had I suffered such attacks to influence my conduct, I should not have been three times Lord Chancellor of England." It is remarkable that Thomas Wilde should have taken so seriously to heart the adverse comments made upon him by the newspapers. But it must be remembered that he was an old man, worn out by more than half a century of the hardest work at the bar. In the full vigour of health and strength, the famous "serjeant" would have "laughed to scorn" such attacks.

in the journal whose reputation they had done so much to enhance.*

When I joined the *Lancet* there was no regular staff. George Mills, afterwards deputy-coroner, was sub-editor, and there were occasional leader-writers. There was not a reporter connected with the journal. Lambert had so damaged reporting, that no one cared to identify himself with that pursuit. Indeed, the difficulties to be overcome were very great, more especially as regards the societies of which I shall speak hereafter. Occasional reports of cases were sent *sub rosa* from some of the Hospitals, but the names of the senders were kept a profound secret. My first reports were from the North London, now University College Hospital. This had been just founded, and the staff was the most brilliant in London. I

* It has been erroneously supposed that a taste for literature is an obstacle to the success in life of lawyers and Doctors. Experience has shown the fallacy of this supposition. Blackstone wrote poetry—was his fame and success as a great lawyer injured by his connexion with the Muses? Lord Denman and Judge Talfourd were great judges; not the less so that one had translated the Greek Anthology, and the other was the author of "Ion." Arbuthnot and Mead were the great Physicians of their time, spite of their proclivities towards poetry and the classics. Jenner lost none of his popularity as the foremost amongst us because he wrote his "Signs of Rain," at the very time he discovered the power of vaccination over the most frightful scourge that afflicts humanity. It is needless to enlarge on this subject; the cases in point are numerous, and most of them familiar to all of us.

found plenty of cases worth recording. Samuel Cooper, Robert Liston, and Richard Quain, as Surgeons; John Elliotson, Anthony Todd Thomson, and Richard Carswell, as Physicians, gave clinical lectures regularly. From these and my note-book I kept up a tolerable supply to the journal. There were many incidents connected with my labours at the Hospital which will be referred to at the proper time; but I may say that there were two parties in the institution at "daggers drawn" with each other. The one party was headed by Liston, the other by Elliotson. Elliotson's party was numerically the stronger. A fierce antagonism was carried on for a considerable time. However, I managed to steer clear of these quarrels, and attended chiefly to my duties.

Soon after I joined the *Lancet*, Mr. J. H. Horne, now in practice in New Zealand, was engaged to report the London and Westminster Medical Societies. This he did with considerable ability, but he sometimes gave great offence by attaching notes to the different speeches. These notes were his own views of the subjects under debate, and were occasionally anything but relished by the speakers. The consequence was Horne was compelled to beat a retreat. I was now requested to take his place in addition to my other duties, and this I did. The interval between the resignation of Lambert and the appointment of Horne had to

some extent calmed down animosities, but these were again revived. Under these circumstances I took my seat on the back form of the Medical Society, at their house in Bolt Court. I had made up my mind to abstain from comments of any kind, and to condense as much as I could, with justice to the speakers. I found the task I had undertaken was one of considerable difficulty. I was to a certain extent tabooed by the Fellows, each and all of whom appeared afraid to hold any conversation with me.

At this time no abstracts of the papers or cases read were supplied, and the debates were frequently very lengthy and very elaborate. The Members of the Westminster Medical Society were not so exclusive, and I managed to get on with them pretty well. After a time, the mode of my reporting in Bolt Court appeared to give satisfaction. One after another the Fellows spoke to me, and eventually I formed friendships with many of them which have lasted till the present time.

For a long time after my commencing the Societies, we did not report the Medical and Chirurgical, but it was thought advisable to do so. Accordingly I made arrangements for the purpose. I found that there was a strong general feeling against reporting. I was aware, however, that a bye-law existed which permitted reporters to copy official abstracts of the papers read and prepared by the secretaries. I knew, moreover, that these

abstracts regularly appeared in the old *Medical Gazette* without any report of the discussions. On applying to Mr. Williams, the sub-librarian, I was informed that the abstracts were never in the library, and I was referred to one of the honorary secretaries on the subject. On applying to him he treated me somewhat brusquely, and declined to give me any assistance or information on the matter. It was Wednesday. At length he said the abstracts should be at the library of the Society on Friday. I reminded him that we went to press on Thursday night, and it was absolutely necessary, if my report were to appear that week, that I should have the abstracts early on that day. He declined to promise. "Very well," I said, "if I find the abstracts appear in the *Medical Gazette* of this week, and I do not have them in time for the *Lancet*, I shall know how to act." The abstracts were forthcoming the following day.

For very many years the only published proceedings of the debates of this Society were those which appeared in the *Lancet*. These, indeed, are the only records of what Sir B. Brodie styled "as important—sometimes more important than the papers themselves." At first, it is difficult to describe the labour and harass I endured in taking my reports of the Societies. I never wrote shorthand, so-called, but, of course, had an abbreviated style. Even had I practised stenography it would have been impossible to have employed it with ad-

vantage. It is wonderful how some speakers may be condensed without injuring their speeches—in fact with improvement to them. No greater punishment could be inflicted on some debaters than to report their harangues *verbatim et literatim.* I soon, however, got into "a system," and then the work was easy enough. It was only occasionally, when I was fatigued after a hard day's work in practice, that I found my duties irksome, and to a degree painful. In the course of these papers I shall have occasion, now and then, to refer to some of the difficulties and dangers I experienced in reporting.

At this time (1834) the periodical literature of the Profession was in a transition state. At all events, it had not developed itself into anything like its present importance and power. The old *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, edited by Dr. James Johnson, was a cumbrous quarterly, chiefly filled by what were called "reviews," but which were in reality almost reprints of works issued in the preceding quarter. There were occasionally original reports of cases, and usually a few editorial remarks on passing events: but these were more in the nature of a postscript to a letter than the letter itself. The work was tame, heavy, and unprogressive. The *Medical Repository*, then edited by Dr Copland, was a quarterly review even duller than the *Medico-Chirurgical*, and was called by the *Lancet* "the Mausoleum." It was

a spiritless publication, and died a few years after of inanition.

The weekly journals were the *Lancet*, the *Medical Gazette*, and the two London Medical and Surgical journals, Renshaw's and Ryan's. During the ten years of the *Lancet's* existence it had been like Ishmael in the wilderness, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." It had been abusive, unscrupulous, bold; "the wild boar of the forest," as was said of Junius. It exercised considerable influence on the political condition of the Profession, and not a little on its science and usefulness. Mr. Wakley, with his usual sagacity, published all the most important lectures delivered in London, often at great cost, and sometimes with considerable risk.

Shortly before this time, the "Intercepted Letters" of Wardrop, some of the most pungent and able articles ever written, had appeared in the *Lancet*. In my sketch of Wardrop I have referred to them. Those who are interested in the history of the Profession at the period referred to, can understand what an immense influence these letters had on the power and circulation of the journal. But in addition to Wardrop's contributions, the letters of "Erinensis" and "Scotus" attracted much attention. It is doubtful whether any articles which appeared in the *Lancet* during my long connexion with it, had more literary merit than those of "Erinensis." His sketches of Irish

Medical celebrities had all the truthfulness and vigour of Shiel's "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which had some few years before been published in the *New Monthly Magazine*. But "Erinensis" was superior even to Shiel in raciness and spirit. Who was "Erinensis"? I cannot answer this question. Many friends with whom I had conversed on the subject, were convinced that they knew him. But I am confident they are all mistaken. He was certainly not a lecturer on anatomy in Dublin, as many have supposed. The letters of "Erinensis" were forwarded to the *Lancet* office anonymously. The payment for them was made in cash to an unknown person at a coffee-house near Temple Bar. George Churchill, who for upwards of twenty years was the publisher of the *Lancet*, and the factotum of Mr. Wakley, declared that "Erinensis" was never personally known to any one connected with that journal. Like Junius, he might take for his motto, "*Stat nominis umbra*." The shadow of his name is still all that we know of him. But those who would seek to learn the great power that the *Lancet* exerted at this period might find in those remarkable letters some answer to their inquiry.* The letters of "Scotus" were

* I may say that, some few years since, a man walked into the *Lancet* office in a state of apparently great destitution, and asked for some relief for pressing difficulties—difficulties of common maintenance. George Churchill inquired what claim he had on the *Lancet*. I am "Erinensis," he replied.

able and energetic, but altogether inferior to those of "Erinensis."

The author of the letters of "Scotus" is, I believe, still alive, and it is not in the province of these papers, unless under extraordinary circumstances, to refer to persons still living. Contributors to the periodical literature of the Profession of the present day will probably be astonished that in 1834 it was difficult to get any contributor to attach his name to the article he sent for publication; in fact, he was afraid of being even suspected of writing for such a journal.

At this time, with but few exceptions, writers or contributors to periodical Medical literature derived no advantage from the publication of their lucubrations. No; they sought for reputation and practice from connexion with some Hospital or dispensary, no matter how low it was in the scale, or how unimportant in public estimation. It was then thought that such a connexion was the stepping-stone to fame and fortune, and the contests for appointments to these institutions were frequently most costly and difficult. With some exceptions, these severe contests are things of the past; but even now there are men weak

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Churchill tested him on some points with respect to his identity, and, being satisfied with the answers he received, Churchill stated his case to Mr. Wakley, and he was relieved.

and foolish enough to spend time and money to obtain a position which, if they have not talent and acquirement to fill with credit and honour, fails to give them the advantage they sought.

Actions for libel for infringement of copyright, &c., were as "plenty as blackberries" against the *Lancet*. A coalition of almost all the leading Physicians and Surgeons was formed to counteract the "evil influence" of that journal. The *Medical Gazette* had been established by this coalition as a rival journal. But it assumed "quality" and "high breeding." Though it had been established six years, it was insipid and tame. Valuable communications were made to it by the "heads of the Profession," but it wanted the light, witty, and satirical spirit of the *Lancet*. It was edited by Dr. Roderick Macleod, one of the Physicians of St. George's Hospital. He was a gentleman and a scholar, but in no way fitted to grapple with the Boanerges to whom he was opposed. He was nicknamed "Roderick the Goth," and attacked weekly in the *Lancet* in every way short of libel. The contributions to the *Gazette* were reviewed in such a spirit of harshness and ridicule, that it frightened the timid and disgusted the bold. Still the *Gazette* held on: its circulation was small, but then the journal was "highly respectable."

I spoke in my last chapter of the two journals

called *London Medical and Surgical.* Such was the state of the periodical literature of Medicine thirty-six years since. It was a state of things which I hoped to assist in altering, and above all to infuse a healthy and impartial tone into the reports from Hospitals and Societies. It was a work of many years, but at all events I have lived to see a vast improvement in many ways.*

* In order to show how strong the feeling against the *Lancet* was in some minds, and how lasting it became, the following little anecdote may not be out of place. Whilst publishing these sketches in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, I received numerous letters of inquiry and of information. Amongst one of the former was a request of me to ascertain, if I could, some particulars of the elder Cline. One gentleman, a former President of the College, only I knew who was intimate with that distinguished Surgeon. I was anxious to place some information before the Profession respecting a great Surgeon and a good man—too little known—and I accordingly wrote to the gentleman referred to. I sent him copies of the journal containing my first two sketches, and asked him politely if he could give me some short account of Cline. My letter was never even acknowledged!

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRANGE CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL—EXPERIMENTS WITH IT AS A CURATIVE AGENT—BARON DUPOTET, LAPLACE, AND CUVIER ON MESMERISM—EXPERIMENTS ON THE O'KEYS—THE "UNKNOWN TONGUES" AND EDWARD IRVING—MESMERISM BY WATER AND METALS—SLEEP-WAKING—UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND INSENSIBILITY FROM MESMERISM—CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

THERE is no chapter in the history of Medicine more astounding and bewildering than the episode of 1837-38, when for a time animal magnetism or mesmerism engrossed the attention of the Profession and the public. It was not a mere popular mania, like that of the "brandy and salt" or the "magnetic rings;" on the contrary, it engaged the minds of some of the greatest physiologists of the time, and its "manifestations" were witnessed by philosophers, poets, literary men, and amateurs." Amongst other distinguished persons who attended these séances, were the late Marquis of Anglesea, the late Bishop of Norwich, Thomas Moore, Charles Dickens, then just becoming famous as the author of the "Pickwick

Papers." I well remember him, with his smooth reflecting face, his long black hair, his fine expressive eyes, and his noble forehead ; George Cruikshank, and others. Moreover, there was in the commencement of the trials of the "agent" such an air of probability and truthfulness that it convinced many of the most profound thinkers that the "manifestations" were real. Even sceptics shook their heads, and, whilst declaring their unbelief in many of the phenomena, could only exclaim with Franklin, "There is *something* in it." So long as the inquiry was conducted within what may be said to be reasonable bounds, no one could justly complain that it was not a fit subject for investigation.

Here I think it right to say a few words upon a matter which at the time gave rise to a good deal of unnecessary vituperative discussion. Was Dr. Elliotson, in his experiments on magnetism, actuated by a true spirit of philosophic inquiry, or was he influenced by sordid and unworthy motives? Having watched him carefully throughout the entire proceedings, I am firmly convinced that his conduct, however reprehensible at last, for the credulity and extravagances into which it carried him, was entirely free from suspicion. At the time I differed in opinion on this point with my principal, but I never wavered in my conviction ; and now that nearly forty years have elapsed I maintain that conviction. Though in the course

of the inquiry he occasionally seemed to set the "facts" and theories at defiance, it must be remembered that he attempted to account for most of the phenomena obtained by animal magnetism on purely scientific and physiological grounds. That he was mistaken, few will deny; but to say that he was an "impostor" would be as ungenerous and unjust as to charge Johnson with imposition because he believed in ghosts. It will be remembered that when the great lexicographer was taunted with this belief, he asserted that he had seen the apparition of old Cave. When asked to describe the appearance of the apparition, he replied—"Why, sir, it was a kind of shadowy being."

In justice to the memory of my preceptor, it is only right to quote what he said in the course of his investigation:—"I have little respect for authorities; when I see facts like those in the cases manipulated upon by Baron Dupotet, I must believe them. The whole Profession may laugh, but I must believe that there is a peculiar power which gives rise to the phenomena which I have observed, and that it is not sufficiently known and appreciated. They were not, however, without the authority of great men, as believers in mesmerism. Laplace, the great mathematician, second only to Newton, thus expresses himself concerning it:—'Of all the instruments which we can employ in order to enable us to discover the imperceptible

agents of nature, the nerves are the most sensible, especially when their sensibility is exalted by particular causes. It is by means of them we have discovered the slight electricity which is developed by the contact of two heterogeneous metals. The singular phenomena which result from the extreme sensibility of the nerves of particular individuals have given birth to the existence of a new agent, which has been denominated animal magnetism; to the action of the common magnetism; to the action of the mineral magnetism; and to the influence of the sun and moon in some nervous affections; and lastly, to the impressions which may be experienced from the proximity of the metals or of running water. It is natural to suppose that the action of these causes is very feeble, and may easily be disturbed by accidental circumstances; but because in some cases it has not been manifested at all, we are not to conclude it has no existence; and we are so far from being acquainted with all the agents of nature, and their different modes of action, that it would be quite unphilosophical to deny the existence of the phenomena merely because they are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge.' Cuvier also fully admits animal magnetism. 'We must confess,' says he, 'that it is very difficult in the experiments—which have for their object the action that the nervous systems of two different individuals can exercise one upon the other—to dis-

tinguish the effect on the individual upon whom the experiment is tried from the physical results produced by the person who acts for him. The effects, however, on persons ignorant of the agency, and upon individuals whom the operation itself has deprived of consciousness, and those other animals present, do not permit us to doubt that the proximities of two animated bodies in certain positions, combined with certain movements, have a real effect, independently of all participation of the fancy. It appears, also, clearly, that these effects arise from some connexion which is established between the nervous systems.' With the authority of two such individuals, one of them a profound mathematician, the other a distinguished naturalist, there can be no disgrace in taking the trouble to inquire into the effects of mesmerism—not, of course, going into anything supernatural, but only as to its production of such effects as we have observed in other cases, such as sleep, coma, sleep-waking, loss of power and sensation in the limbs, &c. ; these we often saw. So, also, we had seen persons who appeared to be asleep, but who were sensible, to external objects ; and, again, we saw some faculties possessing extraordinary sensibility, whilst others were more obtuse than natural. This was the extent to which the inquiry would be carried."

This is extracted from a lecture delivered by Dr. Elliotson in August, 1837, and reported by

myself in the *Lancet* at the time. It would have been well for science, and well for the able lecturer himself, if he had followed out his own programme. But he went far beyond the line which I am certain he had then marked out for himself. No doubt, dazzled and astonished by the effects which, as appeared to himself and others, had resulted from experiments upon the O'Keys, he was encouraged to go too far. The mere *physical* phenomena were sufficiently striking; but what if these illiterate and hysterical girls were gifted with a prophetic spirit? In an evil hour he determined to solve this question. It resulted in disaster. It covered for a time the subject of animal magnetism with ridicule and contempt, and ruined one of the ablest, most single-minded, and ardent inquirers that has ever existed.

It is necessary, in order to understand how Dr. Elliotson, then in the zenith of his fame and usefulness, became associated with animal magnetism, to state a few facts. Early in the year 1837, a Frenchman, by name Baron Dupotet, obtained an introduction to him. The Baron had long practised mesmerism in France, and he had the reputation of being able to cure epilepsy and its cognate diseases or disorders by that agent. Elliotson immediately entered heart and soul into the subject. He had long been of opinion that if Medicine were to be improved in its practical value it must be by therapeutics. He used to say—"We

know quite enough of physiology and pathology, but we are profoundly ignorant of curative treatment." Accordingly, he placed at the disposal of Dupotet several cases of epileptic girls then under his care at the North London Hospital.

I well remember the first appearance of the Baron. He was a small, spare man, with a pale, intellectual face. He did not speak English. The thumb of his right hand was wanting, and to this many attributed the results arrived at by his manipulations on sensitive and hysterical girls. However this might have been, it is certain that he succeeded in producing sleep of the most profound kind in several individuals. Moreover, the epileptic seizures, in some cases, were, for a time at least, arrested or mitigated—no uncommon circumstance when any new agent is employed. The *modus operandi* was as follows :—The patient was seated in a chair. The Baron stood before her. Fixing his glance earnestly and steadily upon her, he commenced his manœuvres. He "passed" one or both of his hands, extended, in a perpendicular direction, commencing at the forehead and terminating at the chin. In most cases sleep of the most profound character was speedily produced. After allowing the patient to be insensible for a few minutes, he aroused her to consciousness by passes from right to left, and from left to right. These "passes" differed from the previous ones, inasmuch as the thumb of the operator on one

side, and his forefinger on the other, were applied with some force to the eyebrows of the patient, who, by this means, was speedily restored to consciousness. It may readily be imagined that, under these circumstances, patients affected with epilepsy and hysteria soon crowded the out-wards of the Hospital. Amongst others who presented themselves for treatment were two sisters, Elizabeth and Jane O'Key. Elizabeth had long been subject to epileptic fits. She was, I believe, one of the foremost actors in the farce of the "unknown tongues," which shortly before had attracted immense attention in the *séances* of that remarkable preacher, Edward Irving.*

* When a boy, I constantly attended the "orations" of Mr. Irving, at the Caledonian Chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden. It was at the time he was in the full blaze of his popularity. His chapel was crowded, mostly by members of the "upper ten thousand," who each paid their guinea for a seat. The carriages of the audience stretched far into Holborn, and hundreds of persons were unable to obtain admission to the "conventicle." A small boy, I walked in unchallenged, and took my seat on the pulpit-steps. I had the gratification of hearing his great sermons on the "Prophecies" and "Judgment to Come." No addresses ever given from the pulpit were more fascinating or more astounding. The preacher—a tall, gaunt man, with prodigious energy, and a voice of surpassing power and sweetness—riveted the attention of his audience. He had a face indicative of great mental power, and a forehead of grand proportions. He had, moreover, a squint, which gave to his eyes, on occasions of unusual importance, a power and attractiveness it is impossible to describe. I remember, at the interval of thirty-six years, with what delight I listened to

At first the experiments on the O'Keys were quite legitimate and intelligible, but they soon became of a most objectionable character. Elizabeth O'Key was a girl of about seventeen years of age, and of extraordinary cleverness and shrewdness. She was below the middle height, indeed rather diminutive, but she had a fine expression of features and a well-formed head. She had full dark eyes, with long black lashes, "the jetty fringe" falling upon her cheek in such a manner that it was sometimes quite impossible to tell whether she was asleep or not. That this peculiarity gave her immense power in appearing to be asleep

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his marvellous harangues. He had chosen for his text, on one occasion, a single line from the prophecies of Daniel—"And dominion was given." Never shall I forget the masterly manner in which he handled the subject. The great Napoleon Bonaparte had died only four or five years before. His memory was fresh in the minds of all, and the influence of his great achievements was still felt and acknowledged. Irving had a strong, and, I believe, an honest conviction that the second coming of the Messiah was at hand. His argument was to the effect that "dominion" had been given to Bonaparte as a preparatory step to that advent. "Dominion," he said, was given to Alexander as a foreshadow and preparation of the first coming. "He conquered from the shores of the Euphrates to the Ganges; and Bonaparte conquered as wide a range of the civilized globe." It is remarkable that Spencer Percival, the Prime Minister of England, had entertained similar views upward of twenty-five years before; and that one of his sons was a warm supporter of Irving. His "heresies" drove Irving from Hatton Garden, and his admirers built and endowed for him the church in Regent's Square, so long presided over by the

when she was not I am quite convinced. I am, moreover, convinced that she feigned some of the phenomena which were exhibited, whilst I feel as certain that others were really the production of "mesmerism." Thus, I believe that the sleep, coma, and sleep-waking* were the result of the passes, or of the influence of the nervous system of the operator, upon the person operated upon.

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late amiable and able pastor, Dr. Hamilton. But symptoms of that aberration of mind to which, in his later years, Irving's splendid intellect succumbed, had begun to develope themselves, and he was soon ejected from his new "tabernacle." He afterwards preached in Newman Street and at Islington Green, and other public places. It was at a meeting at Islington Green that Elizabeth O'Key first developed her powers as an enunciator of the "unknown tongues." There was an epigram published at the time, and now all but forgotten. It is not altogether unworthy of being repeated here, to show of what kind of jargon the "unknown tongues" consisted. A literary man, of some repute at the time, was present at one of these exhibitions. The only words he could clearly make out were "Bowley Bum." He wrote :—

"The meaning of Bum I know very well,
But the meaning of Bowley I cannot tell ;
But it seems to me a regular 'hum'
To listen to girls singing 'Bowley Bum.'"

* Dr. Elliotson explained in his observations that we were ignorant of the causes of many of the phenomena connected with the nervous system, but many of these, if not all of them, he contended, might be produced by mesmeric influence. He particularly dwelt, on several occasions, on the remarkable state called somnambulism, which bore in most respects a close analogy to the sleep-waking of O'Key, who

One of the most curious circumstances connected with the mesmeric experiments was that under the influence of the "agent," O'Key expressed herself in a peculiar manner. She clipped her words, and talked on subjects quite different from those which occupied her mind at the time she was operated upon. When she returned to her usual condition, however long the interval, she would resume her natural way of talking, and would pursue the train of thought which occupied her mind at the time she was placed under mesmeric influence. This was a fact, I believe, few at the time disputed. At all events, it was one of the few experiments which, after being repeated again and again, appeared to be satisfactory, inasmuch as the results were invariable. That, under mesmeric influence, she and her sister Jane—a tame copy of Elizabeth—were quite insensible to pain, as were many others, I do not doubt. Some of the means employed to test their insensibility were of a very cruel kind, and such as Dr. Elliotson and those who acted with him did not countenance. But some of the spectators resorted to them without the knowledge of Dr. Elliotson.

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could be put into a state of unconsciousness and insensibility at the will of the operator. In this state, O'Key could answer questions, perform different feats she could not do in her normal state, and when roused to consciousness would have no recollection of what had occurred in the abnormal condition in which she had been placed.

Thus, on one occasion, a needle was discovered to have been inserted in a very sensitive part, and its presence was apparently unknown to O'Key. *

It is unnecessary to follow in detail all the various experiments which were performed to test the powers of mesmerism. Indeed, the reports which at the time appeared contain so much irrelevant matter—I may say, so much "twaddle"—that it is marvellous that they were permitted to appear in the pages of a Medical journal. It must be remembered, however, that the *séances* were attended by many of the most eminent persons of the time, and the public mind was much agitated on the subject. I avoid referring particularly to the nonsense talked by O'Key in the mesmeric state, however amusing it sometimes was; it had, in my opinion, no bearing upon the *physical* phenomena she exhibited. Amongst some of the more unsatisfactory experiments† were the attempts to prove that O'Key could be mesmerized by water, and by being placed in contact with various metals. Thus it was attempted to be shown that water "mesmerized"

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* There was, however, one case operated upon—a girl of the name of Ross—which would appear to throw some doubt on this point. This girl having been put *apparently* under the influence of mesmerism, requested that two of her teeth might be extracted. They were extracted without the slightest evidence of pain having being inflicted. This girl afterwards admitted that she was "shamming."

† These were afterwards repeated by Mr. Wakley, and proved to be *mistakes*, as I shall show in a future chapter.

by placing a finger of the operator in the fluid for a few seconds, would "magnetize" O'Key the moment she brought her mouth in contact with the water. It was further attempted to be shown that, if two fingers were placed in the water instead of one, the effect was more decided. Dr. Elliotson believed in the "measurement" of the agent, as it were, and would "mesmerize" one sovereign by holding it in the hand for a few seconds, and then repeat the experiment with two sovereigns, to show the more powerful influence of the latter when touched by O'Key. Experiments of this kind—and they were many—were repeated, and before audiences who for hours together waited with the greatest patience to witness the results. There were so many sources of fallacy in them that it is marvellous that there could be found any persons who could place any reliance upon them. The late Mr. Faraday did not; but Sir Philip Crampton and Mr. Herbert Mayo (one foremost amongst Surgeons, the other "*nulli secundus*" as a physiologist) did.

To my mind, these experiments were complete failures. There were no consistent results. So, again, the experiments which were performed to determine whether O'Key could be mesmerized by reflection were failures. These experiments were performed as follows:—A small hand-mirror was held at some distance from O'Key, whose back was turned to the operator, and certain

"passes" were made, with the expectation of her being "fixed" by this means. Of course, expecting something was going on, she occasionally dropped into the arms of those near her; but the results of these proceedings were so uncertain that I attached no importance whatever to them. It is a fact which will scarcely be credited at this time, but it is not the less a fact, that on one occasion I saw Dr. Elliotson, Mr. H. Mayo, and Dr. Lardner, at one end of the North London Hospital, O'Key being at the other, "passing" a small mirror, at a distance of sixty yards, with the expectation that they could "fix" her. She was, after an interval, fixed, and the operators believed from the influence exerted upon her by the reflected "mesmeric rays!"

One experiment stands out in striking contrast to those just mentioned; it was one of a most extraordinary kind, which could not be questioned either as to the fairness with which it was performed, or as to the result. An eighty pound weight, placed on the floor, was attached by a rope to O'Key's right arm, which was carefully bandaged to prevent any injury to it. A few "passes" were made above her arm, and the weight was lifted two or three inches from the ground—this, too, at an angle the strongest man could not have effected. The explanation given was "a convulsive action of the muscles, consequent upon mesmerism." Now succeeded a course of experiments to prove that

one of the perceptive faculties—"sight"—could be exerted successfully (to use the language of Mr. Mayo) "in accustomed corners and angles of the frame." Experiments on this point were tried over and over again, but not a single satisfactory result was obtained. It seems ludicrous even to read of, and how much more so was it to witness, a watch placed at the pit of the stomach, or at the point of the elbow, with the expectation of O'Key being able to *see* the time! It might be supposed that credulity could not go beyond this. I shall, however, in the next chapter show that it did, and with disastrous results to mesmeric prophecy and Dr. Elliotson.

CHAPTER XV.

MESMERISM AS A PHYSICAL AND REMEDIAL AGENT—CLAIRVOYANCE—THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY—WERE THE O'KEYS IMPOSTORS?—ACTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOSPITAL—RESIGNATION OF DR. ELLIOTSON—MEETING OF STUDENTS, ETC.

So long as the inquiries into the physical and remedial powers of mesmerism were carried on with calmness and carefulness, the experiments on the O'Keys were watched with intense interest by Medical and other observers. There were, as there always are in such inquiries, two parties, one on the side of the experimenters, the other against them; but it may be stated with perfect truth, that fair-play was observed. The chief cause of discontent, however, was on the part of the clinical clerks, who were occupied for hours together in "pawing" the in and out-patients. Some of the young gentlemen so engaged were worn out by this really very serious labour. In the midst of all this, Dr. Elliotson continued to superintend the manœuvres for many hours a day, always earnest, always energetic, and, as I believe, actuated by the most disinterested and praiseworthy motives.

It was only when the inquiry was assuming a totally different character that most persons engaged in it began to assume an offensive attitude. Elliotson and the ultra-believers were carried away by the partial success of their efforts to show the real influence of mesmerism, into experiments on *clairvoyancæ*. O'Key was consulted, when in the mesmeric state, as to the remedies which were to be employed in her own case, and in that of others. Her dicta was assumed to be reliable, and were acted upon. It is scarcely necessary to say that the results were not satisfactory. It is necessary to state, in defence of Elliotson's proceedings, however, that Dr. Maccreight, one of the Physicians of the Middlesex Hospital, had made him acquainted with a "fact" which had a considerable influence on his conduct. Dr. Maccreight had informed him that a girl under his care had been placed under the influence of mesmerism in order that she might prescribe for her ailment—hysterical mania.

This girl was in the habit of visiting Dr. Maccreight at his house in Queen Ann Street. On one occasion, whilst under the mesmeric influence, she was asked what drug would relieve her. According to Dr. Maccreight's account she said, "There is only one medicine that will be of service to me; it is contained in a bottle on the third shelf in your private chest—the second bottle from the right." Curiously enough, this was the ammoniated

tincture of iron. This was administered, and the patient recovered. Dr. Maccreight was a man of intelligence, and of the strictest probity; and I well remember, at a meeting of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, of which he was a member, the graphic and minute account he gave of the circumstances. The late Lord Stanhope was in the chair, and expressed his firm belief in the prophetic powers of the patient. I mention this, not to prove the "fact," but rather with the object of saying that the late Lord Stanhope was a firm believer in the ultra-powers of mesmerism. But he disbelieved the beneficial powers of all medicines except those of a vegetable origin, and lent his name and authority to systems of botanic treatment and to certain quackeries which the experience of mankind could not endorse.*

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* The experiments on mesmerism, and other "heresies" of the time, brought me into close communion with this able but eccentric nobleman. A thorough aristocrat in appearance and bearing, he was always "condescending" in matters relating to "science." A more thorough gentleman never existed. His views on scientific subjects, however, were much contracted, and it is not doing an injustice to his memory to state that his prejudices were stronger than his judgment. I had many conversations with him on various subjects, and always found him communicative and kind. On one occasion I spoke to him respecting the appearance of the great Lord Erskine at the memorable trial of Queen Caroline. It was well known that the veteran orator was to speak in her defence. Intense interest was occasioned by the announcement. A brilliant display of eloquence was

After a variety of experiments to test in every conceivable way her powers of prophecy, and her ability to see without eyes, &c., O'Key's career was cut short in the Hospital in the following manner:—It had been noticed that on some occasions, when passing by the bedsides of persons dangerously ill, she shuddered. This was observed particularly by one of Dr. Elliotson's clinical clerks, and this gentleman, with the aid of others, determined to carry out experiments on the subject. Accordingly, one night late, the lights being all but extinguished, O'Key was led into Ward 1, occupied by men. The wards of the Hospital

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anticipated. Lord Erskine rose, and, having made a few introductory remarks, suddenly sank into the arms of Lord Stanhope, who was next him. Lord Stanhope remarked to me, in speaking of this circumstance—"Yes, it is quite true; the old man sank into my arms. He had prepared himself for a great speech, and he rose to speak almost like one from the dead. The house was in a breathless state of suspense and attention; but he had taken an overdose of opium, to the use of which drug he had become the victim, and he dropped down, as many thought, from emotion, but in reality from being overdosed." Many years after, I mentioned to the venerable ex-Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst the anecdote I had heard from Lord Stanhope. Lord Lyndhurst, at the time referred to, was Sir John Copley, the Solicitor-General to the King, and took a prominent part in the impeachment of Queen Caroline. He said: "I remember the circumstance to which you allude perfectly. The Government had been informed that Erskine would address the House. The excitement was intense. We were not without apprehension that the address of the renowned orator might have a seriously damaging effect on the prosecution. The Attorney-

were of an oblong shape, and the beds of the patients ranged round the sides. O'Key was led carefully and slowly round the room. Nothing particular was noticed in her until she arrived opposite the bed of a man who was *in extremis*. O'Key was then felt to shiver violently, and on being brought some distance from the bed was asked why she shuddered; she exclaimed, evidently with emotion, "Great Jacky is on the bed!" When nearly reaching the door, and having got opposite the last bed in the ward, she slightly shivered. "What's the matter, O'Key?" "Little

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General said to me, 'Copley, you must watch him.' I prepared to take notes, and did so. After the utterance of a few sentences Erskine broke down, fell into the arms of Lord Stanhope, and I was saved a 'forensic display,' which I was too happy not to have made against a man whom I regarded with affection and admiration." Whilst upon this point, I may be pardoned for referring to Erskine's first appearance in Parliament. Pitt was then Prime Minister. Erskine entered Parliament shortly after his great and successful defence of Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and Hardy. He had made his magnificent appeals to English juries on the Stockdale prosecution, on the prosecution against Thomas Paine, and on the still more memorable trial against Hardy. His entrance into the House of Commons was regarded by the Ministry as a serious blow to their existence. "I will answer the great orator," said Pitt; and accordingly he took means for doing so. The great advocate—certainly the greatest advocate of our times—addressed the House as if he were speaking to a jury at *Nisi Prius*. Pitt, early in the address of Erskine, suddenly, and in the face of his great opponent, stopped taking notes; Erskine was confused, and literally broke down. His vanity was wounded.

Jacky is on the bed!" Childish and absurd as these incidents appeared at first sight, they were followed by events which caused extreme excitement in the Hospital. The first man mentioned died before the morning, the second escaped scarcely with his life.

It may readily be imagined what alarm these incidents caused amongst the patients, and what scandal was engendered, particularly amongst the enemies of Elliotson. I well remember, on going to the Hospital the following morning, finding the students in a state of the wildest excitement, and numbers of persons waiting to see the "inspired girl." Elliotson arrived earlier than usual that day, and immediately repaired to the theatre, to which he was followed by a great crowd. He seemed somewhat oppressed, but not daunted, and at once proceeded to give an explanation of what some "might regard as prophecy," but which he said was explicable on physical grounds. He then remarked that it was well known that when a person was near death his body gave out a peculiar effluvia. This was not always to be detected, except by persons with a strong sense of smell. Now, O'Key's senses were preternaturally acute, and she could and did detect the effluvium, even at some distance from the dying person. After entering into some other points respecting mesmerism, he commenced his round of the wards.

Notwithstanding the explanation he had vouchsafed, the agitation amongst the patients and students continued, and the public mind was much excited. Under these circumstances the Council of University College met on December 27, 1838, and passed the following resolution :—"That the Hospital Committee be instructed to take such steps as they shall deem most advisable to prevent the practice of mesmerism or animal magnetism in future within the hospital." A copy of this resolution was forwarded to Dr. Elliotson, who, almost immediately, and without, I think, sufficient reflection, resigned his appointment of Lecturer on Medicine at University College, and as Senior Physician to the Hospital. He considered the resolution personally offensive to him, and was exceedingly angry with respect to it. At this time there were two parties in the medical staff of the University. One might be said to be headed by Elliotson, the other by Liston. A strong personal dislike had long existed between these two remarkable men, and each of them lost no opportunity of annoying the other. The scenes in the Medical Committee-room of the Hospital were often of a very exciting character. Remarks of a very offensive kind were frequently made, and on one occasion Liston was so much annoyed that he declared to me, on our ride home, that he would never enter the Hospital again. The fact was, Liston's party were in the minority, and

had to suffer much at the hands of their opponents. Elliotson's experiments had very much weakened his power at the Board, and he was obliged to submit to "indignities" which galled him.* The culminating point came with the

* It is necessary here to state that Dr. Elliotson had sufficient warning of the dissatisfaction which his proceedings with respect to mesmerism had engendered in the minds of his colleagues at the Hospital. Early in June the Medical Committee of the Hospital held a meeting to take into consideration some "published statements" respecting animal magnetism which had appeared in the *Lancet*. Dr. Elliotson did not attend this meeting, but resolutions were carried requesting the Doctor to refrain from further "public exhibitions" of mesmerism, at the same time stating that they did not wish to interfere with its employment as a remedial agent when he chose to employ it. In answer to these resolutions Dr. Elliotson said that "*no* consideration" should prevent his pursuing the investigation of animal magnetism; that he had never made a "public exhibition" of it, but had only employed it remedially; and, as it was a subject in which many new facts were likely to be developed, he had simply given clinical lectures and demonstrations upon it to the pupils, when a great number of scientific and eminent men had attended, but only on special invitation after their urgent requests to be present. However, he would refrain from further exhibitions of these in the theatre, though he should forward to the Committee the names of such gentlemen as might in future apply for permission to witness the experiments, leaving it to the Committee to sanction the admission to the theatre of such persons as they chose to approve of. A list of applicants was forwarded to the Committee, who would not sanction their admission. The public exhibitions in the theatre were discontinued, but mesmerism was still practised in the theatre, and numerous small parties assembled to witness its effects on the O'Keys through the medium o mesmerized gold, water, &c.

passing of the resolution by the Council of the College; and this, probably, with his changed position in the Committee, materially influenced him in the step he took. But he soon, I think, regretted it. At all events, before his resignation was accepted by the Council, he made efforts to rally the students in his favour. Always a favourite with the majority of them, always kind and attentive—a most able teacher—it is scarcely necessary to say that he soon enlisted a great number of them in his cause.

But the opponents of Dr. Elliotson were equally vigilant as himself, and when, on Friday, January 5, 1839, the students held a great meeting in the Anatomical Theatre of University College, the opposing forces were marshalled in nearly equal numbers. The discussion was altogether above the common of such meetings, and eloquent speeches were delivered on both sides. The principal speaker in favour of the Council was the late Mr. Durance George; in favour of Dr. Elliotson, Dr. W. Wood. The proceedings were occasionally stormy and somewhat personal; but, taken altogether, they were not discreditable to the students. Motions, amendments, and counter-amendments were proposed. Eventually the following resolution was carried by a majority of three or four in a room containing about 300, one-third of them not voting:—"That the students of University College, duly appreciating the high professional acquirements of

Dr. Elliotson, and the inestimable value of his services here, do most sincerely regret the circumstances which necessarily led to his resignation as Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the College, and as Physician to the Hospital." The numbers voting appearing to be nearly equal on both sides, it was eventually determined to take them by ballot the following day. There then appeared to be 124 in favour of the resolution, 111 against it. Both parties appeared to think the result a victory, and united in cheers. The Council had to meet at four o'clock, and the resolution had yet to be forwarded to them. Before that could be effected, the Council had accepted the resignation of Dr. Elliotson.

From this time mesmerism, except by occasional fits and starts, ceased to occupy the minds of the Profession. It was "scotched," if not "killed," and if experiments were carried on, they were in private houses, or by charlatans in the lecture-rooms of "literary" and "scientific" institutions. Dr. Elliotson gradually lost his practice; but he retained for some years a respectable position as a consultant. It is remarkable with what tenacity he held to the opinions he had formed respecting the influence of mesmerism. I believe he retained them to the last.

What a marvellous career was that of Elliotson! His father was a druggist in the Borough, where he amassed a considerable fortune. He had two

sons, John and Thomas, who were sent to the University of Cambridge, where they graduated. John Elliotson was elected Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital at a comparatively early age, and did not seem at first destined to make a prominent figure in the Profession. In the years 1827-28, &c., he commenced publishing, in the *Lancet*, short reports of cases under his treatment in the Hospital. To each of these were appended a few clinical remarks, always to the purpose, always terse and epigrammatic. The result was, the unknown Physician became in twelve months the talk of the town, and the recipient of 5000*l.* in one year, his income the previous year being only 500*l.* He was chosen to fill the Chair of Medicine at the University of London (as it was then called), and was made Senior Physician to the North London Hospital. He acquitted himself in these appointments admirably, and was one of the most popular teachers that ever existed. In the zenith of his fame, in the prime of life, in full usefulness, he unfortunately took up with mesmerism. Honest himself, he believed all others were equally honest, and hence the result—Elliotson and mesmerism stood and fell together.

It is somewhat curious that the journal which in 1828 had laid the foundation of his fame and fortune, should just ten years afterwards do so much to effect his ruin; but it was so. Nothing could have been more bitter or telling than the

leading articles in the *Lancet* on the "Mesmeric Humbug." These, and the exposure of the O'Keys in Bedford Square, brought matters to an issue.

Stripped of all nonsense and all supernatural attributes, it must be acknowledged that the subject of animal magnetism is one of intense and fascinating interest. Sceptics have been puzzled, believers bewildered by the phenomena displayed. The subject is intricate and confusing; but should it be a prohibited one for investigation? Perhaps the following quotation from "The Correlation of Physical Forces," by Mr. Grove, is not an irrelevant answer to the question:—"Without pretending to know what, probably, we shall never know—the actual *modus agendi* of the brain, nerves, muscles, &c.—we may study vital as we do inorganic phenomena, both by observation and experiment. The effort to establish one observation leads to the imperfect perception of new and wider fields of research, and, instead of approaching finality, the more we discover, the more infinite appears the range of the undiscovered."

Popular indignation against the practice of mesmerism had been excited by leading articles in the *Lancet*, on its absurdity and immorality. These articles were written by Mr. Wakley, in his most forcible and trenchant style. Moreover, a series of experiments to prove that the O'Keys were impostors had been instituted and carried out

by Mr. Wakley, at his private house in Bedford Square. I was present at these experiments ; and though it is true that the O'Keys failed to "prove their full powers," much was brought before the notice of the gentlemen assembled that was surprising and puzzling. After a lapse of more than thirty years, reference to these experiments and some account of them may not be without its interest at the present day. Now that the subject may be calmly discussed, "without favour and without malevolence," I propose to devote my next chapter to what I hope may be an impartial *résumé* of these memorable proceedings.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE O'KEYS—FAILURE AS TO THE EXPECTED RESULTS—IS MESMERISM ENTIRELY FALSE?—SHOULD WE NOT FURTHER INVESTIGATE IT?

As might have been expected, the experiments carried on by Dr. Elliotson at University College Hospital in the summer of 1838, gave rise to a desire on the part of many persons that some investigations should be made into its assumed influence by unbiassed and capable individuals. This desire was expressed by several persons to Mr. Wakley; and accordingly an appointment was made on August 16, 1838, for the girls O'Key to be present at Mr. Wakley's house in Bedford Square. It should be stated that on a previous day Dr. Elliotson had exhibited several of the results which he considered to have arisen from magnetic manipulations and processes. Dr Elliotson on this occasion conducted the experiments entirely himself. Mr. Wakley did not believe in the reality of the phenomena displayed, and accordingly the appointment was subsequently made for the 16th, as stated above. Mr. Wakley had invited Dr. W. Farr, Mr. Hale

Thomson, and Dr. Hennis Green to witness the experiments; but Baron Dupotet, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Herring, and myself had been invited by Dr. Elliotson, and attended accordingly. Mr. George Mills, the sub-editor of the *Lancet*, was also present. The experiments were first performed on Elizabeth O'Key, and were repetitions of those which had been performed on many occasions by Dr. Elliotson with various results. The first experiment had reference to the powers of nickel in producing "startling mesmeric effects." Dr. Elliotson believed that this metal exerted a more powerful influence on O'Key than any other agent. On this occasion, the girl, seated in a chair, being, as was stated, in "ecstatic delirium," a piece of thick pasteboard was placed in front of her face, and held so that it was impossible she could see what was passing below or in front of her.

The experiment was to test the nickel in opposition to lead, which, Dr. Elliotson asserted, might be employed freely without producing any effects whatever. Mr. Wakley seated himself immediately in front of O'Key, and at a short distance from her. He managed to hold the metals in his fingers in such a manner that she could not possibly know from merely touching the substance, or from its form when he applied it to her hands, which metal was being used. The lead was said

to be ineffective when applied to the skin, whilst the nickel produced most extraordinary results. In the first experiment the lead was applied alternately to each hand of the girl, but in such a manner as might have led her to believe that both metals were used. There was no effect whatever.

After some time, Dr. Elliotson having held the nickel in his hand to charge it strongly with magnetic influence, the metal was applied. Of course the metal had been increased in temperature by having been in Dr. Elliotson's hand. The lead had been held by Mr. Wakley previously, to heat it in a similar manner. Thus mere temperature would offer no guide to the girl as to which metal was being employed. The nickel was now used as the lead had been applied. A pause ensued: but the expected results did not appear. In the space of about a minute the lead was again used, and then again; and after the last application of the nickel (the lead having been repeatedly applied during the interval) the face of the girl became violently flushed, the eyes were convulsed into a full squint, she fell back in the chair, her breathing was hurried, her limbs were rigid, and her back and abdomen assumed the position which is produced in an attack of opisthotonos. In this state she remained nearly a quarter of an hour. Now arose a dispute as to whether the results were obtained by the nickel or not—Dr. Elliot-

son contending that they were, but at a longer interval than usual; and Mr. Wakley declaring his belief that they were not. Besides, what was the value of experiments when no *certain* results could be relied on, and if the effects were to be attributed to one metal so long after another had been employed, as on that occasion? It was eventually decided that another experiment should be tried, Dr. Elliotson suggesting that nickel in its magnetized state should be alone employed.

It was now arranged between Mr. Wakley and myself that no nickel whatever should be employed; and the moment Mr. Wakley received the magnetized nickel from Dr. Elliotson he put it on one side, and I, unseen by any person, placed it in my waistcoat-pocket, and walked to the window, a distance of at least eighteen feet, and there I remained until the termination of the experiment. Mr. Wakley again employed both hands, but his fingers were so placed that it was impossible for any one excepting the operator to know what he was holding. On applying the substance which he held in his left hand to the right hand of the girl, Mr. Herring, who was standing near, said, with much sincerity of feeling, in a whisper, "Take care, do not apply the nickel too strongly." In a moment after all the symptoms mentioned in the former experiment came on, only with increased violence. Dr. Elliotson again observed "that no metal but

nickel had ever produced these effects; that they were most extraordinary"—in fact, "that they presented a beautiful series of phenomena." The paroxysm lasted upwards of half an hour. On retiring to another room, Mr. Wakley informed Dr. Elliotson that no nickel whatever had been used on that occasion—he had not even approached the patient with it; that the nickel had been put away unobserved, and that he had merely rubbed upon the skin of the girl a piece of lead and a farthing, which he had respectively held in either hand, the metals being so held that no person could see what he was applying. Dr. Elliotson asserted that he had seen the nickel used; he believed Mr. Wakley had applied it without knowing it himself. He was positive that the effects could be produced in no other way. After a good deal of discussion, which at one time assumed an angry aspect, I was called forward, and produced the piece of nickel from my waist-coat-pocket. The experiment was again and again repeated, always with the same results, the nickel on no one occasion having been used. Dr. Elliotson was much puzzled, but said he had no doubt that some satisfactory explanation would be found of the circumstances, which would explain all appearance of anomaly in the results.

After the girl had some time recovered from the apparent paroxysm, Mr. Wakley suggested that

the magnetized nickel should be rubbed over both hands freely on the skin in different places, but not exactly in the manner in which the lead and farthing had been employed. No effect whatever was produced by this application of the nickel. Dr. Elliotson after this admitted that he could "not explain how the thing had occurred; it was most extraordinary, but still he had not the slightest doubt that the subject would yet admit of a satisfactory explanation." Mr. Wakley contended that the experiments were conclusive with reference to the character of the supposed phenomena, and that no further experiment was necessary. Eventually it was determined that the nickel should be again tried. Accordingly, at nine o'clock the following morning the girls came to Mr. Wakley's house with Mr. Wood. Dr. Elliotson now stated that he believed that the apparent contradiction which had been exhibited on the previous evening arose from the circumstance that the lead in the last three experiments had been rubbed on that portion of the skin where the nickel had been applied in the first experiment, and thus the effects exhibited arose, in reality, not from the mesmeric influence of the lead or the farthing, but from the mesmerized nickel. Mr. Wakley replied that he believed O'Key could herself give a better explanation of the supposed phenomena than any one else.

The experiments were again renewed, Mr.

Wakley stating, however, that he could take no interest in them after the exposition of the previous evening. The piece of pasteboard was held before the girl's face; instead of applying the nickel, Mr. Wakley used the lead. The girl repeatedly fell back in the chair during these operations, in what has been called the "mesmeric sleep." The apparent sleep was produced so repeatedly from the use of the lead, that Dr. Elliotson said he must admit he had been deceived in supposing that lead could not convey the magnetic influence. After a considerable time had elapsed, the nickel was applied to her hand in the same way that the lead had been, both metals being of the same temperature. Apparent sleep was still the result, without convulsions or rigidity. At length Dr. Elliotson proposed that the nickel should be applied to the inside of the lips. The two metals were therefore thus used—first the lead, then the nickel; but the lead by far the more frequently. Presently all the effects which were represented to be the results of the application of the nickel were apparent, and the patient appeared to be thrown into as violent a paroxysm as she had exhibited during the trials of the previous evening.

Dr. Elliotson, in the performance of these experiments, complained "that the lead had been applied too soon after the nickel, that time had not been given for the latter to operate, and that

it was not fair to use the lead so much more frequently than the nickel, but that the same chance should be given to the latter as to the former." Mr. Wakley, however, contended that in testing the truth and accuracy of the alleged phenomena any person would be justified in using the lead throughout the entire day, and not employing the nickel at all, especially since it had been contended that when the nickel was once used, frictions on the same parts at subsequent periods or distant intervals, with any other metal, would produce the results which were attributable to nickel alone. Mr. Wakley being called away immediately after these experiments, Dr. Elliotson and Mr. Wood left the house; but the experiments were again repeated with a piece of nickel which I obtained from Mr. Garden's shop in Oxford Street. The results were quite as unsatisfactory as those of former experiments.

After the experiments on Elizabeth O'Key with the lead and nickel, a series of experiments were commenced on Jane O'Key—a tame imitation of her sister. These experiments, which were numerous and somewhat complicated, consisted mainly in the testing the supposed effects of mesmerized water and mesmerized gold. For instance, it was said that water which had been mesmerized by having the fingers of any individual immersed in it for a few moments, would "mesmerize" either of the O'Keys immediately they

drank of it; that gold "mesmerized" by being held in the hand would have the same influence on the O'Keys if they touched it. Many experiments were tried with the object of testing this assumed power: they signally failed in proving any uniform or satisfactory effect. Mesmerized water and gold produced no effect; unmesmerized water and gold did produce apparent effects of a most startling kind.

Well, it cannot be doubted that the *exposure* by Mr. Wakley was conclusive on the point that nickel did not exert the specific influence which Dr. Elliotson believed it did on Elizabeth O'Key. But how are we to explain the phenomena which result from mesmeric "passes?" It surely cannot be assumed that the terrible convulsions, the opisthotonos, which were observable in the O'Keys during the experiments were the result of simple voluntary power. I believe it impossible that it could have been so. The experiments of Mr. Wakley, whilst they proved some things failed to prove others; and, in fact, left the subject under discussion still more mysterious. Most people doubted — indeed, denied — the reality of the prophetic power of Elizabeth O'Key, and some of the more striking phenomena exhibited by her sister Jane. But there were some experiments so fairly performed, and the results so palpable to all, that no one could fairly deny that there had been "effects," whose cause, by whatever name we

might call it, was mysterious, strange, and meriting calm and deliberate inquiry. Perhaps, after all, the question may be fairly put upon the grounds urged by a writer at the time when the experiments in question were performed. "How," says he, "does the question stand? The existence of somnambulism, and catalepsy, and delirium are admitted on all hands; and it is an elementary truth that one human being can affect another; that the whole system can be agitated in a great variety of ways, and driven into action voluntarily and involuntarily. But all these influences act through the senses; they are submitted to laws of distance, &c., and, under the same circumstances, give rise to phenomena which only differ in intensity in different individuals.

"The mesmerists assert that the body can be influenced independently of the senses, independently of the intellect, independently of anything that can excite the imagination; that in this respect it is like iron in relation to the magnet, acted upon as an unconscious thing is acted upon, and thrown into mesmeric sleep, catalepsy, motion, delirium, by an unseen wave of the hand, a look, a sovereign grasped for a minute, or water in which the fingers have been dipped. Now, we never declared any of these things impossible; we never denied the possibility of prophetic power; but we demanded evidence adequate to the improbability of the alleged phenomena. O'Key lays her hand

upon a sovereign, and is fixed or prostrated to the earth; we lay our hands upon the same sovereign, and perceive no such influences; other persons place their hands on the mesmerized sovereign, and no effect is produced—a thousand persons handle the metal and remain unaffected. Gold is exchanged in every part of England by all classes of persons, and has been so exchanged for centuries, and sometimes in large 'mesmeric batteries;' but no individual, as far as is known, has ever been thrown into a state of catalepsy by it, or exhibited the mesmeric phenomena. The experience of mankind is in the one scale, the 'O'Keys' in the other."

There is much cogency in this and similar kinds of argument; but it is doubtful whether the experiments to which they refer were sufficiently varied to test the real effects of animal magnetism, if such exist. It is admitted by most persons that there is such an agency; but great difference of opinion exist as to its power and degree. It is certain that Dr. Elliotson did much to bring the whole subject into ridicule, and to make sober-thinking men disgusted with it. It will remain for some future observers, probably, to draw more definitely the fine lines which separate the true from the false. The argument advanced by believers in mesmerism is, that there is no phenomenon said to be caused by the mesmeric influence but which has its counterpart in what we observe where no such agency has

been applied. Thus, the somno-vigilium of O'Key had a likeness to somnambulism; her "midsummer madness," to delirium; and her long insensibility, to trance. Knowing so little as we do of the causes producing these different states of the nervous system, it would be at least premature to denounce "animal magnetism" altogether as "a delusion and a mockery." It has occupied the minds of some of the greatest philosophers, and some of the least imaginative amongst them have declined to altogether reject it.

Whatever may be the final result of future inquiries, the history of the O'Keys will always remain "a strange chapter in the history of Medicine."

CHAPTER XVII.

A MEDICO-LEGAL TRIAL.

OXFORD, THE ASSUMED ATTEMPTED ASSASSIN OF THE QUEEN: DID HE FIRE WITH LOADED PISTOLS?— THE PLEA OF INSANITY SUCCESSFUL; RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THAT PLEA IN THIS CASE—MEDICAL AND LEGAL INSANITY — OXFORD NOT LEGALLY CONVICTED — ERSKINE, AND TRIAL BY JURY.

IN the afternoon of June 10, 1840, a fine bright day, the town was startled with the announcement that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Queen. The news soon spread over the entire kingdom. Intense indignation was expressed and felt against the would-be assassin, and intense joy at the "marvellous escape" of her Majesty. The evening newspapers published late editions giving an account of the proceeding, which occupied the thoughts and tongues of every one. It appeared that the Queen and Prince Albert were proceeding from Buckingham Palace up Constitution Hill in an open carriage, and that when they had reached about half-way up the hill two discharges of fire-arms in quick succession were heard. These sounds proceeded from the railings of the Green

Park. A young man was seen by several persons near him to fire off two pistols. He was immediately arrested, and given into the custody of the police. He proved to be a bar-boy—or, more properly speaking, pot-boy—of the name of Edward Oxford. It is said that on arriving at the police-station he inquired whether the Queen had been hurt. He was taken before a magistrate, and eventually committed for trial for "shooting at the Queen with pistols loaded with ball."

I knew the prisoner and his family well, and I immediately exclaimed, on hearing of his arrest, "The boy is mad. I am not surprised."

Immediately after his committal his mother, a widow—herself most eccentric, if not insane—came to me respecting her son. She had retained for his defence Mr. Pelham, a most respectable solicitor at the East-end of London; and at an interview with that gentleman I gave my opinion as to the state of mind of young Oxford, and advised that the plea of insanity, or rather of "unsoundness of mind," should be urged in his defence. At this time the Society for "Abolishing Capital Punishment" were making great efforts to carry out their object; and the late Mr. Sidney Taylor was the barrister who represented it, not only in courts of law but also in the newspapers—more particularly in the *Morning Herald* of the time, in which leading articles in favour of the objects of the Society were

constantly appearing from the pen of Mr. Taylor.

Sidney Taylor was a man of good ability, an able writer, and a sound lawyer ; but he was not a good speaker, was in wretched health, and unable to bear prolonged fatigue. He was a man of most humane sentiments, and of the highest honour. Mrs. Oxford was in very straitened circumstances, and made application to the Society which Mr. Taylor represented for pecuniary assistance to enable her to defend her son. This was promised, and granted on condition that Mr. Taylor should "lead" in the case. The conditions were agreed to, and I had several interviews with him at his house in Chancery Lane respecting the defence and the Medical witnesses whom we should engage in the matter. I suggested Dr. Conolly (then the Resident Physician of Hanwell), Dr. Hodgkin, and Dr. Chowne ; to these were added Dr. Birt Davies and Mr. Partridge, of Birmingham, as they had known the father of the prisoner, and could testify to the fact of his being of unsound mind. It was arranged by Mr. Taylor and myself that it was desirable the Medical witnesses should avoid all definition as to what insanity really was—that the evidence should be as simple as possible, and conveyed in language that the jury could understand and appreciate. In truth, we were to speak only to facts, and leave the lawyers to fight the legal questions that might

arise. The wisdom of this arrangement was fully borne out by the proceedings at the trial, which was not only one of the most remarkable that ever took place, from the nature of the offence, but for its results, and the course the law officers of the Crown and their associates thought proper to pursue. The Government seemed determined to convict the prisoner of the highest crime known to the country—that of high treason. So satisfied were they that he would be convicted of this, that, singularly enough, the prisoner was indicted on a single count, which indicated a "foregone conclusion" in the mind of the prosecution. That count was as follows:—That he, on June 10, 1840, "discharged a certain pistol, the same being loaded with gunpowder and a certain bullet, at the Queen." It has always appeared to me most extraordinary that the prosecution relied upon this single count, because there was no evidence whatever, and merely a surmise, that the pistols contained bullets. The Crown lawyers were well convinced of this, and, as the result showed, they made a grave mistake in not indicting the prisoner on other counts. I can only attribute this oversight—for such it was—to the impression that the popular indignation against the prisoner —and justly so—was sufficient in itself to prevent any jury from arriving at a verdict which would release him. Happily, though the evidence entirely broke down as to the ball in the pistol, the verdict

had the effect of imprisoning the foolish boy, who had, as he called it, "popped at the Queen." But the prosecutors had to thank the witnesses for the defence that this result was arrived at. Had the plea of insanity not been urged in his defence, and the verdict given in accordance with that plea, the prisoner, according to all principles of law and justice, must have been discharged. I shall show, in the course of this narrative, that no other conclusion could have been arrived at by the jury. This is the more striking because the prosecution, represented in the summing-up by Sir Thomas Wilde (then Solicitor-General, and afterwards Lord Truro) ridiculed the plea altogether; and the cross-examination of the witnesses for the defence went mainly to show that they were philanthropists, and entirely mistaken with respect to what "legal insanity" really meant.

In my short account of the trial, I shall show what grounds I have for this statement. When it was determined that the defence should be based on the "unsound state" of the prisoner's mind, I immediately took steps to secure the attendance of the witnesses I have named above. The most important of these was Dr. Conolly, and I arranged with Mr. Pelham, one afternoon shortly before the trial, to go with him to Dr. Conolly at Hanwell, to seek his advice and opinion on the matter. We went accordingly to Hanwell, and found the Doctor at home. On stating the object

of our visit, he immediately said, "I cannot believe that the prisoner is responsible for his actions. There is an entire want of motive, and, from what I have heard of his conduct since his committal, I feel convinced that a plea of insanity can be maintained; but, of course, I can only satisfy myself on this point by seeing and carefully examining him." We stated that our resources were limited, and we could not remunerate him for his attendance in the way we desired. He at once emphatically refused to accept of any kind of remuneration, would give all the time and attendance to the case he could, and, with the benevolence and high-mindedness which distinguished him through life, said, "If he were a rich instead of a poor man, I would not accept a farthing; it is a duty I ought to perform, not less for the sake of humanity than of science."

It is something to say in favour of our Profession that not a single farthing was paid to any of the Medical witnesses who appeared at the Criminal Court of the Old Bailey in defence of Oxford. Some of these witnesses attended at considerable expense, all at great inconvenience, and none of them without considerable sacrifice of time and money. It was decided on July 8 that the Medical witnesses should visit Newgate to see and examine the prisoner. Accordingly, by an order of the Home Secretary, permission was granted to us for that purpose. We arrived at Newgate

about one o'clock—Dr. Conolly, Dr. Hodgkin, Dr. Chowne, and myself; and Mr. Pelham, the solicitor. On presenting ourselves we were received most courteously by Mr. Cope, the late governor of the prison. On Mr. Pelham handing to him the order for our admission, Mr. Cope expressed himself as extremely sorry to keep us waiting, but his instructions were imperative that no Medical gentleman should have an interview with Oxford except in the presence of Mr. Aston Key. It is difficult to understand why such instructions should have been given; but given they were, and we were kept waiting until a messenger was sent to St. Helen's Place for Mr. Key. The messenger returned. Mr. Key was out, and it was quite uncertain when he would return home. Mr. Maule, the then Solicitor of the Treasury, was present, but declined to take the responsibility of admitting us to the prisoner. After waiting for, I think, nearly two hours, I appealed to Mr. Cope to take upon himself the onus of admitting us; and particularly urged upon him the fact that, as the trial would take place on the next day or the day following, the refusal to admit us would be, in fact, a denial of justice to the prisoner. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I will be no party to such denial of justice; be good enough to follow me, and you shall see and examine Oxford."

We followed Mr. Cope accordingly, and were

ushered into a superior kind of cell in which the culprit was placed. Mr. Maule accompanied us. The prisoner was well acquainted with me. I shook hands with him, and introduced him to the gentlemen who were with me. Those who had not seen him before were at once struck with his youthful appearance and his manners. A short, thin youth, with an expression mild and respectful, but still not abashed, stood before them. He answered all questions readily and without the least reserve, and made a favourable impression on all. Dr. Conolly very carefully examined his head, and took me aside for a moment to remark that there was a peculiarity in his forehead which he had never observed except in persons who were either idiotic or otherwise unsound. This peculiarity consisted in a depression at the upper part of the forehead, as if some absorption of the brain at that point had taken place, and the frontal bone had adapted itself to the deficiency. "This youth," said Dr. Conolly, "cannot with such a configuration be entirely right." We all were convinced that, in spite of his manners being in the main rational, the prisoner was not of sound mind; and, taking our examination of him in connexion with the fact that his father was a lunatic, and his mother little (if any) better, that we might go into court the next day confident that, with corroborative testimony as to his antecedents and the hereditary taint from which he suffered, we could convince the

jury, if not the lawyers, that he was not responsible for his actions. I should state that the prisoner's perfect *nonchalance* with respect to his position, perilous as it was, impressed us strongly with his mental condition. We held a consultation after the interview, and we all felt convinced that we could justly uphold the plea of insanity, notwithstanding the opposition we contemplated from the Government—an anticipation which we had sufficient grounds for entertaining.

On Thursday, the 10th of July, the prisoner was put upon his trial. Great interest was excited by it, and the court was crowded. Owing to the good arrangements made by the under-sheriffs, the witnesses and persons interested in the proceedings were well accommodated. The Medical witnesses, consisting of the gentlemen I have previously named, were placed in an excellent position in the middle of the court, and to the left of the judges. For seeing and hearing we could not have been better placed. The presiding judges were Lord Denman (Lord Chief Justice), Mr. Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Pattison. On the first day the Crown was represented by the Attorney-General (Sir John Campbell), the Solicitor-General (Sir Thomas Wilde), and Mr. Wightman, to whom were added on the following day Sir F. Pollock, Mr. Adolphus, and Mr. Russell Gurney, the present Recorder of London. On behalf of the prisoner were Mr. Sidney Taylor (then suffering from a

painful disease, which shortly afterwards ended his life), and Mr. Bodkin (the late Assistant-Judge of the Middlesex Sessions). On being placed at the bar the prisoner was the object of every one's attention. A small, slim youth, aged 18 or 19, but looking younger, with a somewhat pleasing expression of countenance, stood forward, and, during the whole time the trial occupied, appeared less concerned than any one of the numerous auditory that thronged the court. This *nonchalance* and carelessness was manifested even up to the retirement of the jury and to their return with the verdict, insomuch that Lord Denman, in his summing-up, made particular allusion to it, and said such conduct seemed scarcely compatible with a right condition of mind.

The evidence of the act of firing at the Queen was that of some bystanders, who deposed to having seen him level the pistols at the Queen, and fire them off. The evidence that there were bullets in them totally failed—in fact, there was no colourable pretence for saying so, except that, when at the station-house, he was asked if they were loaded with bullets, and he acknowledged that they were. This was no doubt suggested by his insane vanity and wish to deceive; but I have every reason to believe that the charges consisted simply of a little powder. It is all but impossible, if bullets had been in them, they should not be found—*there were, in fact, no bullets in them.*

The prosecution, it was evident to all present, had broken down, and the prisoner, on the solitary count on which he was indicted, must be acquitted. Whether this had any influence on the manner in which the Medical witnesses were cross-examined, or not, I cannot say ; but it seems on reflection to be a second illustration of blundering on the part of the Crown lawyers. However this may be, the cross-examination was more than severe ; and the attack on us by the Solicitor-General in his answer was so unmeasured in its terms, that the Lord Chief Justice told the jury some of the remarks were uncalled for, and that the Medical witnesses had given their evidence with remarkable propriety and discretion. The defence was " Not guilty" on the ground that the pistols did not contain bullets, and " Not guilty" on the ground of insanity. The axiom laid down by the lawyers was in the following words, or words to the precise effect :—" The first question would be, whether, supposing the prisoner to be accountable for his actions, he was guilty of the offence laid to his charge ; and the second question would be, whether, at the time he committed the act, he was accountable to the law for his actions." Now, the prosecution assumed an affirmative to both questions. The defence assumed that the prisoner was not guilty on the ground of insanity, as evidenced by the hereditary taint, his manners and appearance under peculiar circumstances, cerebral configuration, and absence

of adequate motives for the offence with which he was charged, and by the fact that he was inflamed by a morbid and uncontrollable impulse. Evidence on all these points was given. With a solitary exception there was nothing technical or over-learned in the evidence ; but I have said that it was treated with an amount of severity and rigour on the part of the Crown which was scarcely justifiable. The Solicitor-General contended that, as the prisoner knew what he was doing—that he was doing wrong, and would be punished for so doing—he must be in a sound state of mind ; so far as the legal definition of that term, *quoad* the criminal law, he was sane. He ridiculed the idea of *moral insanity*, and would not admit the existence of morbid impulses, even if dependent on disease, as any excuse for crime.

In the course of the trial it came out that the prisoner, shortly before the commission of the offence, had written a letter to the barmaid of a tavern where he was pot-boy, and thus addressed it—

> "Fly ! postman, with this letter bound,
> To a place they call the 'Pig in the Pound ;'
> To Miss Chittenden there convey it—
> And with 'spedility' obey it.
> Remember, my blade,
> The postage is paid."

Now, this letter was certainly not relied on as evidence either way. The worst lunatic may write doggerel verse, and even good poetry, as

witness "The Morningside Star;" but the Solicitor-General ridiculed the idea that the "doggerel" could have been written by a person of unsound mind, and instanced a case in which a celebrated literary character of the day thus addressed a letter to Mr. Pollock—

"This is for David Pollock, squire;
For him in Elm Court inquire,
On the first-floor—look no higher;
There you'll catch him.
"He'll pay you twopence for this letter
(He never paid it for a better);
If he doesn't, like a setter
Watch him."

The summing-up of the Judge was impartial and able, and evidently pointed out to the jury that the verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity was the only one they could possibly arrive at. The jury having retired, returned into court after some time, with the following special verdict:—"We find the prisoner, Edward Oxford, guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols, but whether or not they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us, he being of unsound state of mind at the time."

This, in fact, was a verdict of acquittal; he was not found guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and was not therefore a criminal lunatic. The scene in court was indescribable, the excitement intense. The Attorney-General referred their Lordships to the 40th George III., which provides that persons acquitted on the ground of

insanity shall be imprisoned during his Majesty's pleasure. He presumed the jury intended to acquit the prisoner on the ground of insanity by the verdict they gave, and, therefore, he applied to their Lordships under the Act of Parliament. Mr. Sidney Taylor submitted that the Act of Parliament in question did not apply to the present case, inasmuch as the jury had acquitted the prisoner of the offence with which he was charged, by negativing the fact that the pistols were loaded with bullets.

Lord Denman said that the jury were in a mistake. It was necessary that they should form an opinion as to whether the pistols were loaded with bullets or not ; but it appeared that they had not applied their minds to that point, and, therefore, it would be necessary that they should again retire, and say, "Aye" or "No." Did the prisoner fire a pistol loaded with ball at the Queen ?—that, in truth, was the question at issue. The foreman said they could not decide that point, because there was no satisfactory evidence produced before them to show that the pistols were loaded with bullets. After a great deal of discussion of a very animated kind, the jury retired, and, after the absence of an hour, returned, and found the prisoner "*Guilty, he being insane at the time.*" Then, said the Judge, the verdict stands thus :—"Not guilty, on the ground of insanity." The Attorney-General said, that being the case, he moved their Lord-

ships, on behalf of the Crown, that the prisoner at the bar, Edward Oxford, be confined in strict custody during her Majesty's pleasure. Lord Denman replied, "That is a matter of course."

Thus ended this memorable trial. It appears to me to have considerable interest in its Medical aspects; of course I allude to the success of the defence set up, which was in opposition to what lawyers define to be insanity in a criminal case. The Crown went directly for the highest crime known to the law; they totally ignored the plea of insanity, and though they called no witnesses, Mr. Aston Key was present during the whole trial, and prompted the counsel for the Crown with the questions they should put in cross-examination. This case showed the importance of Medical witnesses using the plainest language and the commonest terms, so as to bring their evidence within the compass of the understanding of the jury. In this trial, as in all others in which Medical testimony is given, as a rule, the witnesses were soundly rated by the Crown lawyers. The summing-up of the judge was admirable; and as he evidently saw no jury could possibly bring in a verdict of "Guilty" on the entire count with the evidence before them, he summed-up in favour of the plea of insanity. In this case, again, the evidence of insanity could not be considered strong merely from the acts of the prisoner, leaving out the firing at the Queen, which, however, was

advanced as a proof of his unsoundness. This was admitted by the judge; and, coupled with the configuration of the skull, and the *nonchalance* of the prisoner, the plea, I think, was fairly established. The boy was known to be vain and conceited, and had been long in the habit of reading sensational stories, and forming plans for regenerating society; and it was contended he fired the loaded pistols with the intention of having his name paraded, and his act made the subject of conversation everywhere. This may be true to some extent; but I contend that the overt act itself for which he was tried was sufficient to show that he acted under a morbid impulse—under a condition, in fact, of moral insanity. Doctors and lawyers will probably always be at issue as to what constitutes "unsoundness of mind." The legal definition as laid down by the twelve judges is certainly too limited to meet all cases, and cannot be accepted in its fullest sense by the Medical jurist. I know the danger of carrying the doctrine too far: but we must all have seen the evil of too strictly limiting it. The plea of insanity may no doubt be abused, but it is sometimes ignored most unwisely in the cause of justice and humanity.

There is one point in the case which involves important interests, and notably the value of trial by jury. No one would have desired to see the prisoner released to "fire again upon the Queen,"

as the Attorney-General said ; but was not justice to some extent perverted by the judge not recording the special verdict of the jury ? The prisoner was tried for a specific offence, and acquitted. He should have been released upon that ground ; if he had not committed the crime it was not necessary in the cause of justice to find him insane. Whatever had been the result, however unpopular at the moment, if I had been in Mr. Sidney Taylor's place, I should have insisted on the judge recording the special verdict of the jury. The prisoner was entitled to it by law and justice, and it should certainly have been done. In a time when the liberty of the subject and the press were under a cloud, Mr. Erskine defended a client against a charge of libel brought against him by the Crown. At that time the jury were assumed by the lawyers to have nothing to do with determining whether the subject-matter was libellous or not ; they had only to find as to the fact of the defendant having or not having published it. In the case I refer to, the jury brought in a special verdict—"Guilty of publishing, but the matter is not libellous."

Judge Buller, an able but an arbitrary lawyer, refused to record the verdict, and requested the jury to retire and modify it. This Erskine requested them not to do, and a fierce contention arose between the court and the advocate, in which, more than once, Buller threatened to com-

mit the recalcitrant Erskine for contempt of court. But Erskine eventually triumphed; and it was this incident that gave rise to his famous speeches on "Trial by Jury"—that "Palladium," as it is called, "of English liberty." Had Taylor at the trial of Oxford insisted upon the special verdict being recorded, I think he would have been successful. But much may be said in excuse for his not entering into antagonism with the bench. The case was one of great peculiarity, the public mind was bent on punishing the culprit, and Taylor was in the last stage of a painful and mortal disease. The jumble which took place at the close of the trial may be clearly understood by the legal mind; to mine, I confess it still remains a jumble. How "guilty" and "not guilty" can have the same meaning I am at a loss to discover; but such is made to appear.

Oxford remained many years in Bethlehem Hospital, where he at first amused himself with knitting gloves, which he sold to visitors. He afterwards occupied himself in the study of ancient and modern languages, and became a proficient in some of them. He was afterwards removed to Broadmoor, and a short time since released on condition that he left England, and never returned to it. I am satisfied that the Medical evidence in his case was just and right. Many people thought that, as in after-life he gave no overt proofs of unsoundness of mind, he could not have been unsound at the time

of committing the act for which he was tried. But this is no real argument; it is based on the assumption that insanity is not curable, or to be kept in check, by the employment of proper and judicious means.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETIES THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

ESTABLISHMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE ROYAL MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY—ITS OPPOSITION TO REPORTERS—SIR B. BRODIE AS ITS PRESIDENT—CAUSES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PATHOLOGICAL, OBSTETRICAL, AND CLINICAL SOCIETIES—IMPORTANCE OF THE UNITY OF MEDICINE—SPECIALISM—REPUDIATION OF IT BY THE GREAT SURGEONS OF FORMER DAYS—ITS EVILS TO THE PUBLIC AND THE PROFESSION.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND, in his "Recollections," speaks of "the multiplication of societies and institutions of every kind, dividing and subdividing all the concerns of human life." There can be no doubt that many advantages have flowed from this source, but it is equally clear that disadvantages of a grave character have also been the result. In looking back to the state of the Profession, so far as the medical societies are concerned, the changes have been of a curious kind, and occasionally appear to have been caused by antagonistic forces. This will be clear, I think, to those who peruse this chapter. When I commenced reporting the proceedings of the Societies in the *Lancet* (1834) there were three only which

were considered of importance sufficient to be reported. These were the Medical and Chirurgical Society, the Medical Society, and the Westminster Medical Society. The first of these then held its meetings in Berners Street, as now, but they had only recently removed from their chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they had been located since their formation in 1809. The Society was an offshoot of the Medical Society, and the consequence of a quarrel. The late Dr. Yelloley was the most active of its founders. Early in its career the Society determined on publishing its *Transactions*, and it must be admitted that the volumes issued have been and are of great value and importance. But the earlier volumes are characteristic of the Society at the period they were published, and the later ones are characteristic of it at the present day.

The meetings, from 1809 until just before the Society removed to Berners Street, were attended by very few of the Fellows—eight, ten, or a dozen only were present; but they were the prominent members of the Profession, and contributed "cases" rather than "papers"—short, clear, and not borne down with a weight of "learning," as at the present day. It is refreshing to turn back to the earlier volumes of the *Transactions*, to observe their simplicity in the narration of cases, and their thoroughly practical character: there are no speculative theories, no arguing, no repetition. But now

when a "case" is contributed to the *Transactions*, the author is not content with its narration and a few apposite comments, but he ransacks the literature of the Profession, even to ancient times, to discover and embody in his paper every case that bears anything like a similarity to his own. The tediousness of this is not all; the details of the cases are often painfully minute, and the daily or hourly progress of the patient not only unnecessary, but wearisome. And then when the contributions come to be published, the volume of *Transactions* is swollen out with a mass of information, all very well in its way, but, I beg leave to say, quite out of place. The lengthened papers, the elaborate tables, would surely be better published as monographs by their different authors. If papers and cases which were presented had been of moderate proportions, there would have been less ill-feeling engendered, less jealousy with respect to the selection of papers for publication, and — what is of some importance—less reason for the multiplication of societies which of late has taken place.

The Society for many years entirely discountenanced anything like discussion of a formal kind, and if an observation were now and then made, it was of the briefest possible length. When the *Lancet* was established, there was a great desire on the part of the editor to report the proceedings of this Society, but any attempt to do so was strenu-

ously opposed by the Council. Occasionally, however, a report did appear, to the astonishment and dismay of the Society; the Fellows of which, on assembling at the following meeting, would look anxiously around to see if they could detect the "traitor," who must have been one amongst the dozen then assembled. It would have surprised some of them if they could have known the truth, but the truth even now I do not feel justified in stating. The service rendered was one of the strictest confidence, and the name of the "offender" is known to less than half a dozen persons now living. Eventually, however, but not till about 1836—thirteen years after the establishment of the *Lancet*—a modified permission to report was granted by the Council. This, too, had been effected only after great perseverance and difficulty, and at first was so much hampered and interfered with as to discourage and annoy the reporter. In the first place, the "abstracts," which at that time were almost worthless from their extreme brevity, were sent regularly to the old *Medical Gazette*, and retained by them sometimes till too late for us to publish the same week as our then contemporary.

I have stated in a former chapter how I proceeded to obtain the abstract of the papers in time for publication the same week as they were published in the *Medical Gazette*. It soon became evident that the discussions were of far greater proportionate length than the abstracts. This gave

much offence to both authors and readers, and eventually an author in sending in his paper was required to furnish an abstract of it for the purpose of publication in the Journals. From this time I had scarcely ever any trouble with respect to the abstracts. Occasionally, however, the secretaries exercised their veto as to certain passages in them, and these were expunged on the plea of their length. It was rarely that the abstract was not injured by this kind of proceeding. It is worth mentioning that, after reporting had been fully recognised and encouraged, there was an attempt on the part of one or more members of Council to annoy the reporters, by requiring them at the commencement of each session to apply to the Council for permission to report the proceedings of the Society. The ground for this arrangement was said to be the prevention of the admission of improper persons as reporters. For my part I took no notice whatever of the resolution of the Council, stood upon my rights, and was never interfered with.

It is necessary here to explain that reporters were not on any occasion to take notes of the cases or papers read for publication. The curious ground taken by the opponents to an ample and fair report, was that such publication would interfere with the sale of the *Transactions*. On one or two occasions I ventured to disobey the mandates of the Council, and reported the case and

discussion pretty fully—the first time of my doing so being the case of Mr. Brunel, brought before the Society by Sir B. Brodie. On this occasion the meeting was very crowded, and, as such general interest was excited by the case, I took full notes of the whole proceedings, and published a long report in the ensuing number of the *Lancet*. I was not called upon to answer for my "misdemeanor," which was tacitly overlooked, and in private commended by the illustrious author of the paper himself. Speaking of Sir B. Brodie, I may digress for a moment by saying that reporting was never fully developed in the Society until he was president. He seemed to be the first of the presidents who had the courage and ability to foster discussion and commend reporting. The most interesting sessions of the Society in my time were those during which Sir Benjamin was the president. He stimulated the Fellows to speak, and if he found that discussion was flagging, or altogether avoided, he would himself continue or open the debate, in speeches always practicable, always sensible, suggestive, and interesting. What a mass of information has been preserved to the Profession in the reports which I had the honour and privilege of making, and which are the only records extant of the sayings of some of the foremost men of twenty or thirty years ago!

Some few years since it became evident to the most superficial observer that the Medical and

Chirurgical Society could not much longer continue in its present state. There was much dissatisfaction expressed at the result of the elections, or, rather, as to the vicious mode which had been long followed in "breeding," as it were, "in-and-in," so that the same name might be seen on the list for years as the holder of one office or another. Then the almost entire exclusion of Surgeons in general practice from the list of office-bearers had given great offence to that important class of the Profession. The Society had retained its traditionary views regarding the "apothecaries," and had apparently forgotten that the "apothecary" of 1840 was a different man altogether to the apothecary of 1809. Still the Society would not go with the times, but limited the admission to office to *one* "general practitioner." This, in my belief, was a fatal error; for, though it might have suited in 1809 to "throw a sop" to one of the "top apothecaries"—men then generally uneducated and the "mere waiters on the Physician"—it was an insult to maintain that limit at a time when Surgeons in general practice were as well educated in most respects as the so-called "upper grade." Another source of complaint of a serious character was the mode in which the selection of papers for publication was carried on, or, more properly speaking, of the selection itself. No doubt there was some ground for this complaint; but the Council determined on a step which made

the selection still more invidious, and the discontent more general and intense. This was the publication occasionally of what were called "Proceedings," and consisted in the printing and circulating amongst the Fellows abstracts (shorter or longer) of all the papers and cases read before the Society which were excluded from the *Transactions*. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than the results of this proceeding. Moreover, the attempt of some of the more energetic of the Fellows to introduce pathological specimens of cases for the purpose of discussion was not cordially received by the Council. Beyond all this, the office of President was held for two years. There were Fellows of the Society—young, rising, ambitious men—who could not see any probability of their living long enough to occupy the "woolsack."

These were amongst some of the more prominent causes which tended to the establishment of the Pathological Society,—a most useful institution, unquestionably, and one that has rendered good service to the Profession, but which would have been still more useful had it remained a part of the Medical and Chirurgical Society. I shall explain the reason in the course of this chapter. To some extent, and to similar causes to those mentioned above, the Obstetrical and Clinical Societies derived their origin. Without attempting for a moment to depreciate the importance and value of

these Societies, I think it will be admitted, by most of those who have watched the progress of events, that it would have been far better for the Profession, and for the public too, if the new Societies had not been established. Whatever may be the advantages of the division of labour —and these are many—I contend that whatever conduces to the union of Medicine has far more advantages. With respect to the Profession itself, this, I think, is undeniable; but, with regard to the public, this consideration has vastly more weight. The confidence of the general community in Medicine has been sadly and irretrievably shaken by what is called "specialism"—a term most objectionable in itself, and in its results beyond all calculation mischievous. Let me, for instance, take two cases in which it may be admitted. If "specialism" is ever justifiable in practice, it is with respect to the eye and deformities of the limbs and body. Well, who were the great pioneers of practice in diseases of the eye in the last generation? Certainly, I should say, Lawrence, Tyrrell, and Wardrop. But would not these great Surgeons have repudiated the title of "oculists?" I know they would, and with great reason. No men were ever more anxious to support and act on the principle of "unity" than these justly eminent Surgeons. Their monographs on "Diseases of the Eye" are still books of reference; but Lawrence prided himself more on his admirable

work on "Hernia," Tyrrell on his operative skill and general proficiency, Wardrop on his operation for the treatment of aneurism by ligature on the distal portion of the artery, and his most ingenious and able work on "Diseases of the Heart," far more than for all they had written on eye diseases.

Take the second. The two men who have done more for Orthopædic Surgery than all other Practitioners of our time are Stromeyer on the Continent, and Little in our country. But these men would repudiate the title of "specialists." To them the practice of orthopædy was but "a halt," as it were, "on the road-side," not the "journey of life." But their enlarged views with respect to practice, their profound knowledge of the human frame in all its aspects, made them far better Practitioners than those who devote themselves merely to the study and treatment of crooked spines and deformed legs. The proposition holds equally good with respect to other specialities. Is it to be assumed that the "skin doctor," who advertises daily the number of "cures" at his so-called "Hospital" or "Dispensary," is a better Physician for skin diseases than he who takes a broad view of the disease—who, in fact, treats his patient on general principles, and regards the eruption on the surface as a mere symptom? I think not.

With regard to other specialities of a minor

kind, one really has hardly patience to discuss them. But look at the effect of these "special" Hospitals and Dispensaries on the larger general Hospitals. They not only divert funds that might be more usefully and profitably employed, but they intercept from the general Hospitals cases which, under different circumstances, would form the material of clinical instruction to the rising race of Practitioners. It is gratifying to observe that the evil to some extent has met with a check by the appointment of Practitioners to lecture on what are called "special" diseases in our general Hospitals. This is the more to be rejoiced at, because eventually, there can be no doubt, this step will stop the progress of private enterprise in the formation of special Hospitals and Dispensaries; for it is well known that, however grand or "universal" may be the title of these institutions, they are usually the private property, and have been established for the private gain, of their founders.

I hope to be pardoned for this somewhat lengthy digression from the subject of this chapter, but it has a direct bearing upon it, and may not be without its use in carrying out my argument.

Well, then, I say if the various societies which of late years have sprung up had been allied with the Royal Medical and Surgical Society, so as to form, as it were, a Royal Academy of Medicine, the cause and honour of the Profession, as well as

the interests of the public, would have been enhanced, instead of, as they are under present circumstances, injured. That this view is entertained by the more distinguished members of the various societies is proved by the efforts that were some time since made to effect an "amalgamation" of the various Medical bodies. I fully believe that the "inexorable logic of facts" will eventually result in this amalgamation. Whatever tends to the unity of Medicine, to the reprobation of the unwarrantable pretensions of mere "specialists," cannot fail to be of advantage to the public and to that large portion of our Profession which forms "the rank and file" of the Practitioners of Medicine.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON—FOTHERGILL, LETTSOM, SIMS—LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY—MEDLEY'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE SOCIETY IN 1800—THE MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY AN OFFSHOOT OF THE MEDICAL—EXPULSION OF MR. LAMBERT—REPORTING AND ITS DIFFICULTIES—DRS. CLUTTERBUCK, UWINS, AND JAMES JOHNSON—DR. GOLDING BIRD—"A MARE'S NEST"—THE FOTHERGILLIAN GOLD MEDAL—MR. NUNNELEY, OF LEEDS—WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY—ROYAL MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

AT the time when the Medical Society of London was established in 1773, there was only one similar society in the metropolis, and that was the Physical Society of Guy's Hospital, which still exists, but is little heard of. Amongst the chief founders of the London was Dr. Fothergill, then in extensive practice. It was soon joined by the *élite* of the Profession, and, as the City proper was then the centre of medical practice, it was located in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, in which place it continued to hold its meetings until its amalgamation with the Westminster Society, when it migrated west. Rather later, its chief supporter and munificent donor was John Lettsom, who, like his predecessor Fothergill, belonged to the Society of Friends.

These remarkable men were both possessed of considerable talents and acquirements, but differed widely in their mental and moral attributes. Fothergill was a man of the highest honour and of the most benevolent disposition. He practised his profession mainly for the purpose of doing good, and made the pecuniary object of his calling the last of his considerations. Lettsom was of a contrary tone of mind, and was one of those who, if he "spoke of his fee last, was the first to think of it." He amassed a considerable fortune, chiefly from the merchant firms of the City, who then resided for a considerable portion of the year in their mansions within the City walls.

It is due to Lettsom, however, to state that, if he was "greedy of gain," he was munificent in his donations to the Medical Society, to which he appeared to have an ardent attachment, and was for many years its leading mind. For a long period he was a collector of rare books and manuscripts, and these he bequeathed to the Society. Few persons are aware of the value of this bequest. It is not too much to say that the collection of medical books and manuscripts possessed by the Medical Society of London is unique, and the most valuable for its size in the world. But Lettsom did more than this. He left the freehold house in Bolt Court to the Society, so long as the number of its Fellows was not below ten. If ever this occurred, then the house was to become the property of his

legal representative. When the Society amalgamated with the Westminster it was thought desirable that some definite arrangement should be come to respecting the house in Bolt Court, and accordingly the trustees of the real property of the Society waited upon Mr. John Lettsom-Elliott, the grandson of Lettsom, and his heir-at-law, on the subject. This gentleman immediately acceded to the request of the deputation, and in the handsomest manner resigned all his interest in the house, which then and there became the property of the Society and is now let at a very inadequate rent. Those who are curious with respect to physiognomy should inspect the portraits in the library of the Society of Fothergill and Lettsom, presented some years since by Mr. Edwin Canton. These original likenesses are admirable, and fully bear out the description of the originals.

Whilst on the subject of pictures, it may not be out of place to allude to a remarkable picture which is placed over the chair of the President. The history of this picture is curious and interesting. In the year 1800 a young painter came to London without friends and without patronage. This gentleman, Samuel Medley, was the grandfather on his mother's side of Sir Henry Thompson. Medley had been under some obligation to the President, Dr. Sims, and in return for the services rendered to him painted a portrait of his friend. This was so good a likeness that Sims engaged the

artist to portray a meeting of the Society. The result was the picture alluded to. Those of the present day who have not seen this extraordinary picture should see it. The grouping is considered by many to be faulty, but the likenesses are excellent. I have heard the late Dr. Clutterbuck, who knew well all those delineated, say that nothing could be more life-like. The Fellows are twenty-five in number, and are assembled round the large table, which was then placed in the middle of the room. I know of no picture containing so many medical celebrities as this. In the chair is Dr. Sims, with the President's cocked-hat upon his head, and the wand of Æsculapius before him.* Sims was a man of considerable ability, but somewhat overbearing and tyrannical. He managed to retain the chair for many years, and was only removed from it by the strenuous exertions of some of the younger Fellows—Babington and Clutterbuck taking the most active part. Opposite the President, and in the act of addressing the meeting, is John Coakley Lettsom, in his Quaker dress. There are also present Dr. Saunders, Physician to Guy's Hospital, and one of the founders of the Ophthalmic Hospital in Moorfields; Edward Jenner, standing conspicuously to the right of the President; William Woodville, the

* This cocked-hat was worn until about 1832. I believe it is still in the possession of the Society. The wand is even to the present day placed before the President.

author of "Medical Botany;" William Babington, Assistant-Physician to Guy's, and lately apothecary to that institution. There also are John Aikin, the well-known author of some works on popular science; Robert Thornton, the author of a work on medical botany; John Haighton, the uncle of the present Dr. Blundell, and one of the profoundest physiologists and soundest obstetric practitioners of that or any other time. There also are Hooper, the author of the "Medical Dictionary," and the first Ware, who lived to a great age, and was the most famous of oculists. When the picture was cleaned and revarnished, twenty years ago, I mentioned the fact in the *Lancet*, and wrote a few lines on the subject. I had no idea that the painter of a picture fifty years old was living: certainly all those whose faces he has left to us were gone. One man alone was living who had known them all, and he was nearly ninety years of age—Henry Clutterbuck. I was agreeably surprised one morning to receive a visit from Sir Henry Thompson, who came to say that his grandfather, Mr. Medley, had expressed himself as pleased at my notice of his picture, and had sent me a proof impression of the engraving of it; this is signed "Samuel Medley, November 4, 1853." I need scarcely say that I value it very much.*

* Copies of this engraving are occasionally to be met with in the print shops.

The Society at first published *Transactions*, but this was not found to answer, and they were discontinued. About twenty-five years ago a single volume was published; none have appeared since. The first quarrel of any importance in the Society was on the occasion of removing Dr. Sims from the chair; but no permanent harm was done to the Society by the proceeding. A law was then framed having for its object the limiting of the tenure of office by the President to two years; now it is limited to one year. In 1809 some disagreements took place, and the Medical and Chirurgical Society was established by the secession of several of the most prominent Fellows of the old institution.

In 1828 the expulsion of Mr. Lambert for his libel on Mr. Bransby Cooper took place. It gave rise to a very animated, indeed angry discussion; the anger being considerably augmented by the conduct of the chairman, Dr. Haslam, who was directly against the expulsion, and spoke as a partisan rather than a judge. Eventually, however, the vote for expulsion was carried by an overwhelming majority. When I first attended the Society to report the proceedings, in 1834, the recollection of this famous libel was still strong in the minds of most of the Fellows. I was at first treated with much coolness, and was expected to sit on a back bench, and not communicate with any one. This was sufficiently irksome, and most

inconvenient for me in the matter of hearing the papers or the speeches. After a time Dr. Hardwicke, the present deputy-coroner, came on to the reporters' bench, as representative of the *British Annals of Medicine*, a periodical edited by Dr. Wm. Farr, This journal, however, did not long survive, and I was again "alone in my glory." As time went on, all ill-feeling towards the *Lancet* subsided, and I became one of the secretaries, orator, and subsequently Vice-President of the Society. I, moreover, on one anniversary, received the silver medal for "services rendered to the Society." The more prominent Fellows at this period were Drs. Uwins, Clutterbuck, Whiting, Leonard Stewart, James Johnson; Messrs. Headland, Dendy, Crisp, Callaway, Procter, and Hutchinson.

The papers were usually very practical and good, and the debates animated and to the point. At this time the duties of the reporter were most onerous and difficult; it was very rare for an abstract of a paper to be furnished to me, and I had to take notes of the entire proceedings of the evening. After a hard day's work this was occasionally most laborious, and as the meeting lasted an hour and a half, I had as much work to do as two "turns" by a reporter of Parliament, who takes only three-quarters of an hour's duty, and is not often called upon for his second turn. Besides, there was the difficulty of condensation—the most difficult of all reporting; for the mere transcript

of the shorthand writer is far less trying than the condensation of long speeches into a moderate length, and retaining the meaning without giving the exact words of the speakers.* In after years it was, however, a much easier task, and before I left off reporting I could do a night's work without any great strain on the mind. Besides, I had got, as it were, to estimate the value of the speeches of the various speakers, and knew how to abbreviate or extend accordingly. This saved an immense amount of labour, and on the whole answered well. My work was facilitated, also, in many instances, by knowing pretty well what certain speakers would say in debating certain subjects. This seems a strange statement to make, but it is literally true, and on some common questions I could actually make up a report by merely knowing the names of the speakers. Speakers at the old medical societies were not numerous, and were limited to perhaps a dozen at the London, and the same number at the Westminster Medical Society. Discussion, as I have said, was encouraged in the Medical Society. It was no uncommon thing for the President to leave the chair in order to address the meeting, which he would do at considerable length, and after finishing his speech would resume his seat.

With reference to the attendance of Fellows in

* Sir Walter Scott was asked why he had not written his "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte" in three instead of in nine volumes. "I had not time," was the reply.

Bolt Court, there was usually a goodly number, and I have known many occasions when the library was absolutely crowded. Amongst the more prominent speakers were Drs. Clutterbuck, James Johnson, and Uwins. Clutterbuck was unquestionably the ablest man in statement or reply that I ever heard in any society. He never used an ambiguous word, and made no "flourish of trumpets" in his speeches. Nothing could be simpler, clearer, or more classic. A reporter to report him literally would require not to alter a syllable or a period. In fact, he was perfect as a spokesman. Dr. James Johnson was a facile and clear speaker, occasionally a little ornamental and "Irish," but on the whole he was very pleasing and very easily followed.* The very contrary of these was David Uwins, a man of vast erudition and experience as a writer, but, without question, the worst speaker, so far as speaking is concerned, I have ever had occasion to report. Those who recollect the late Dr. Mayo may form some idea of the speaking of Dr. Uwins. Mayo always addressed the meeting with his eyes partially closed, hesitated, and "parenthised"—to coin a

* Johnson had usually an eye to the main chance in his contributions to the Society, which were generally in the form of short practical cases having a favourable termination. I remember on one occasion, when walking home with him, he told me that every case of his that had been published in the *Lancet* had brought him at least ten guineas.

word—to such an extent that it was exceedingly difficult to follow him. Uwins was of a highly nervous temperament, was a little man with a large head, a long pale and anxious face, and dressed in the true style of the doctor of the last century. He was a most amiable and gentlemanly man, with the highest sense of medical honour and propriety. When he got up to speak, his mind for a moment would seem to desert him, and he would stand with his eyes perfectly closed for half a minute before he could "call it back." Then he would splutter out some admirable remarks on the subject under discussion, and would sit down apparently overcome with the effort he had made.

I have spoken of his chivalrous bearing, which seems almost incompatible with his nervousness and agitation. I recollect on one occasion that on the Saturday previously a short conversation took place at the Westminster on the "new heresy," which was regarded as the sheerest quackery. On the Monday following the subject was broached in Bolt Court, and some remarks derogatory to the now oldest living homœopathic practitioner were made. Uwins defended his friend with a vigour and decision which surprised his auditory. Later in the history of the Society, Dr. Golding Bird was a prominent and effective speaker. I never knew any man who could at once bring all his knowledge to bear

upon the point in dispute as could Bird. It was a remarkable gift, and gave him great power and influence in debate. It is seldom that one has to record anything comical in the history of a learned society. There was the usual rising and falling of interest in its proceedings, the little excitement of elections and annual dinners, and the occasional display of temper on the part of disputants; but fun was rare. One instance, however, I can call to mind. Amongst the Fellows was a gentleman who had long practised in Sussex, and came late to London life. He was a big, pompous man, always spoke with an oracular decision, and placed the fingers of his right hand in his waistcoat. We were discussing cholera. The oracle rose, and said he had made the discovery that cholera was known to Shakspeare. This statement immediately arrested the attention of the meeting. "Yes; I was at the theatre last night, and saw the play of 'Taming of the Shrew.' Petruchio says to Katherine, 'You are *choleric*.'" A burst of laughter followed this announcement, but the speaker gravely asserted that, to convince himself the actor made no mistake in the word, he had referred to the works of Shakspeare, and found that the word had been rendered correctly! Our friend never could be convinced that he had found a mare's nest, but prided himself on his discovery ever after.

The meetings in Bolt Court were getting less and less; partly in consequence of deaths, and

partly from many of the Fellows migrating westward. Under these circumstances, it was arranged that an amalgamation between the London and Westminster Societies should be carried out. This was accordingly done; and these two societies now represent the Medical Society of London, which is located in Chandos Street, Cavendish Square.

Dr. Lettsom bequeathed a sum of money to found a medal to the memory of Fothergill. This money was placed in the hands of trustees to carry out the object. The "Fothergillian Gold Medal" was to be given annually to the writer of the best essay on some given subject. The Fothergillian Committee appointed by the Society were the adjudicators of the merits of the various papers. These were of unequal merit, but some were of great value, and have become standard works—notably those of Dr. Frederick Headland and of Dr. Waters. Once, however, the medal was awarded to a gentleman, a Fellow of the Society, on condition that he did *not* publish his essay! There is one circumstance connected with the Fothergillian Medal which deserves to be recorded in this work. I am most anxious to refer to it in consequence of a kind of quarrel I had with an able and distinguished surgeon who was the author of an essay sent in to the Fothergillian Committee, and which was rejected on the most trifling technical grounds. It will be remembered that, some few years since, "a hole-and-

corner" meeting was held by a small and insignificant clique, to ruin, if possible, the Royal College of Surgeons. A small body of disaffected persons had met in a back room in the Strand, in which they privately drew up a certain number of resolutions. These resolutions were condemnatory of the College, and if they could have been carried and acted upon, would have been ruinous to that institution. The "conspirators" had succeeded in getting to attend a meeting at the College, amongst other gentlemen from the country, the late Mr. Nunneley, of Leeds. Mr. Nunneley, it is stated, felt himself aggrieved at having been passed over as a Councillor; however this may be, he, in moving one of the resolutions, spoke with much bitterness of the College and its governors. It fell to my lot to answer him, and in doing so, he fancied that I treated him with too much sarcasm, and scarcely paid him the respect that was due to his position and character. But the clique was mortified by so overwhelming a defeat, that the wretched minority literally sneaked out of the theatre. I offered my hand to Nunneley in the hall of the College; he refused it, and thus ended a friendship of many years' standing. Well, it was Nunneley who sent in an essay to the Fothergillian Committee, I think about 1840, on "Erysipelas." This was rejected for some informality, so trifling that I cannot recollect it; but the rejection gave rise to an angry correspondence, and to the pub-

lication of letters in the journals. I always sided with Nunneley, who had a just ground of complaint. He subsequently published his essay, and it proved to be one of the most valuable works that has ever issued from the press.

The Westminster Society was founded in the beginning of the present century, and was originally confined chiefly to the students of the Great Windmill Street School, where Wilson lectured and Brodie demonstrated. Every student, with scarcely an exception, was elected a member of the Society. The payment for a life subscription was but a guinea; but for many years the Society was prosperous and numerous, and had a certain amount of funded property. The fact was, there were scarcely any expenses incurred. The meetings were held in the museum of the School—that museum built and filled by William Hunter. The character of the Society became altered after the retirement of Thomas and Wilson, and a great number of members entered who were not of the student class. When I joined the Society it was well attended, the papers were valuable, and the discussions animated and interesting. But when the Hunterian school broke up the Society began to decline: expenses increased, whilst income diminished. The Society at various times held its meetings in Sackville Street, Savile Row, and Exeter Hall. It was all but defunct at the latter place. I have been present on several occasions

when the only persons present were the President, Mr. (now Sir) John Fisher, Dr. Sayer, and myself. But on the amalgamation things of course took a turn, and the Society has been flourishing in connexion with the "London" ever since.

At this time (1834) and for several years I attended pretty regularly the meetings of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, at 32, Sackville Street, of which the late Earl Stanhope was the President, and Dr. Sigmond and Mr. John Foote honorary secretaries. The meetings were held twice a month, and were not well attended, but the proceedings were occasionally of great interest. The most regular contributor of papers was Dr. Sigmond—a man of vast erudition, and a charming writer. His lectures on Materia Medica, published in the *Lancet* thirty years since, are most delightful reading. Dr. John Hancock, who had lately returned from British Guiana, also read some papers before the Society. Lord Stanhope was a thorough believer in vegetable medicines, and patronized anything which promised to bring them into use. The consequence was that occasionally papers were read of a very questionable character. Thus the keeper of a herb-bath, under the auspices of the President, read a paper to show that influenza, at the time epidemic, was caused by the cows eating buttercups, which in that season were most prolific!

The evenings at the Medico-Botanical were,

however, pleasant in many respects. Humphrey Gibbs, the florist, was a Fellow of the Society, and sent at every meeting a superb collection of flowers in season. The tables and mantelpiece were tastefully decorated with these, and each Fellow or visitor could select a bunch and take it home with him. The Society also prided itself on its tea and coffee, which were certainly excellent. The history of the Society is curious; it was founded by John Frost, a kind of amateur botanist, who had invincible perseverance and indomitable courage. He succeeded in getting all the members of the Royal Family of England to become honorary Fellows of it, as he did also many of the crowned heads of Europe, great statesmen, poets, warriors, and philosophers. The book which contained the names of the honorary and other Fellows was a curiosity. A page was devoted to the signature of each of the Royal and distinguished Fellows. The signature was encircled by a wreath of flowers, painted in the first style, and, as a picture, intrinsically of great value. The book disappeared at the time of the collapse of the Society, which did not long survive its president, Earl Stanhope.

In a future chapter I shall give fuller particulars of this really remarkable Society.

MEMORANDUM.

Apropos of my description of Medley's celebrated picture in the Medical Society of London, Sir Henry Thompson, then in the Highlands of Scotland, writes me as follows :—

"I am quite struck with the accuracy of the details you give of my grandfather and the picture. Let me add an interesting fact or two. Touching the grouping, it had to be altered to meet the tastes and the sense of proprieties, &c., of the members, and is not altogether what the artist wished. But more remarkable is the fact that Jenner came into great notice during the painting, or rather after the picture had been completed; so that he was a subsequent addition. The plate was partly engraved before the decision to put him in was arrived at, and a piece of copper had to be let in, as the background details had been worked at the spot at which his head and shoulders were subsequently placed. I have seen the plate, and observed this fact, of which I had been informed by my grandfather.

"One word let me add about the painter. He continued his profession a few years after this, exhibiting pictures every year at Somerset House, the locality of the Royal Academy annual displays at that time. He attained much greater power with the brush, as several of his pictures now in my possession testify; but the confinement to a

studio in London air—it was in Threadneedle Street (I just remember its existence in the year 1827, although it had long been disused)—injured his health so severely that his medical friends advised him to relinquish art as a profession, and he did so. He then went on the Stock Exchange, made a comfortable competency, and retired to an active social and literary life for the last twenty years. But here comes the fact to which I wish to draw your attention. Always excessively energetic in body and mind, he was a foremost man in the early part of the century in agitating for a free education for all, without reference to sectarian influence, and he played a very prominent part in the foundation of the 'University of London,' as it was then called (what is now University College); and I have a large number of documents relating to its early history in my possession—among others, a letter from Lord Brougham to him, inviting him to come and spend the evening, and talk over a scheme for a London University, and to see whether it was possible to 'set matters a-going.' Mr. Medley lived to see the institution flourish—a matter of the greatest interest to him; and he, as proprietor, nominated myself as a student there. This double relationship of the painter with our profession might, I thought, be interesting to you; and if anything here stated is of any use, it is at your service. I don't know, however, that it can be so; only I

was a little anxious to explain why he discontinued his profession, as there can be no doubt, had he been able to devote his active and enthusiastic intelligence to art during the middle portion of his life, instead of ceasing when young, he would have become a great painter."

CHAPTER XX.

THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL THIRTY YEARS AGO.

SCENES IN THE BOARD-ROOM—QUARRELS, LAY AND CLERICAL—MR. HALE THOMSON ON HIS TRIAL FOR "IGNORANCE AND INCOMPETENCY"—STRANGE EVIDENCE—SKETCH OF MR. HALE THOMSON.

SOME twenty-five or thirty years since the board-room of the Westminster Hospital was the arena of frequent contentions, which were usually carried on with great bitterness and acrimony. The medical staff consisted of two antagonistic parties, each party having its clerical and lay adherents amongst the governors of the Hospital. Mr. Hale Thomson was the moving spirit of one medical clique; the other was headed by Mr. Guthrie. The clerical disputants were officered by one of the Canons of Westminster and a neighbouring incumbent. The opposing clerical party were headed by two popular Nonconformist preachers. The laity was divided in a similar manner. Thomson, through family influence, had the control of what was called "the old Westminster party." This party was numerically the larger,

and on all questions was usually in the majority. Nothing could be more remarkable than the composition of these two parties. Stripped of all extraneous matter, the real question at stake in most instances was the election or non-election of certain gentlemen to the medical offices in the institution. Mr. Hale Thomson had succeeded by the aid of his party in obtaining the office of Surgeon, much to the annoyance of some of his colleagues, inasmuch as the late retirement of Sir Anthony Carlisle was thought to have been brought about by certain intrigues of that gentleman. However this may be, Mr. Hale Thomson* was

* Thomson was, in some respects, a remarkable man. He had come into a fortune somewhat early in life, had married the daughter of the Treasurer of the Westminster Hospital, and through his influence had obtained the post of Assistant-Surgeon, and afterwards of Surgeon, to the institution. He had good natural abilities, unflinching courage, a striking face, and a manly bearing. He was generous, impetuous, rash, and imperious; a staunch friend, but a bitter enemy. He was what Johnson called "a good hater." But though not what is strictly called "a man of pleasure," he was anything but a man of business. He had never worked either as a student or as a practitioner, and consequently was anything but a well-informed surgeon, and certainly not equal to the position he held as Surgeon to the Westminster Hospital; but he retained his position by the mere force of his self-esteem and indomitable pluck. I have spoken before of his courage, and it may not be out of place here to relate an anecdote in illustration of this fact. Guthrie, to whom Thomson in early life was very much attached, had a serious quarrel with Sir Charles Forbes, who, like Guthrie, was a retired military surgeon. Forbes challenged Guthrie, but he

decidedly unpopular with his medical brethren and the students, and he had made himself personally disagreeable to the chairman of the committee and to other influential persons.

For a long time there had been brooding a spirit of chronic discontent, and it required no great powers of observation to foresee that a crisis was at hand, and that some effort would be made to injure or even depose Mr. Thomson. I had been, at the time of the occurrence which is about to be described, a governor of the hospital

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declined the challenge. Thomson, however, offered to "go out" as his proxy, and actually did so. Shots were exchanged, but no harm was done, and Sir Charles declared that his "honour had been satisfied." For many years Thomson was facetiously called "bullet-proof Thomson." He maintained the same chivalrous bearing to the end, and was never long "cowed" by any troubles or dangers. He unfortunately became mixed up with a speculation which consisted of working an invention for silvering glass. He went into the business with his usual ardour and spirit, but it proved a failure, and it is supposed he sank nearly 60,000*l.* in the venture. At all events, afterwards he was a broken man, so far as "circumstances" were concerned; but he retained his good spirits, his cheerful countenance, and his erect and manly bearing. He was found dead in his bed in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, having taken, apparently, an overdose of chlorodyne, which he was in the habit of taking to relieve pain. I knew him well and intimately for many years, and, though quite cognisant of his faults, I was also familiar with his better qualities. He was sadly out of place in our profession, for which he had no single qualification, except what Sir Astley Cooper says should be one—"a lion's heart." He would have made a first-class cavalry officer, and if he had had to fight, not a braver man would have been found.

for some years, and had served one year on the House Committee. I made myself a governor in consequence of some circumstances which took place in reference to the retirement of Sir Anthony Carlisle, which will form a separate chapter in these "Recollections." I was long enough in office to see that intrigue was the order of the day on all occasions, and that everything was regarded as fair in a "war" which had for its object the injury of the foe and the exaltation of self. The scenes which constantly took place at the weekly board were often of a character to surprise and annoy me, particularly as some of the fiercest combatants were clergymen either of the Church or of Dissent. I recollect on one occasion giving mortal offence to some of the gentlemen of the Abbey, by venturing an opinion that the Hospital must have been built immediately over the old Westminster cock-pit, as I could not understand the pugnacity and fighting proclivities of my fellow committeemen on any other ground. As I have said, Mr. Thomson had become remarkably unpopular both with the students and his colleagues, with perhaps a single exception, and he seemed to hurl defiance against them on all occasions. So isolated was he that I recollect on one occasion he proposed to perform lithotomy on a man who had a stone or some foreign body in his bladder, and whether his colleagues declined to assist him in his diagnosis, or whether he would not ask them

to do so, he called in Mr. Liston to sanction the operative procedure. I rode down with Mr. Liston on this occasion, and it was decided that some foreign body was in the bladder. Mr. Thomson operated, certainly with considerable skill, and, if I remember rightly, with success.

One afternoon, just upon thirty years since, Mr. Hale Thomson called at my house and said that he required my assistance in a matter of vital importance to himself. I soon ascertained that the cloud had burst, and that he was about to become the object of an inquiry as to his competency as Surgeon to the Hospital. A charge had been laid before the House Committee against him in general terms, but sufficient to make it necessary for him to defend himself or resign his post. The charges were brought against him by most of his colleagues and one or more surgeons connected indirectly with the Hospital, and in so many words accused him of "ignorance and incompetency." The charges, I said, were vague; or, rather, no *distinct* charges were made. When he told me all this, and asked me to act as his assessor, in conjunction with Mr. D. O. Edwards, who had been formerly, for many years, Resident Surgeon of the Hospital, I excused myself on the score of my youth and inexperience in matters of the kind. However, on a subsequent visit which he made me with Mr. Edwards, I accepted the post, on condition that Edwards did the heavy

part, and was at my side to assist me with his vast knowledge and his ready suggestions. Of course, I concluded, when I agreed to act, that the bill of indictment would be furnished to us; but in vain we applied for it, and we entered the board-room in perfect ignorance of the charges we were called upon to answer! Anything more injurious or unjustifiable it is impossible to conceive—not even the issuing of "general warrants" by a tyrannical Government, which proceeding was so successfully denounced by John Wilkes in the last century. Had the prosecution shown more knowledge of human nature, and the tribunal more knowledge of the laws of evidence, the "trial" might have had a very different result, and have ended in a triumph instead of a defeat of Thomson's enemies.

The "court" consisted of the then Treasurer of the Hospital, the Hon. Pleydell Bouverie, one or two lawyers, and seven or eight laymen. We were unfortunate in our chairman, for, though a man of the highest honour and integrity, and a strict disciplinarian, he was self-willed, obstinate, and somewhat narrow-minded. With the utmost desire to conduct the proceedings justly, he so far strained the point as might have inflicted a grievous injustice and a permanent injury on the defendant. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Pennell and by another surgeon; the defence by Mr. Edwards and myself. As soon as the court was opened, I rose to demand, on the part of the

defendant, to be made acquainted with the particular charges against him. I was informed that I could not have them; that, as then understood, the prosecutors had not even given them to the judges! I protested against the withholding of the information I required, and only consented to proceed in the matter under that protest. I moreover insisted that the strictest "rules of evidence" should be observed on the trial. As we should probably have to rely mainly on our cross-examinations to elicit the truth, I requested that no new matter should be introduced in the re-examinations, and if there was, that I might have the right of a second cross-examination on the said new matter. This was promised us, but, unfortunately, was not carried out.

We were completely taken by surprise when the first witness was called to prove mistakes which Mr. Thomson had made many years before, when he lectured on anatomy. Many instances were adduced in point; it is only necessary to allude to two of them—one somewhat ludicrous: his mistaking the last division of the os coccygis for the distal phalanx of the thumb; the other of a graver nature: his demonstration of one of the principal veins for an artery. The cross-examination of the witnesses to these and similar statements, which we were not in a position to contradict, was not, however, without its results. I elicited from the witnesses that the greatest industry had

been exerted by the prosecutors to obtain evidence against the defendant for a long period before the inquiry had commenced. I complained of the hardship to Mr. Thomson of raking up such a kind of evidence at so long a period after the alleged mistakes had been made. This hardship was felt still more strongly, inasmuch as the judgment and knowledge of junior students were placed in antagonism to those of a teacher who, whatever his shortcomings, could scarcely be supposed to be so entirely ignorant of anatomy as they wished to make out. The effect, however, of these statements in question upon the Committee were evidently adverse to Mr. Thomson. Unfortunately, we could not call upon him to contradict the statements which had been made against him. He declared to myself and my colleague, Mr. Edwards, that the mistakes were not his, but those of the witnesses. Of course we could not bring in this contradiction as evidence, and I confess that the first three days' proceedings impressed me with the conviction that we were conducting a hopeless cause. After each day's proceedings, Thomson, Edwards, and myself held a council of war. Thomson was still undaunted and confident of his acquittal, and relied upon the cross-examination of any subsequent witnesses that might be brought up against him for incompetence during the period that he was Assistant-Surgeon and Surgeon to the Hospital.

CHAPTER XXI.

CASES OF ALLEGED INCOMPETENCY AGAINST MR. THOMSON BROKEN DOWN IN CROSS-EXAMINATION—SKETCHES OF MR. ANTHONY WHITE, MR. BENJAMIN PHILLIPS, MR. GUTHRIE AND HIS SON CHARLES—SUMMING-UP FOR THE DEFENDANT—VERDICT IN FAVOUR OF MR. THOMSON—EFFECTS OF THE "TRIAL"—MEDICAL QUARRELS SHOULD BE KEPT TO OURSELVES—OBJECT OF THE PUBLICATION OF THESE "RECOLLECTIONS."

THE tide, which had been against us for three long days, had reached its height and was about to ebb. One of Thomson's surgical colleagues presented himself to give evidence. I suppress his name, because it would not tend to add force to the moral of the tale which I am about to tell. It is sufficient that he was a man of ability and of considerable reputation. When he presented himself for examination I felt certain misgivings that our case was nearly hopeless. He was called to prove that Mr. Thomson had performed the operation of amputation of the thigh, and by his negligence had all but lost his patient from avoidable hæmorrhage. At the time of this operation, Thomson, who was a great admirer of Liston, had adopted, at the recommendation of that great

surgeon, his plan of arresting hæmorrhage in amputation of the thigh by pressure of the thumbs of an assistant on the femoral artery. I recollect no case in which this was not successful in the many operations by Mr. Liston which I witnessed in the theatre of the (then called) "North London Hospital." After the witness had given an account of the operation and the considerable quantity of blood that was lost, I saw of course, at once, that if blame was due to any one, it was to the assistant. I asked the witness who was appointed to control the hæmorrhage, and, after some fencing with my question, he was obliged to admit that he himself was the assistant! The effect of this cross-examination was very favourable to us. I did not find it necessary to ask another question. Another witness broke down on cross-examination; this was Mr. Anthony White, the Senior Surgeon of the Hospital. His evidence was to the effect that he had been present at an operation for lithotomy on a child, and that Mr. Thomson had wounded the rectum to a serious extent, and that the consequences were fatal. The parts had been preserved by Dr. Todd, who at the time of the occurrence was the lecturer on anatomy at the school connected with the Hospital.

The preparation was produced, and handed to the chairman and his colleagues, to whom, of course, it was a mere puzzle. There, however, was the fatal incision, and it was certainly of a

formidable extent. Mr. White considered that a surgeon who could commit so grave an error was ignorant and incompetent. I asked him if he founded his opinion of Mr. Thomson's skill as a surgeon on this case alone. His reply was—"No; but on many others." I said—"If you please, we will confine ourselves now to this case;" which was the only one before us in evidence. After apologizing to him for presuming to cross-examine so eminent a surgeon, I said—"Might not this accident occur to surgeons of great eminence and acknowledged ability?" He thought not. I asked him if no case had come to his knowledge in which a Hospital Surgeon had made such a mistake. He knew of no such case. I certainly was astonished at his answer. The time for adjournment had now arrived, and I asked permission to continue my cross-examination on the following morning. This was granted, and the meeting broke up. In walking home with Thomson and Edwards that evening, the former for the first time exhibited anxiety as to the result of the day's proceedings. He inquired of me whether I could on the following morning produce any cases in which a surgeon had wounded the rectum in lithotomy on a child. I said I thought I could, but I was not quite certain. It is a somewhat singular circumstance that a short time before I had to review the Jacksonian Prize Essay of Crosse on "Lithotomy." I had a vague and indistinct recollection of some

cases in point in that essay. I had a copy of it in my possession, and after seeing Thomson home to his house in Berners Street, Edwards and myself examined Crosse's book.

We found in the appendix three cases in which the rectum had been wounded in lithotomy in children in Norwich Hospital. Fortified by these facts, I took my place on the following morning before the Board, under the conviction that I would damage if not destroy the serious adverse evidence of Mr. White. I took Crosse's essay with me, and the cross-examination was to the following effect:—"Mr. White, you are well acquainted with the Jacksonian Prize Essay by Mr. Crosse?" He acknowledged that he was; that he recollected the year Mr. Crosse had obtained it; that the subject was lithotomy; that that year, if not on the Jacksonian Committee, he was President, and in virtue of his office was on the Committee for examining the essays sent in by the various candidates. If he had not examined Mr. Crosse's essay he was supposed to have been so; at all events, he agreed with the award that was made in his favour. I now handed him Crosse's book, and begged that he would be good enough to refer to some cases in the appendix (mentioning their numbers). This he did, and confessed that he had not read them before.* This told wonderfully in our favour, and

* It is remarkable that Mr. White should have been un-

I felt pretty certain that we should get a verdict. The prosecution seemed to have lost heart, and no serious case was afterwards presented. The "trial," which had been going on for several days, now had attracted great interest, and the large board-room was usually well filled by Governors of the Hospital.

After the evidence of Mr. White, the Committee, who had sat with great regularity for six hours a day, gave signs of having had "enough of it," and hinted as much to the prosecution. Amongst the witnesses was Mr. Benjamin Phillips, the Assistant-Surgeon to the Hospital; but his evidence, though intended to be adverse, rather told in our favour.* Mr. Guthrie and his son Charles took no active part in the proceedings

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acquainted with these cases; but I am quite certain he answered my questions with perfect candour, and without the slightest mental reservation.

* Mr. Phillips was somewhat advanced in life when he was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to the Westminster Hospital. To some extent he might be regarded as a disappointed man, and he never obtained a high reputation outside of the Profession. He was more of a philosophical than a practical surgeon, with retiring manners, a melancholy expression of countenance, and a morbid sensitiveness, which did not tend to augment his popularity. But his work on "Scrofula" is a proof that he was a man of great learning and sagacity. I once unwittingly offended him by calling him in the *Lancet* a "literary surgeon." He came up to me at one of the meetings of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and said, in tones of serious complaint, "You have behaved un-

before the Committee, but it was well known that they had been opposed in secret to Thomson. In fact, Thomson had been instrumental in keeping young Guthrie out of the post of Assistant-Surgeon, and was now on very bad terms with both father and son, and a desperate effort was made by them to oust Thomson, as his retirement would cause a vacancy, which it was intended Charles should fill —that is, Phillips would be elected Surgeon, and Charles Guthrie, Assistant-Surgeon.*

At length the trial came to a close so far as

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civilly to me." "Why, surely," I replied, "you would not have thought me civil if I had called you an illiterate surgeon!" He retired from the Profession before the usual time, took a house at Hendon, and died after a prolonged and painful illness.

* Guthrie, who closed his career as a military surgeon at Waterloo, very early attained to a great reputation, and started in practice in London under the most favourable circumstances. He was the very antithesis of his colleague White. Shrewd, quick, active, and robust, he was always in good spirits, and most punctual in all his appointments. He retained his vivacity to the last, and might be said to have died in harness, keeping his reputation and strength to the end. Phrenologically the two men were striking contrasts. White had a large head, a somewhat heavy, overhanging brow, clear, sagacious eyes, but denoting his indolent proclivities. Guthrie's head was rather small, but indicative of energy and self-possession. His black, piercing eyes were really remarkable; I do not recollect any member of our profession in whom these organs were finer or more characteristic. Unlike White, he was voluble to a fault. He talked as easily as Gratiano, but not an "infinite deal of nothing." Everything that Guthrie said was to the point

the evidence was concerned. The prosecution were called upon to sum up, but this they declined to do. We were asked if we had any witnesses to call. I immediately rose. The room was crowded, excitement was at its height, and very many who were present had evidently no knowledge of the position in which we had been placed. I commenced my speech by saying that we did not intend to call witnesses—indeed, the question was almost a mockery, so far as much of the evidence was concerned. How were we to call witnesses

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and practical, but his fluency tempted him occasionally to say unwise things, and frequently gave evidence of his deficiency of early training. I recollect many instances of this, but it is not necessary to recall them here. I may, however, refer to one of his remarks, because at the time it subjected him to much ridicule and annoyance. He had, chiefly from his early connexion with military men, founded the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. This institution for many years was sustained and supported mainly by Guthrie's early friends in the Peninsular War. Guthrie was of course the chief surgeon, and he prided himself much on his skill in performing the operation for cataract. In one of his clinical lectures on this subject, he foolishly said that before a man could operate successfully for cataract, he must have "put out a hatful of eyes." This foolish remark was taken advantage of by the *Lancet*, and the new hospital was called the "blind manufactory." There is no doubt that the constant repetition of this phrase, and abuse of him generally, annoyed Guthrie very much. At all events, he brought an action against the *Lancet* for libel, but it never came to trial, Guthrie at the last moment withdrawing the record, and of course paying all the expenses. It is difficult to understand his conduct in this matter, for Guthrie would assuredly have

to events, some of which had occurred many years before, particularly as we had had no notice whatever of the charges we had to meet? I complained bitterly of this, as also of the manner in which the chairman had allowed new evidence to be adduced after my cross-examination, and yet refused me leave to cross-examine on the new matter. I thanked one of her Majesty's counsel, who was on the Committee, for occasionally re-

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obtained damages. But Guthrie's valour in a good cause, or rather in a cause in which he was not personally interested, was much more striking than when he had a personal object to serve. Then he became really pusillanimous. I never recollect him being present for any length of time during our quarrels at the Westminster Hospital, in all of which he or his son were interested; but in questions of *public* importance, as for instance those affecting the College of Surgeons, he was the "bravest of the brave." I have spoken of his readiness and fluency of language: they were to a certain extent of great value to him, but, as I have said, led him occasionally into mistakes. They served him, however, on one remarkable occasion, to good purpose. I allude to his delivery of the "Hunterian Oration." Nothing could have been more striking than his remarkable delivery of this annual performance. He gave it from beginning to end without a single halt or mistake, and without notes of any kind; indeed it was a most marvellous effort—I shall not easily forget it. He started off, *in medias res*, "Gentlemen, we have assembled on this occasion to celebrate the birthday of the great John Hunter," and to the end of the Oration, which lasted an hour, no one could fairly find fault with a phrase, or the mode of delivery. The *Lancet* was annoyed at his undoubted success, and attempted to sneer at him as "Orator Guthrie;" but he was *the* "orator," and the sneer fell powerless. I have heard many Hunterian Orations, but I remember none more worthy of the name and more to the purpose

marking on the injustice to which we had been exposed in this particular, and regretted that our chairman seemed so completely ignorant of the rules of evidence. I characterized the inquiry as a persecution and a conspiracy—odious for its personal bias, and unprecedented in the manner in which it was conducted. I knew of no such "trial," except that of Warren Hastings; in which the evidence extended over half a lifetime—was

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than that of "Orator" Guthrie. My first acquaintance with Guthrie commenced in the latter part of 1833, when I was a pupil of Dermott, at the Gerrard Street School of Medicine. Guthrie gave a course of lectures on Surgery every session at the Little Windmill Street (or Tuson's) School. He derived no emolument from them, and students of all the neighbouring schools were free to them. I with others attended, and was charmed with the clearness of his delivery and the sound common sense of his teaching. He invariably put on before lecturing a large check apron covering him entirely, and armlets of the same material—indeed, he was always scrupulously neat in all he did and in his dress. Years after I became acquainted with him personally in connexion with the Westminster Hospital, first for some time as his antagonist, but afterwards as his supporter. The more I saw of Guthrie the more was I impressed with the excellence of his heart, and his real, good, honest nature. I was on terms of intimacy with him during the last few years of his life, and had many opportunities of testing him. He was somewhat "off-hand"—brusque, it may be said—some went so far as to think him offensive. But whatever the *manner*, the *material* was of the true metal—the "gold was the gold for all that." Charles Guthrie was a good surgeon, and as an operator would, if "the fates had not been against him," have taken a high place. He died in the very prime of life.

"begun in one generation and finished in another." But Warren Hastings was made acquainted with the charges he had to answer, had time to collect evidence for his defence, and had for his counsel the most experienced and ablest advocates of the day. But we had no chance of controverting evidence of events said to have occurred many years before. We had to rely, as it were, on what might turn up in cross-examination. Besides, Mr. Thomson had the disadvantage of being represented mainly by an inexperienced and youthful advocate. I nevertheless looked confidently to the result. I could not see how the verdict could be against us after the cross-examination of the last two witnesses. I denounced the disingenuousness of the former of these two, and declared that he should have been put upon his trial in that case, and not Mr. Thomson, for it was his negligence that imperilled the patient's life. I spoke with great respect of Mr. White and his evidence, but commented strongly on the position in which we should have been placed if we had not, as it were by accident, been able to demolish his evidence on cross-examination. I ventured to remind the Committee that their task was one of unusual delicacy and difficulty; that they would no doubt do justice to the best of their ability; much of the evidence they had heard would be to them difficult to understand and unravel—and concluded with a quotation from the justly styled "Prince of

English Surgeons" (Sir Astley Cooper), that "the merest blockhead might find fault, but it required a man of intelligence to appreciate the true character and abilities of a surgeon." I sat down after speaking for half an hour, amidst a scene of excitement such as I have rarely witnessed. The room was crowded to excess, the audience were anxious for a "division," and many calls were heard of "Divide, divide."

The chairman did not venture to sum up the evidence; but, naturally assuming that all must or ought to have heard it in its completeness, with good sense and with the highest principles of honour left the issue with the governors. A division took place, and the charges against Mr. Thomson were negatived by a considerable majority, amidst loud and prolonged cheering. I have spoken of Mr. Thomson's rashness and want of self-control. During the trial, at which he was constantly present, he more than once embarrassed his "assessors" by his interference with the proceedings. On one occasion he rose during the examination of a witness against him, and denounced his evidence in unmeasured terms, defied the tribunal, and cared not "a fig at what decision the governors might arrive." A gentleman personally offensive to him, and who, I think, in giving evidence against him had outstepped the bounds of modesty and discretion, was denounced by Thomson in language anything but parliamentary.

On going to Thomson's house in Berners Street the same evening with my colleague, Edwards, we found him in a state of great excitement, and with a new horsewhip in his hand. He informed us that he had made up his mind to inflict corporal chastisement upon the offender. We of course made an indignant protest against such a mad proceeding. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that we repudiated Thomson's most injudicious interference with the proceedings in the board-room, and we kept him quiet under the threat that Edwards and I would "throw up our briefs" if he interfered again. This had the desired effect.

This "trial" had a very decided influence upon me as to the advisability of bringing our wrongs and grievances before the public. I believe that there is nothing more calculated to bring the Profession into contempt, and consequently to injure it, than "ventilating" our professional grievances or shortcomings. The public really care little or nothing for us, and, regarding us as always differing, may be amused at the doctors' quarrels, but take not the slightest interest in them. "Breaches of professional etiquette," as they are called, are common enough, but to rush into print to expose or attack our neighbours is often unjust and always unwise, for it never does good to either of the parties concerned. From a very long and extensive experience of these cases, I have come

to the conclusion that both parties are usually to blame, and in the vast majority of instances the patient, ignorant, and careless about "etiquette," is the prime mover in the quarrel. If we have to discuss important questions relating to the ethics of our profession, they should be discussed before an influential and impartial "Court Medical." It would be well for us on all occasions to "wash our dirty linen at home." Another result of this trial was not without benefit. It broke up to a certain extent the system of intrigue and the personal quarrels which had prevailed for many years in the Westminster Hospital. It no doubt ruined Thomson, but he stuck to his post, and died Consulting Surgeon to the Hospital.

The object I have had in view in the publication of these "Recollections" is not to give a history of the Profession, nor even a minute or "pre-Raphaelite picture" of the occurrences and the men I have attempted to describe. I have rather wished to give some gossiping accounts of them, faithful and impartial I hope and believe, as far as they go, but open, no doubt, to the objection that they are somewhat unconnected and diffuse. But I write entirely from memory and *currente calamo* at times that I can snatch from more important work. These sketches may serve to amuse, and yet render a greater service, as they rescue from oblivion many things and the characteristics of many men which would other-

wise be lost to the world of Medicine. If I speak too much of myself, this is inevitable from the subjects of the narrative, for the truth of which I hold myself responsible, having been myself concerned with everything or person I write about.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ROYAL MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

SKETCHES OF JOHN FROST, LORD STANHOPE, DR. SIGMOND, JOHN FOOTE, DR. ADDISON, AND DR. RYAN—THE "LONDON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL."

WHEN I wrote my last chapter on the "Medical Societies" I was not aware that Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby's Legends," had written about the Royal Medico-Botanical Society in one of his letters, published in his most interesting "Life and Letters," edited by his son. In this letter some account is given of John Frost, the founder and "director" of the Society.* The letter of Barham gives such a graphic and interesting account of Frost, that I am tempted to reproduce it in these pages. It is difficult at this time of day to estimate the importance and interest which Frost's proceedings with respect to the Society excited in the public mind.

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* It is curious that Barham always called it the "Medico-Botanico" Society.

"All the papers of this date (January, 1830) were full of the quarrel between the Medico-Botanico Society and its director (as he was called) and founder, Mr. John Frost, a gentleman remarkable equally for his modest assurance and the high estimate he had formed of his own pretensions, on what many persons thought singularly insufficient grounds. The Royal Society, as a body, were unquestionably of this opinon, as, on his name being submitted to the ballot, he was unanimously blackballed. His perseverance, however, in beating up for recruits for his favourite Society was unparalleled. It was his custom to run about with a highly ornamented album to every distinguishd person, British or foreign, to whom he could by any possibility introduce himself, inform them that they were elected Honorary Members of the Medico-Botanico Society, and give a flourishing account of its merits; and as one of the rules required that a member should write his own name in this book, Mr. F. procured by these means a valuable collection of autographs.

"The best of the joke was, that have written to several foreign princes through the medium of their ambassadors, and under Lord Aberdeen's Government franks—procured through the interest of Lord Stanhope, the President and head of the Society (for the high-sounding office of 'Director'

was, in fact, that of Secretary),*—he contrived to get no less than a dozen potentates of various grades to consent to their enrolment, and to acknowledge the compliment. Two, indeed, of them—the Emperor of the Brazils was one—went so far as to enclose the insignia of one of their minor orders, addressed to 'the Director,' as they had never heard of any higher officer; and these 'Jacky Frost,' as he was commonly called, lost no time in mounting upon his coat, much to the annoyance of Lord Stanhope and the rest of the body.

"It was determined, in consequence, to get rid of Mr. Frost, by doing away with the office of 'Director' altogether; the orders, however, and the album, he could not be induced to part with. His honours, after all, were dearly purchased, as the Royal Humane Society, thinking, perhaps, that it was sadly *infra dig.* for a Chevalier with two crosses on his breast to be holding the bellows to the nose of every chimney-sweeper picked out of the Serpentine, dismissed him from the employment held under them, whereby he lost 200*l.* a year and a good house in Bridge Street.

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* This is a mistake: Frost was never "Secretary" to the Society. He would not have condescended to fill such a post. On the contrary, he was "Director" of the President, the Secretaries, the Fellows, and even the proceedings of the Society.

"Among the cool stratagems which he occasionally made use of to procure signatures to his book, was one which he played off on the Duke of Wellington, which, had it not been vouched for by Mr. Wood, F.R.S., I should hardly have credited. Having failed in repeated attempts to get with his quarto into Apsley House, he heard by good luck that his Grace, then Commander-in-Chief, was about to hold a *levée* of general officers. Away posted Jacky to a masquerade warehouse, and hired a lieutenant-general's uniform, under cover of which he succeeded in establishing himself fairly in the Duke's ante-room among thirteen or fourteen first-rate directors of strategetics.

"Everybody stared at a general whom nobody knew, and at length an aide-de-camp, addressing him, politely requested to know his name.

"'What general shall I have the honour of announcing to his Grace?'

"'My name is Frost, sir.'

"'Frost! General Frost! I beg your pardon, but I really do not recollect to have heard that name before!——'

"'O, sir, I am no general; I have merely put on this costume as I understood I could not obtain access to his Grace without it. I am the Director of the Medico-Botanico Society, and have come to inform his Grace that he has been elected a member, and to get his signature.'

"'Then, sir, I must tell you that you have

taken a most improper method and opportunity of so doing, and I insist upon your withdrawing immediately.'

"Jacky, however, was too good a general to capitulate on the first summons, and he stoutly kept his ground, notwithstanding a council of war at once began to deliberate on the comparative eligibility of kicking him into the street, or giving him in charge to a constable. Luckily for him, the aide-de-camp thought his Grace had a right to a voice in the matter, as the offence was committed in his own house. On the business, however, being mentioned to him, the Hero of Waterloo, not choosing perhaps to risk the laurels he had won from Napoleon in a domestic encounter with so redoubtable a champion, said—'Let the fellow in,' cut short Jacky's oration by writing his name hastily in the book, and gave the sign to 'show him out again.' It is doubtful, however, whether any other sanctuary than the house he was in would have sheltered him from the indignation of the militaires in waiting, at the sight of what they considered a degradation of the national uniform.

"Quite as amusing was this gentleman's interview with the Duke of St. Albans. The 'Director' easily got his Grace's consent to be elected a member, and the book was produced for his signature. The latter took up a pen and commenced 'Du—,' when he was interrupted by his visitor.

"'No; I beg pardon, it is your Grace's title we require, written by your own hand.'

"'Well, my title is Duke of St. Albans, is it not?'

"'Yes, your Grace, undoubtedly; but your signature merely—the way in which your Grace usually signs.'

"Then the Duchess interfered, and 'St. Albans' was soon written in a large German-text, school-boy hand, the 'Du—' having been previously expunged by a side wipe of his Grace's forefinger. Mr. Frost bowed, pocketed the subscription, pronounced all to be *en règle*, congratulated his noble friend on having become a brother Medico-Botanico, and quitted Stratton Street in high glee.

"Not long afterwards it was his good fortune again to encounter his Grace on some public occasion. Of course he paid his respects, and equally of course the Duke inquired of 'Mr. Thingamee,' as he called him, how that 'medical thing' that he belonged to went on.

"'Exceedingly prosperous indeed, my Lord Duke,' was the answer; 'we are increasing both in numbers and respectability every day. I have got twelve sovereigns down since the commencement of the present year.'

"'Oh, if you have only got twelve sovereigns in all that time, I don't think you are getting on so very fast; you know that I gave you *five guineas* of them myself.'

"This anecdote may easily be believed of a Duke who soon after his wedding wrote to the Editor of 'Debrett's Peerage,' then Mr. Townshend (Rouge Dragon), saying—'Sir,—I have to inform you that I am married to Mrs. Coutts, and Mrs. Coutts desires you will put it into your next edition.' This Townshend told me himself."

I mentioned in a previous chapter that the book of autographs which Frost had succeeded in forming was in existence long after he had been expelled the Society. It is to be regretted that this remarkable volume is now not to be found. It should have had a public *habitat*, so that it might be referred to and seen by the present generation as certainly one of the most remarkable and interesting volumes of the age. Frost, with all his faults, was a man of mark, and succeeded not only in obtaining the autographs of "twelve sovereigns" as honorary Fellows of the Society, but of persuading most of the celebrities of the day, on one or more occasions, to visit the meetings of the Society, then held in Sackville Street, Piccadilly. He was in the habit of attending these meetings regularly in full dress, with his medals on his waistcoat, and ushering in the "distinguished visitors" with as much pomp and ceremony as if they were courtiers at a royal *levée*. After Frost had disappeared from the scene the Society still flourished for a time, but, like Vauxhall after the

retirement of poor Simpson, "The Bower," it had lost much of its dignity and importance.*

When I first attended its meetings in 1835, there was still some amount of ceremony observed in its proceedings. Lord Stanhope, its perennial President, still occupied his position, and he was ushered into the meeting-room with a certain "flourish of trumpets," which, if not imposing, was highly amusing. The two secretaries, Sigmond and Foote, headed the small procession from an adjoining room, the "treasurer" came next, and after him the "Earl," looking "every inch a king." The members and visitors rose on the entry of the august chairman, who, before seating himself, waved his hand graciously, and requested the audience to take their seats. As I have before stated, thanks to one of the members, Mr.

* Visitors at Vauxhall at the time referred to will recollect poor Simpson, the "master of the ceremonies," and who was christened "The Bower" from his constant habit of genuflexion, and his addressing visitors, "Welcome to the royal property!" I recollect Simpson well. He was the very essence of politeness, without the bumptiousness of Frost. I occasionally went to Vauxhall with the son of the then editor of the *Morning Herald*—John Wight, the author of "Mornings at Bow Street." My friend always wrote to Simpson for "orders." These were sent immediately—the letter accompanying them commencing, "Most highly esteemed and most eminent Sir." Poor Simpson was an amiable, soft creature; but the "royal property" soon after his disappearance from it ceased to be an aristocratic place of amusement.

Humphry Gibbs, head of the great firm of floriculturists, the meeting-room was decorated with all the choice plants and flowers of the season, tastefully arranged, and in the winter months giving to the room all the freshness and gaiety of spring. It is due to the memory of John Frost to state that he was the originator of this very delightful arrangement—an arrangement which prevailed even to the last hours of the Society. Gibbs sent a cartload of beautiful specimens every meeting-night, I believe from the first meeting to the last, and exemplified the words of the old song that he

"Scattered rosemary on its bier,"

as he had

"Flung roses on its cradle."

It is in the compass of this work that I should enlarge a little on my former remarks on the subject of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society. Frost retired somewhat in disgrace, but his self-possession and courage never forsook him. He felt, no doubt, that he was, like Curtius on retiring from office, making a sacrifice by "leaping into the gulf" to save "Rome;" but I believe that his vanity sufficed even to the last to cheer him and console him with the conviction that he would still be remembered with expressions of admiration and goodwill; that he would always be associated with the foundership and directorship of the "Royal

Medico-Botanical Society of London." Alas for the vanity of human wishes!—he is almost forgotten now, and the Society with which he was associated is but a "thing of the past." I shall not easily forget my first appearance at the Society; it is nearly forty years since, but the events of the evening are vivid to my memory as if it were but yesterday. My introduction to the President was formal but not constrained, and the fine old nobleman on introducing me did it with a significance and a grace which will never be obliterated from my memory.

Earl Stanhope was one of "nature's noblemen" —a fine presence, a physique of the old Norman style, a manner which no mere plebeian could assume, at once engaged your esteem and respect. The son of one of the most eminent scholars and philosophers of our time, and the father of that Lord Mahon who has greatly distinguished himself as an historian, the late Lord Stanhope had no claims to be associated with either his father or his son as a distinguished philosopher or scholar. He was not either a "lord amongst wits or a wit amongst lords;" but he was sincere in his convictions, and conscientious even to a fault. In his position as President of the "Royal Medico-Botanical Society" he acted as far as his lights permitted him for the benefit of science and in the cause of humanity. He had a strong conviction that vegetable medicines were the only ones

which should be used, and he encouraged any one who brought a new vegetable medicine before the Society. The consequence was that what might have been under proper restrictions a most useful and praiseworthy association, occasionally drifted into irregular and almost comic proceedings. He justified himself by saying that the Society was a vegetable medicine society, and he could place no limits to the doctrines or practices advocated by vegetable medicine practitioners.

Lord Stanhope was a firm believer in mesmerism, and was a frequent visitor to Dr. Elliotson's séances at the North London Hospital. The subject was introduced and discussed on more than one occasion at the Medico-Botanical Society. The proceedings of the evening were always interesting and frequently instructive. Anything at all relating to vegetable medicine was always welcome to the president and fellows, and there is no doubt that much good resulted from the papers and discussions. At the time when a fierce controversy had been carried on with reference to the cinchona bark, Dr. John Hancock, who had spent many years in the East, and who was a great botanist, read some papers on that subject. These attracted a large and influential audience, and the discourses seemed to have settled the question as to which was the red and which the yellow bark.

Nothing could be in greater contrast than the two secretaries, one of whom sat on each side of

the President. With the exception that they both wore spectacles they had nothing in common. Sigmond, a somewhat stout, full-faced man, was the very pink of neatness; his linen spotless, his cravat of the newest fashion, a finely-figured waistcoat, a bland and cheerful countenance, and a voice at once musical, clear, and sonorous, a delivery pleasant and winning. Added to these natural gifts, Sigmond was a man of great erudition, not only in medical literature, but in the classics and the English poets. It was often necessary to call on him, from the dearth of communications, and we were always interested and edified by the information he imparted and by the mode in which he did it. Sigmond at this time was a man of considerable wealth, and lived in one of the best houses in Dover Street—I think No. 24. He was a bachelor, and his house was furnished splendidly in every particular; but his library, of which he was justly proud, was one of the most elegant and valuable in London. Sigmond left London for Paris soon after one of the panics in the money market, by which he was a great loser. Before I left the *Lancet* he wrote to me, then in his 80th year, to know if he could act as our correspondent in Paris. This was the last I heard directly of this able and accomplished physician, but he died a few years ago, in Paris, in his 85th year.

John Foot, or, as he always signed himself, John Foote, F.R.C.S., was a man of a very different

type. He was slovenly to a degree, and careless as to cleanliness, whether of skin or dress. He was a short, thin man, with a somewhat melancholy expression of countenance; and was nearly bald. He had a weak, not unpleasant voice, but was not, like his colleague, a ready talker. His speeches were somewhat laboured and heavy, but he wrote well, and edited with ability for some time the *London Medical and Surgical Journal*, published by Renshaw, after Dr. Ryan had started a rival journal, to which was prefixed the word "original." This addition was made occasionally, in the pages of the *Lancet*, the subject on which to hang a sneer or a laugh. Thus, if the *Lancet* alluded to anything which appeared in Ryan's journal, the article would be headed "Thoughts of an 'Original'"—An 'original' mode of treating medical matters," &c. &c. In order that the journals might be distinguished from each other, the covers were different—Renshaw's was a bright yellow, Ryan's a light brown. If I were to institute a comparison between these rivals, I should say that their literary merits were unequal. Ryan's contained more solid and valuable lectures; Renshaw's was infinitely superior in its printing, paper, and general appearance. There was room enough for both these journals at the time, as each had merits of its own which fairly entitled it to a successful career.

In consequence however of the antagonism

between Renshaw and Ryan, both journals were carried on for some time at a loss to both proprietors, and then sank into oblivion. It was always a matter of regret to me that the quarrel in question ever took place. During the time that Ryan edited the original journal he conducted it in a manner which entitled him to the highest commendation. He was a well-informed man—indeed, a kind of medical dictionary—and he was withal a gentleman. At that time the *Lancet* was in bad odour with the "higher branches" of the profession; and the *Medical Gazette*, though containing many very valuable lectures and papers, was fighting a losing battle, and was tame and milk-and-waterish. The *Journal* exercised a good influence on the Profession, and its discontinuance was undoubtedly a loss to all of us.*

Foote was an inveterate smoker, and all but a

* During Ryan's editorship he quoted an article from the *Lancet* reflecting on the late Dr. Ramadge, who was then in full practice in Ely Place, and had become celebrated for a new treatment of consumption. For a time he was most successful in his practice—so far, at least, as fees were concerned. He gave offence, however, to many leading Fellows of the College by his mode of advertising, &c., and this called forth a stinging article in the *Lancet*, in which the College of Physicians was called upon to remove Ramadge from the Fellowship. Ramadge brought actions for libel against both the *Lancet* and the *Journal*. O! for the uncertainty of the law! In the case of the *Lancet* the jury gave a verdict for the defendant; whilst another jury awarded Ramadge 200*l.* damages against Ryan.

recluse. He would sit for days together in his little "surgery" behind his "shop" in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. I have visited him there on many occasions, and always found him with a short pipe in his mouth, a sheet of paper before him, and a pen in his hand. I have stated that he always signed himself "John Foote, F.R.C.S.," though at that time the Fellowship of the College had not been established. Foote at one time, in addition to his other labours, reported for the *Medical Times*, and I believe always acquitted himself ably and honourably. For some years he compiled a "Medical Pocket-book," which had a good sale, and he published a useful little book entitled "Memoranda on Eye Diseases." I never met Foote at any dinner party or other social gathering of the Profession but once, and this was at the house of Dr. Addison, in Spring Gardens. The year that this distinguished Physician was President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society he invited the reporters of the medical press to meet some of the *élite* of the Profession—one of his objects being to show that we were not the "ruffians" that some professed to think us. The evening was one of the most delightful I ever spent. Addison I had never met in private before; I had only known him as the great physician of Guy's Hospital, and the somewhat apparently haughty and pompous President of two Medical Societies—the Westminster and the Royal Medi-

cal and Chirurgical Society. I was astonished at his *bonhommie*, his hospitality, and his powers of conversation. All honour to his memory! say I, for this mark of his independence and liberality. It came, too, at an opportune time, and on one, at least, had a beneficial effect, as it determined me to go on with my work, beset as it was with difficulties and humiliations, involving immense bodily and mental exertions. Men in high position are too apt to forget what they have owed to the press, and to ignore the agents of that powerful estate in private, whilst they stoop even to meannesses to obtain a favourable notice in public.

The recollection of some of these double-faced proceedings, though at the time most painful and humiliating, now only raise my contempt and indignation. Why should the

"Reciprocity be all on one side?"

Foote at the dinner in question was taciturn. We walked home together, and he joined me in eulogizing Addison for inviting us at a period when the medical press was under a cloud.

I have thus in the preceding remarks "snatched from oblivion" a Society which in its time occupied a commanding position amongst us. It died with its first and only president. It "blazed the comet of a season"—it disappeared, like a comet, after a somewhat splendid but erratic career.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE—A CLINICAL LECTURE THIRTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE—AN ATTACK AND A DEFENCE—SIR ANTHONY CARLISLE—MR. LYNN—MR. GUTHRIE—MR. WHITE—A RUN FOR LIFE.

ON one occasion, and one occasion only, did I run any personal risk in the pursuit of my avocation. In this instance, however, I believe that if I had not escaped from my pursuers I should have been seriously maltreated, if not fatally injured. In October, 1838, the conduct of Sir Anthony Carlisle, the Senior Surgeon at the Westminster Hospital, had attracted the attention of the governors, and, indeed, of the public. Complaints were made as to his incompetency from age, and cases were brought against him in proof of neglect and incapacity. The most important of these was the case of a man named Thomas Holmes, who was admitted into the hospital with an injury to the wrist-joint. The man was a hard drinker, and symptoms of delirium tremens developed themselves soon after

his admission. Sir Anthony saw the case a few days after admission, and without asking any question, or taking any trouble in the matter, ordered that the man should *immediately* be removed from the Hospital. The House-Surgeon, Mr. Bury Dasent, however, feeling satisfied that the man was suffering simply from delirium, gave him forty minims of laudanum at night, and the man soon recovered from his delirium, and Sir Anthony expressed his gratification that his own order had been contravened.

At a special meeting of the House Committee to consider this case, a long and animated discussion took place, and eventually a motion was carried without dissent—"That the charges against Sir Anthony Carlisle are not proven, and that this Board adjourn *sine die*." This "Burking" of the question was anything but effectual; discontent soon again began to develop itself, and it became necessary to notice Sir Anthony again in the *Lancet*. An instance occurred in which Sir Anthony had ordered a man's leg to be strapped in spite of the remonstrance of the House-Surgeon that the strapping was irritating and injurious. Yet the farce of strapping had to be gone through to please Sir Anthony; but the strapping was removed immediately the worthy knight's back was turned. In another case, a man named James had disease of the bones of one of the fingers, and Sir Anthony, in attempting to remove

the finger, kept the patient in much pain for a considerable period, and had then to call upon the House-Surgeon to finish the operation.

One of the speakers at the meeting held on these cases was Mr. J. C. Wood, the eminent brewer, who died a short time since, at a very advanced age. Mr. Wood said—"If something were not shortly done by the Medical Committee to remove the present source of grievance, he should certainly feel it to be his duty, on an early occasion, to propose that Sir Anthony Carlisle be appointed Consulting Surgeon, a position in which the 'great qualities' of his head were not likely to be counteracted by the infirmities of his hands." The meeting in question, like the one previously alluded to, came to nothing. Complaints were constantly being received at the *Lancet* office of Sir Anthony's shortcomings and of his conduct in the wards, his clinical lectures being characterized as "frivolous, absurd, and indecent." Under these circumstances I was requested to pay a visit to the Westminster Hospital, and give an account of the manner in which Sir Anthony conducted himself, and a specimen of his clinical teaching. Accordingly, on October 6, 1839, I passed through the wards with Sir Anthony and the students, and the following is a truthful and accurate report of what I saw and heard :—

"The venerable knight passes by several beds, and looks at his patient or not, as it suits his

humour. If a bandage is about to be removed, to show any disease or injury, he exclaims, 'Tut man, I don't want to *see* it.' At length he comes to the bedside of a poor cadaverous-looking youth, who had been affected with syphilis, and some time since had taken mercury.

"'This patient,' said the dresser, 'is only weak now, sir.'

"'Then keep him in a week, and he will be stronger,' exclaimed the facetious Sir Tony. 'Let's look at your tongue.' The organ is protruded. 'Zounds, man, you've a red tongue.' Feeling his pulse. 'This is an irritable pulse. What's that from? Is it the mercury, think you?'

"'No, sir, he has left off the mercury a long time since.'

"'Then what is he taking?'

"'Sarsaparilla.'

"'And what other drug?'

"'Hydriodate of potash.'

"'Fiddlestick! that's the cause of the state of the pulse; let him take nothing.'

"And with these clinical remarks another bed is visited, at which Mr. Lynn exhibits a patient whom he has reason to suspect has stone in the bladder, but he would not consent to be sounded. Sir Anthony speaks—

"'Now, friend, you'd better let us try to find a stone; sounding's nothing, man, only like putting a feather up your nose, nothing worse. Besides,

it's a hard matter to cure a disease when we don't know what it is; it's hard enough when we do know, but harder when we don't.'

"One of the pupils here said that sounding was not worse than tickling the nose with a feather.

"'Oh! you've tried it, have you: that's a good plan the common people have of stopping hæmorrhage from the nose, by taking a little vinegar in the palm of the hand and snuffing it up the nostril; it's a sharp plan, though; it gives a smart twinge to the eyes, and so does the carbonic acid that rises after you've swallowed a bottle of soda water.'

"Turning to Mr. Lynn—

"'Have you given him any exciseable articles, for I know you're fond of them?'

"'He's been taking a little gin.'

"'Well, that's exciseable, ain't it? Would a little wine do him any good?'

"'Nothing will do him any good,' said the junior surgeon, 'he's going as fast as he can.'

"And with this consolatory valediction the senior and junior surgeons moved on. It was discovered, however, in a few minutes, that the man had been taking six ounces of wine daily.

"'That's a large quantity,' said Sir Anthony, as he stopped the students at the ward door to ask them if they had heard the 'epigram' of the man who was asked why his nose was red.

"'I drink so much red wine,' said the man. 'I

drink it red and p—— it white, and leave the red behind on my nose.' "

The appearance of these few lines in the *Lancet* naturally attracted the attention of Sir Anthony, and caused some slight commotion in the Hospital. On the following day Sir Anthony, on going round the wards, made an inflammatory address to the students in reference to the article in question. The accuracy of the report was not denied, but the Senior Surgeon declared that it was an insult both to himself and to the students that anything said by him in the wards of the Hospital should be published. He had heard that a gentleman had been seen taking notes of what he said,* and he (Sir Anthony) then publicly declared that the students had his full authority, should they observe a note-taker on any future occasion, to drive him from the Hospital with "large sticks." He requested, however, that they would not do the "delinquent" *much* bodily harm. The students smiled, and the Senior Surgeon proceeded to instruct them at the bedside. In the course of the day on which this address was delivered I was informed of the fact, and immediately went down to the Hospital, qualified myself as a governor, and informed the secretary that I should attend the meeting of governors on the next Board day. On the following Thursday (which, fortunately,

* This was a mistake : no notes were taken.

was a very wet day) I went down to the Hospital. No sooner had I put my step into the hall than a great cry was heard—"That's he, that's he; seize him, seize him!" This proceeded from a number of voices. I at once made for the stairs, which were in front of me, and had succeeded in getting nearly to the top, when my progress was arrested by a powerful grasp from a man twice as big as myself. A cry was raised, "Throw him over; throw him over!" My assailant was making the attempt to comply with this appeal to him, but having my right arm free, and a small umbrella with a sharp ferule on it in my hand, I gave him a thrust in his eye. He uttered a cry of pain, let me go, and I at once entered the board-room. There was a large attendance of governors, who on my entrance rose every one on his legs, wondering what could be the cause of this riotous uproar.

The chairman, the Hon. Pleydell Bouverie, demanded from the porter what it all meant, and was informed that an attack had been made on the governor who had just entered the room, by the young gentlemen of the Hospital. Two or three of the governors who seemed to have been in the secret rose, and said it was a "natural demonstration on the part of the students in favour of the Senior Surgeon, who had been injured by the gentleman who had just entered the room. That gentleman was well known to be connected

with a medical journal, which had of late systematically attacked Sir Anthony Carlisle. The 'demonstration' was creditable to that gentleman's pupils." During these remarks all eyes were turned upon me. I rose and said it was quite true that I was connected with the *Lancet*; that I was the reporter of some clinical remarks made by Sir Anthony Carlisle, and inserted in that journal; that I had heard I was to be driven from the Hospital by "big sticks;" and that I qualified myself as a governor since; and was there that day to justify the course I had pursued, and vindicate the rights of the press. I reminded the meeting that great dissatisfaction had long prevailed with respect to Sir Anthony clinging to office in spite of the advice and remonstrance of his friends. These failing, it was the duty of the press to exert its influence in protecting the poor, and in removing a gentleman from office who, it was admitted by all, was no longer competent to fulfil the duties of it. If the report were inaccurate, I was willing to apologize, but I believed it to be nearly a *verbatim* account, and should justify it accordingly. There was a very slight attempt at applause; but I saw at once I was not regarded with favour by a majority of my audience.

The chairman rose, and said he could not enter into the question of the propriety of my conduct with respect to Sir Anthony Carlisle. I was a governor of that Hospital, and as such was entitled

to the protection of my fellow-governors, and more particularly of himself, when I was coming to transact the business of the Hospital. Without, therefore, giving any opinion on my conduct, he should perform his duty with respect to the perpetrators of the outrage upon me. The porter was summoned, and requested to order the ringleaders of the "riot" to present themselves before the board. Accordingly, three young gentlemen,* who seemed rather proud of their position than otherwise, entered the room. They were severely reprimanded by the chairman, reminded that the governors as a body were their "masters," and could expel them for misconduct. He assured them that if on any future occasion such disgraceful conduct should occur in the Hospital, the ringleaders would certainly be expelled. The young gentlemen bowed, and promised that as far as they were concerned no such proceedings should for the future occur *in* the Hospital.

The ordinary business of the board was then proceeded with, and I, with the other governors, rose to depart. To my surprise, on getting *outside* of the Hospital, I saw some thirty or forty students gathered together. The moment I had got into the street there was a general cry—"Now we'll have him!" It was no use showing fight

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* One of these has since justly arrived at considerable distinction.

under such circumstances. I was convinced from the manner of my assailants that they meant mischief. I was nimble, and commenced a swift run, followed by the entire assembly. They were gaining on me, and I was somewhat out of breath. The uproar was so great that the attention of the passers-by and the neighbours was attracted to it. I had reached a public-house at the corner of Prince's Court where several women were standing. I placed myself behind them, and in a few hurried words explained my position. Several coalheavers and brewers' men were called out from the public-house. These formed a temporary guard for me. After some time, as my protectors showed symptoms of fighting, the students departed, and I took my quiet way home.

I had never seen Sir A. Carlisle until the day I accompanied him through the wards of the Hospital for the purpose of reporting his clinical remarks. I had not, and could not have had, any personal feelings in the matter. I had simply an unpleasant duty to perform, and this duty I performed to the best of my ability. Sir Anthony was not a great surgeon; he was a man of ability and acquirements, but he was deficient in the qualities which are necessary to one who could take a prominent position in the profession. He had an overwhelming idea of his own importance, and this was developed in a striking manner when he defended himself on the occasions his conduct

was called into question. His vanity frequently placed him in a somewhat ludicrous position. Two of these occasions I will specify. He delivered the Hunterian Oration in the year 1820, and curiously enough took for his text the "Anatomy of an Oyster." This subjected him to much ridicule, and he was christened "Sir Anthony Oyster." But he committed a grave offence when he published his pamphlet on "Man-Midwives," and denounced as "indelicate" the attendance of "man-midwives," and hinted at something worse as likely to arise from it. This pamphlet naturally gave rise to much indignation against him; but he fortified himself against these attacks with that self-complacency and egotism which were so characteristic of him. As a surgeon he was far inferior in every way to his colleagues, Anthony White, George James Guthrie, and William Lynn. Each and all of these were men of mark, and had an "individuality" which stamped them as great surgeons.

White was profound in diagnosis, equal to all emergencies, suggestive, prompt, and a good operator. Guthrie was brilliant as an operator, shrewd in diagnosis, and though an uneducated man, had all the natural attributes of a great surgeon. Lynn was one of the most skilful of surgical artists. Nothing could be more admirable than his use of the knife when he had made up his mind, which he did carefully before he pro-

ceeded to operate. But Carlisle was so overladen with crotchets and theories that his diagnosis was frequently imperfect or erroneous, and his operative skill sadly below the average. But he had one remarkable faculty—the faculty of making friends. This is no mean capacity, and entitles him to be mentioned with respect. Even to the last his friends, in spite of adverse charges against him, defended him with a spirit of affection which, though mistaken as far as the public interests were concerned, was highly to their honour.

I only knew Sir A. Carlisle when he was a septuagenarian; but even then he bore traces of an eminently handsome man—a fine intellectual face, a brow denoting power, eyes intelligent and impressive, a Phidian nose, a mouth of unquestionable power; but he was deficient in the "tact" which could render his really great powers subservient to his advancement in life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

STATE OF MEDICAL EDUCATION AT THE TIME—INFLUENCE OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS — ABUSES AT THE LARGE HOSPITALS — SIR A. COOPER AND MR. ABERNETHY— FOUNDING OF THE NORTH LONDON HOSPITAL — DR. ELLIOTSON AND ANTHONY TODD THOMSON — QUARRELS OF THE MEDICAL OFFICERS, AND THEIR INFLUENCE UPON THE SUCCESS OF THE NORTH LONDON HOSPITAL.

WHEN the University of London, as it was then called, was established by a Council, numbering in its list many of the most distinguished Liberals of the day, with Mr. Brougham as president, medical education in this country was in a most unsatisfactory, anomalous, and imperfect state. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of that institution, it certainly gave an impetus to the teaching of the *alumni* of our profession which was destined to work, and has undoubtedly worked, a marvellous and beneficial change. At the time in question anatomy was mainly taught in what were called "private schools;" and with few

exceptions the other branches of medical science were also mainly taught in these establishments. The reputation obtained by teachers in these "private" seminaries was in many instances great and deserving. Men were proud at that day, and even those who are now living are proud of having been taught anatomy by the eccentric, indefatigable and able Joshua Brookes, or by the unrivalled, brilliant, but ill-fated Edward Grainger. The classes in Blenheim Street and in Maze Pond were large, and in general consisted of earnest and industrious students. At Grainger's school, also, a man remarkable for his genius, his eloquence, and his winning manners, lectured on Medicine. Dr. John Armstrong had the largest class in London, and even to the present period he has exercised a most important influence on therapeutics and on practice. His lectures even now may be read with advantage by the student and the practitioner. Carpue was then in the full zenith of his power as a teacher of anatomy in Dean Street, Soho, in the premises, which were afterwards made into a private theatre by Miss Kelly, and are now known as the Royalty. The Great and Little Windmill-street Schools were in great repute.

The system which then prevailed of election to medical offices in the large endowed hospitals was most vicious and detrimental to the interests of the Profession. The influence of money and

family connexions were paramount. This was especially the case in the great united hospitals of Guy's and St. Thomas's, and in that of St. Bartholomew's. The system was simple enough: the surgeons in particular took "apprentices" with immense fees, with the understanding that at a convenient time they should be appointed to posts of honour, to the exclusion of all other candidates, whatever might be their claims to receive such distinctions.

It may be well conceived that such a state of things produced great dissatisfaction and heart-burnings. Many a man whose talents and abilities entitled him to the highest consideration on the part of the governing bodies was draughted off into a country practice or into the military or naval service, to make way in his Alma Mater to the inferior candidate, because he happened to be the apprentice or the relative of a great surgeon or physician holding office in the hospital. This obtained to such a degree in the united hospitals, that there was scarcely a surgeon connected with them who was not a relative or a private pupil of Sir Astley Cooper. In justice to the memory of that great man, it must be admitted that in his particular instance the system did not work injuriously, with one or two exceptions—indeed, it may be said to have worked well. To the united hospitals thus officered we are indebted for some of the greatest surgeons of that or any other time.

Under this system Benjamin Travers, Joseph Henry Green, Frederick Tyrrell, John Morgan, and others, still great names among us, were appointed. At St. Bartholomew's the results of the system were not so satisfactory; notably, Abernethy, whom I desire to speak of with every respect, failed in his selection of his successors. He had none of the chivalrous and grand spirit of Cooper. With all his eccentricities and his studied profession of ignoring "gain," he was thoroughly a selfish man: his conduct on many occasions when his interests were concerned incontestably proves this to be the fact. I have no wish to refer to old grievances with respect to his conduct, but at the time they called forth strong adverse criticism and unanswerable remonstrances.

In the smaller hospitals of the metropolis, money, family influence, and intrigue, were the means by which medical offices were obtained. The vicious system of canvassing the Governors for their votes, and, what was worse, of manufacturing a number of voters at the last moment, by paying money to qualify them for the franchise, was acting most injuriously to the interests of young and able men, who had not the power to resort to such means to obtain an appointment. Even at the smaller dispensaries the physicians and surgeons owed their appointments mainly to making votes. The consequence was that in most of the institutions referred to there were frequently most incompetent men

elected. The scenes which occasionally took place at these elections were most derogatory to us as a profession. As the votes were recorded, the friends of the losing candidate would take money from their pockets to make "fagot" voters, and so the battle would be waged between the combatants until the capacity to pay more was exhausted on the part of one of them, or his friends thought that the office might be purchased too dearly. The system was countenanced and upheld on the plea that it was the means of adding funds to the institution. Now the "fagot" voting is done away with, because many of the appointments are not worth having.

It was in the midst of these circumstances that the "University of London" was established. The Council of that institution had a wide field from which to select their lecturers on Medicine and the allied sciences. They made their selection from men "who had been left out in the cold," but these consisted of a formidable phalanx. I have mentioned their names in my fourth chapter. Such men as I there enumerated could not fail to attract large classes to the new institution. The University of London commenced and pursued its career triumphantly. No such medical education offered to the student could be obtained elsewhere. But the "University of London" had no hospital in which the professors could carry out practically their work of elementary instruction.

Students of Medicine attached to it were accordingly compelled to take clinical lessons in the various hospitals of the metropolis. The Middlesex Hospital, being the nearest, received the greatest number of the pupils. Under these circumstances the North London Hospital, as it was called at the time, was founded. The first medical officers of this institution were—Elliotson, Thomson, and Carswell as Physicians; Cooper was the Senior Surgeon; Liston, at that time in the height of his career in Edinburgh, was appointed professor of Clinical Surgery in the University, and Surgeon to the Hospital; the third Surgeon was a gentleman still living—Mr. Richard Quain—and, therefore, to be mentioned only in these "Recollections."

Soon after the establishment of the Hospital I entered it as a student As I attended daily for several years the practice of the Physicians and Surgeons, and, moreover, reported their cases in the pages of the *Lancet*, I had full opportunities of forming an estimate of their talents and acquirements. Elliotson was the greatest clinical teacher of his time. When Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital he had published, in the pages of the *Lancet*, short clinical notes of cases that had come under his observation. These from their practical value, attracted great attention, and as he himself asserted, sent up his practice, in one year, from five hundred to five thousand pounds.

As I have stated on more than one occasion,

these lectures are models which might be followed with advantage by lecturers on clinical medicine at the present day. It has been too much the fashion to take a single case of disease as the text for hanging a long discourse upon. Elliotson ignored this vicious system. He would say that the lecturer on the practice of physic should instruct his pupils in the science and the *general* practice of Medicine—should, in fact, indoctrinate them in the principles; but the duty of the clinical teacher was to present to the student the differences which existed in clinical cases, and accordingly to place before him the variations which obtained in diagnosis and treatment in different cases of the same disease. In consequence, Elliotson lectured on every case which came under his care. His mode of procedure as a clinical teacher is worthy of record. It was understood that on the reception of a patient the clinical clerk would take an account of the history of the case. On seeing the case for the first time, Elliotson would say—"Gentlemen, look at this patient: What is he suffering from? Is he labouring under cranial, thoracic, or abdominal disease? There he lies before you; you ought to be able to decide which region is affected." After the students had given their opinions, he would then offer his own, and would explain the reasons for it. In the different cases he would point out the expression of the countenance, the colour of the skin, the state of the respi-

ration, and the posture in which the patient lay. His clinical clerk would now read to the class the history of the case. Returning to the bedside, a careful examination was made, and a specific diagnosis given.

Elliotson was most anxious that in all possible cases the students should carefully examine the patient, particularly by percussion and auscultation. Retiring from the bedside, if he prognosed that the case would prove fatal, he stated the appearances that would be found after death. He gave a clinical lecture always once a week, and occasionally twice when the cases were numerous. His lecture was no set oration; standing at the desk with the books before him, he read the salient points, commenting upon them as he went along, pointing out the peculiarities of each case, both as to symptoms and to treatment. He had a prodigious memory, and took for his text all the cases which had been admitted during the week. If there had been any deaths, the post-mortem signs were carefully enumerated, and his previous opinion as to their nature brought again to the notice of the students. I scarcely recollect a case in which that opinion was erroneous. It may be well supposed that this system of clinical instruction was all but perfect. Nothing could have been happier than the style of his observations—pithy, sententious and practical.

Elliotson was firmly convinced that if the prac-

tice of medicine was to be improved, it would be by therapeutics. He would say—"We know sufficient of the signs and symptoms of disease; we are acquainted to a necessary extent with pathology; we have not, however, an equal knowledge of the action of medicines." Acting on this conviction, he employed medicines, and made what may be called "experiments" upon them—particularly if they were novel—to an extent which occasionally rendered him liable to be placed in the category of enthusiasts. But in the administration of drugs, if "bold," he was "cautious." He began with a very small dose, increasing it gradually, so long as there was no indication to the contrary, until the doses assumed a proportion which was often startling. In the treatment of some diseases, particularly those which are regarded as incurable, he relied perhaps too much on the power of remedies. I have known him, in cases of diabetes, to increase the dose of creasote from one minim to twenty every four hours. If questioned upon the subject, he would remark that the disease was regarded as incurable, and that the practitioner was justified in resorting to extreme measures to save life. He employed creasote to a great extent in cases of acne, not without success. I well recollect reporting in the *Lancet* a desperate case of what he characterized "delirium cum tremore," in which he ordered a grain of the acetate of morphia every hour until sleep was pro-

duced. The clinical clerk or house-physician was strictly enjoined to watch the effects of the medicine. The man died. I reported the case with this heading—"Delirium cum Tremore: Enormous Doses of Morphia." He called me aside after his next clinical lecture, and expressed himself dissatisfied with the "heading" which I had given, and declared that in his opinion the term "enormous" was not justifiable. At the time I thought it was, and I think so now. Elliotson expressed himself as to diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment of disease in the plainest and simplest form. His treatment was never complicated. He seized on a prominent symptom, and treated it in the simplest manner. His prescriptions were never cumbrous; on the contrary, they were often regarded as too meagre; but his explanation was that the prominent symptom should be treated with a single and prominent remedy. "How," he would say, "are we to determine the just influence of an individual drug if we administer half a dozen at the same time?"

To this enthusiastic faith in the power of "remedies" the fall of Elliotson must be attributed. In these chapters I have on several occasions dwelt at some length on the practice of mesmerism in the North London Hospital. Looking back to more than a quarter of a century, and when one can take an unbiassed view of Elliotson's mistake, I am of opinion that he was honest in his experiments on

animal magnetism. Unfortunately he believed that all were as honest and single-minded as himself, whilst it was patent to others that the O'Keys were impostors. It is marvellous that a great physician, a great physiologist, a keen observer of facts, should have been so misled. It is, however, due to the memory of a great man to exonerate him as a participator in a fraud, and from the suspicion which was entertained by many at the time, that he lent himself to "delusion" for the purpose of gain. I was at the time firmly opposed to him, and was a member of a committee which exposed the fraud, but I acquit him to the fullest extent of having been actuated in these memorable proceedings by anything which might be regarded as collusion or self-interest.

Of a very different class of practitioners was his colleague Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson. Thomson was a man of vast erudition in therapeutics: He was the author of the best work on Materia Medica. His erudition seemed to have cramped his natural abilities. Robert Hall characterized an individual of this stamp as having "so many books upon his head that they pressed too much on his brain." Thomson, in contradistinction to his associate, was pompous in his phraseology, indistinct and doubtful as to diagnosis, prognosis, or treatment of the cases which were under his care. He had none of the decision of Elliotson in difficult cases, whether as to diagnosis

or treatment. He was always doubtful. When in a difficulty, it was his habit to characterize the complaint as "anomalous." I have seen in the wards of the hospital "anomalous case" on the card at the head of more than one bed at the same time. His clinical lectures were heavy and elaborate. In the strict sense of the word they could not be called *clinical.* He took a single case for his text, and then lectured on the disease of which it was a solitary example. I shall have, in the course of this work, to make some further observations on the mode of practice pursued by all the medical officers attached to this Hospital. Thomson's *forte* was as a lecturer on Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence. In the first he was all that could be desired; in the second, there was not much that was original in his discourses, but they were admirable as compilations, and were most interesting in every sense of the word. Thomson was deficient in most of the natural gifts which belonged to his colleague. His powers of observation were limited. He had great faith in the powers of medicine, but, in contrast to Elliotson, his prescriptions were complicated and unsatisfactory. In the diagnosis and treatment of skin diseases, however, he was successful. He had paid great attention to this subject, and edited Bateman's celebrated work. His knowledge of physiology and pathology was scarcely up to the level which should have been

possessed by a physician to an important Hospital. He had been in early life for some years in general practice in Sloane Street. He became a Licentiate of the College of Physicians rather late in life. His industry and energy were truly marvellous. His life was a life of labour.

Had Thomson's mind in early life been differently trained, and if he had had the advantage of a university education, it is probable that he would have been one of the greatest physicians of the age. In person he was tall and somewhat spare in figure; every movement was indicative of great physical power. Even at 70 his figure was as erect and as agile as that of a healthy man at 30. His face denoted intelligence of a high order, but he was, if phrenology be true, deficient in the faculty of perception. He was a truly upright and conscientious man, spoke as he thought, and always expressed his sentiments in strong and vigorous language. I had the honour of his acquaintance for many years, and never knew him to swerve from the right under any circumstances. His conversational powers were great; he was full of information and of racy anecdote. It may not be out of place here to refer to a circumstance which at the time attracted universal attention. Shortly after the lamented death of L. E. L. (Letitia E. Landon), at Cape Coast Castle, under the suspicion that she had committed suicide, I dined with him at his house in Hinde Street, Man-

chester Square. Liston and Hale Thomson were amongst the guests. The subject of Miss Landon's death, the news of which had been just received, naturally formed a topic of conversation. Thomson said—

"I knew her well; I attended her from her infancy; she was the last woman who I should have supposed likely to destroy herself; she was said to have died by prussic acid. Now, I fitted out the medicine chest she took with her to Cape Coast Castle, and know there was no prussic acid in her possession. I am convinced she did not die from its effects, and we must seek for her death from some other cause."

At the time when University College and Hospital were in the full zenith of their fame and usefulness, the medical officers of the Hospital were constantly quarrelling. On more than one occasion disagreements rose to such a height that they threatened seriously to injure both College and Hospital. So long as the combat was carried on in the board-room of the Hospital the students were unacquainted with the grave differences which existed amongst their teachers. But unfortunately the operating-theatre and the wards of the Hospital became the arena for displays, which, whilst they afforded a fund of amusement to the students, were painful to those who could not fail to perceive the danger to which they exposed the institution. The two foremost men in the Hospital were

Elliotson and Liston. Whatever might have been the cause of the quarrel between these two eminent persons, I can affirm that for three or four years they were constantly at daggers drawn. I think there can be no doubt that jealousy was the mainspring of this unfortunate condition of things. Elliotson and Liston were both supreme favourites with the pupils, and neither could bear "a brother near the throne." Elliotson was in the majority on all questions on which a vote was taken. Elliotson's party consisted of Samuel Cooper and Richard Quain; Liston and Anthony Todd Thomson formed the minority. The scenes that took place at the Board were of the most exciting character, and occasionally threatened personal violence. At this time I was in the daily habit of accompanying Liston on his rounds after his visits to the Hospital. He complained to me constantly of the indignities to which he was subjected. "Cantab," he would say, "has attacked me again. It's too much for my temper; I cannot long endure it."*

I ventured on one occasion, on returning home, after reflecting on the false position in which Liston had placed himself, to address a note to

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* At one of these meetings Liston so far forgot himself as to threaten personal chastisement on his opponent "Elliotson Cantab"—which, it should be explained, was Elliotson's cognomen.

him, begging of him in the future to restrain his temper, whatever the provocation to which he was subjected might be. I asked him not to feel offended at my freedom in thus tendering him advice. He replied that he never could be offended at anything I could do respecting himself, as he was well assured I had but one object in my interference, which was for his benefit. I have his note now before me in reply to my remonstrance, in which he says "for the future I will act on your advice." To some extent he kept his promise, but his impetuous nature led him into many further difficulties, and "the schism" prevailed until Elliotson was forced to resign his appointment, in consequence of his introduction of animal magnetism as a curative process in the treatment of patients submitted to his charge as a physician to the Hospital. In some of my former chapters I have discussed this subject; I shall enter more fully into it hereafter.

CHAPTER XXV.

QUARRELS OF THE MEDICAL STAFF—RIVAL MODES OF TREATING ERYSIPELAS — ANTAGONISTIC LECTURERS—THE OFFICE OF HOUSE-SURGEON IN THE HOSPITALS OF LONDON OBTAINABLE ONLY BY PURCHASE—THE SYSTEM OF "CONCOURS" ESTABLISHED AT THE NORTH LONDON HOSPITAL — STRINGENCY OF THE TEST — ITS EFFECTS ON THE STUDENTS — PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF MEDICAL EDUCATION—THE VAST IMPROVEMENTS EFFECTED IN LATE YEARS.

As might have been expected, the quarrels which were carried on in the board-room of the Hospital were not long confined to that arena; they were soon carried into the wards, and into the lecture-room. Remarks were occasionally made at the bedside which were intended to excite ridicule and contempt. The house-surgeon of one of the chiefs was scarcely on speaking terms with the house-surgeon of another. Indeed, I recollect that this antagonism was carried on to such an extent in one instance as to threaten personal violence. This condition of things was certainly favoured by at least one of the chiefs, and connived at if not encouraged by the other. In spite of all these disagreements, however, the medical officers as a

body and individually were much respected and even beloved by the students in general. They, at all events, whatever bitterness their principals might feel, only regarded the quarrels with curiosity and amusement. Sometimes, indeed, these quarrels bordered on the ludicrous, if not on the truly comic.

At a period when erysipelas was almost epidemic in the hospital, both amongst the medical and surgical patients, we had four practitioners of the highest eminence and skill treating the disease in four different and distinct ways! Elliotson was painting the patient with a strong solution of nitrate of silver; Thomson was smearing the surface over with mercurial ointment; Cooper, with his usual caution, modified the topical treatment by attempting to isolate the disease by drawing lines of lunar caustic around the margins of the efflorescence, to prevent it spreading beyond them; while Liston confined himself to the older mode of treating the disease locally by means of fomentations and the application of flour. But, notwithstanding his assumed contempt for medicine, he always administered powerful remedies internally. Belladonna at this time was much resorted to by the homœopathists, and this Liston employed, together with antimony, in what were regarded "heroic" doses. Liston at this period was very frequently called into consultation by Dr. Quin, then the head of the "heresy," and was no

doubt considerably influenced by the sagacity of that able and philosophical, but mistaken practitioner. It was curious to listen to the clinical lectures of the four principal medical officers of the Hospital, sometimes delivered the same week. Elliotson, always clear, decisive, and "rational," gave reasons for all he did, and justified his treatment with the nitrate of silver, and appealed to the results of that treatment. He would occasionally make a sly, good-humoured allusion to the "do-nothing" mode of treatment, but he was never coarse or ill-natured in his remarks on the practice of his colleagues. Thomson would drily, and with the most perfect coolness—as if, indeed, he and his colleagues had agreed to try a series of experiments on the treatment of the disease—draw conclusions from all the cases, and would analyse, in his laboured manner, the results of the therapeutical agents employed. Cooper stuck mainly to his own cases, and if he did allude in any way to those of his colleagues, it was in a quaint, humorous style, without being offensive. He could, however, when he pleased, say very nasty things in a very quiet way. Liston's impetuous temperament urged him to say very uncivil and very bitter things. He ridiculed the idea of curing erysipelas by "turning a white man into a nigger," or by "drawing lines horizontally, perpendicularly, and slantingdicularly over a patient's body." His lectures, I believe, on certain occasions (and this

was one of them) were carefully prepared. He was, moreover, assisted to some extent by one of the greatest masters of invective of the time. These lectures were usually well attended. What the effect of them was, so far as teaching the students, I leave others to judge; but the students certainly had the opportunity of witnessing and judging the results of very different modes of treatment.

When the "North London" was established there was no hospital in London at which the office of dresser or house-surgeon could be obtained, even by the most meritorious student, except by a large payment of money. In some of these it was necessary for the candidate to have been an "apprentice" or pupil of one of the surgeons. For this apprenticeship very large sums of money were given—a thousand guineas being about the average payment. The effect of this was to "keep out in the cold" many of the best men in the institutions. To the medical staff of the North London Hospital medical students at that time were, and at the present time are, under a deep debt of gratitude for the course pursued in that institution. On its establishment it was determined that money and family influence should have no effect on the appointment of candidates to the posts of honour. The least favoured amongst them, *quoad* money and interest, stood the same chance of success as the

most favoured in those particulars. None of the medical officers derived any emolument from the fees of students for attending the practice. These fees went directly to the support of the Hospital, without any drawback whatever. In order that the best men might be appointed to offices of honour and trust, the system of *concours* was established. Any student of the Hospital was entitled to enter into the contest, his only requirements being that he had attended a certain number of lectures at the College, and having for a certain time been an "entered" student of the Hospital.

Under these circumstances it was all but impossible that an incompetent man could be elected. The ordeal he had to pass was most severe; not simply in the presence of a clique, but in the presence of his fellow-students, and of the students of all the hospitals in London. I recollect no instance in which the selection made met with the slightest disapproval on the part of any one interested in the matter. The candidates were required to answer questions of a searching character, and to perform operations on the dead body before a public assembly. The *concours* days were of exceeding interest, as was evidenced by the crowded state of the theatre of the Hospital which prevailed on those occasions. I recollect several of these "trials of strength" during the many years that I represented the *Lancet* in the Hospital. I regularly furnished reports of these

proceedings to that journal, and it is not difficult to imagine the effect that they had on the other Hospitals of the metropolis. At first the *concours* was attempted to be pooh-poohed, but this attempt was of short duration. The minds of the students of London were thoroughly impressed with the justice of the course pursued, and the "authorities" slowly and unwillingly were at length brought to the same conclusion. In order to show the thoroughly fair and practical ordeal to which the candidate for honours was subjected, I reproduce here one of the papers :—

"*Questions proposed for Answer in Writing.*— 1. Describe the modes of taking blood from the arm and from the temple. What are the accidents which may occur during or after these operations? How would you remedy them? 2. What are the circumstances which would render necessary the operation of tracheotomy? Describe the operative procedure. 3. What circumstances distinguish a fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone from dislocation of the hip? 4. The anatomical relations of the common carotid artery. Describe the mode of applying a ligature to the artery, and the precautions to be taken during the operation.

"*Practical Examination in Public.*—Amputation of the great toe at the metatarso-phalangeal articulation; after-treatment. Amputation of thumb at metacarpo-phalangeal articulation. Describe the

treatment for diffused aneurism of the arm. Describe the treatment of onychia (and definition). Apply a ligature to the brachial artery in the lower third of its course. Apply a ligature to the femoral artery in the upper third of its course. Remove a foreign body from the meatus aud. extern. Apply the apparatus for fracture of the lower jaw."

Such were the examinations of the candidates for the house-surgeoncy of the North London Hospital, and no one will deny that they were stringent and practical. Looking at the fact that it is nearly forty years since the examinations above referred to took place, I may fairly ask if there was any such searching examination at any of the colleges of surgeons in this kingdom? I believe not. Even now it may be questioned whether any collegiate test is much, if any, more likely to be effective than the old *concours* test of six-and-thirty years ago.

I have dwelt at some length on the establishment and career of the London University and the North London Hospital, as it represents a very important epoch in our profession, particularly as regards medical education and the future of the medical student. For though the "University" was not confined to medical teaching and included most of the other arts and sciences, its chief reputation rested on the medical department. The "University" was founded on the most liberal

principles, and its council was composed of the ultra-liberal party. It may well be supposed that it met with the strenuous and determined opposition of those whose interest it was to "keep things as they were." Attacks upon it were made of the most unscrupulous character. It was attacked in Parliament, in the pulpit, and by the press. It was denounced as an "infidel" institution; was characterized as "that low place in Gower-street;" and one brilliant writer, in a paper which he edited at the time with much ability, called it "Stinkomalee."* But, thanks to the courage and ability of its medical staff, it flourished in spite of all opposition and ribald invective. For some years it had the largest class of any medical school in the metropolis. It has "turned out" some of the ablest, most accomplished, and most successful physicians and surgeons of the day. It is true that at the present time University College and Hospital have no just pretence to pre-eminence in any way. There is not a single school in London or the provinces that is not ably officered and conducted in such a manner as to make it a fitting place at which to obtain a first-rate and complete education. This has been the work of time; it has been slow, but it has been complete. There is now a generous and beneficial rivalry amongst the schools to be foremost in im-

* Theodore Hook in the "John Bull."

parting sound and practical knowledge. But it is not an inopportune moment at the present to remind the students of the past. For many of the advantages they now possess, for many of the improvements in their education, and for the destruction of a gross monopoly of place by money and patronage, they are mainly indebted to the influence of "that *low* place in Gower-street," assisted by the unflinching and constant advocacy of a free and independent medical press. Every student at the present time may feel assured that, with proper diligence and conduct, he may, like the meanest soldier in the armies of the Great Napoleon, "carry a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack."

CHAPTER XXVI.

EDWARD AND RICHARD GRAINGER—ROBERT CARSWELL—SAMUEL COOPER — THE "SURGICAL DICTIONARY" — COPLAND AND HIS "MEDICAL DICTIONARY"—LITERARY LABOUR IN THE MORNING AND AT NIGHT—PROFESSIONAL CALIGRAPHY.

THE difficulties under which these "Recollections" have been occasionally written must be my excuse for an error now and then being committed. I have been reminded by a distinguished surgeon who was demonstrator of anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital when Richard Grainger was lecturer on anatomy at that institution, that the term "ill-fated" could not be justly applied to him. This is perfectly true, and I had found out the mistake before I received the kind communication of my friend. Richard Grainger, on his retirement as lecturer at St. Thomas's, the duties of which he fulfilled to the satisfaction of all, received a high and lucrative appointment under Government, which he retained until his death, having done good service to the public. I had the honour of his friendship for many years. He was an able, energetic, and conscientious public servant, and in private life one of the most estimable and honour-

able of men. The founder of the Webb Street School was his elder brother Edward, and, certainly, the term "ill-fated" was in every way applicable to *him*. Most accomplished as a lecturer, and idolized by his pupils, his extraordinary success made him the object of jealousy, and of something more to some of his rivals in the Council of the College of Surgeons. They threw every possible obstacle in his way, and unquestionably these proceedings acted most injuriously to him. Of a highly sensitive and chivalrous nature, he carried on the contest with indomitable courage, though not without great mental and bodily suffering. The quarrel was long and bitter, but he succeeded in vanquishing his enemies. The victory, however, came too late. He sank in the very prime of life from a disease which had been aggravated, if not produced, by great mental and bodily labour. It is highly to the credit of the *Lancet* that its great influence was brought to his assistance. Mr. Wakley never penned abler or more eloquent articles than those which appeared in the *Lancet* at the time in favour of Edward Grainger.

I now return to the staff of the North London Hospital. Robert Carswell was the third physician, a man of singularly unobtrusive and retiring disposition, with a soft voice, a melancholy expression of countenance, impressing the observer with the idea that he was suffering from bodily ailment, yet under this modest exterior was a mind of the

highest order. He was an accurate and painstaking observer. His lectures and demonstrations in pathological anatomy were most interesting and instructive. His style was simple to the last degree; his diction never rose beyond the ordinary level; he was neither eloquent nor oratorical. His aim was to be a *teacher*, and not a mere talker. His delineations of disease were marvellous specimens, such as never have been, and probably never will be, surpassed. This is the more remarkable from the fact that from a dissection-wound in early life he had lost the first and second phalanges of the forefinger of the right hand. Carswell was not "cut out" for success in private practice. His sphere was the deadhouse and the lecture-room. He never had a remunerative practice. Owing to the influence of the late Sir James Clark he obtained the appointment of private physician to the late King of the Belgians. Many of the closing years of a comparatively long life he spent in "learned leisure" at the Palace of Laacken, and in the completion of those labours in pathology to which he was so earnestly devoted.

At the period when the *Lancet* was publishing portraits and biographies of eminent members of the profession, I had occasion to visit Brussels, and it was arranged that I should visit my old teacher, obtain his photograph, and learn from him such circumstances of his life as he might wish to put upon record for the benefit and instruction of

his brethren. Unfortunately, Carswell was away from Laacken with the King during my short visit, and I was consequently deprived of what would have been a great gratification to me. Carswell died in Belgium. He had the full confidence and earnest friendship of the King, and he left behind him a name associated with every sentiment of regard and affection by all who knew him in that country and in this. Carswell, unlike some of his colleagues in the London University, never mixed in any way with politics ; he was content to pursue the "even tenor of his way," far from angry conflicts and personal contentions.

The Senior Surgeon to the North London Hospital was Samuel Cooper, the Johnson of medical literature. His great "Dictionary," though of a different stamp, and written with a different object, was to surgery what Johnson's great work was to English literature : it is a monument to his memory illustrative of marvellous industry and marvellous erudition. The labours of no single man in the literature of our profession can be compared with those of Samuel Cooper in the compilation of his great work. It is true Copland, in his "Medical Dictionary," might be regarded as a worthy rival, and so, to a great extent, he should be ; but it should be remembered that Cooper was almost entirely unassisted in the compilation of his great work—that it was completed in three or four years—that successive editions of it were published

to meet the requirements of the time, and, while exhaustive and most methodical, the massive volume appeared in its various editions at astonishingly short intervals. On the other hand, Copland had able assistance; his great work was begun in one generation, and finished in another. From the appearance of the first number of his dictionary to that of the last, a period of thirty years had elapsed: during that long time Medicine had undergone a complete revolution in theory and practice—had been modified or entirely changed by experience. So much was this the case that the publishers of Copland's dictionary induced him to write a kind of "supplement" to his great work, in order that the early subscribers, if any existed, should be brought up by this means *au courant* with the medical literature of the day. For this supplement Copland was paid 1000*l.* It may not be unworthy of notice that the labours of Copland began in the "short hours" of the morning and after the duties of the day, whilst Cooper rose early and finished his literary labours before noon. This may account, to a great extent, for Cooper's success in bringing out new editions of his dictionary at the right time. Pope has said—

> "On morning wings how active springs the mind,
> That leaves the load of yesterday behind."

This is an aphorism not to be treated lightly. Astley Cooper and Benjamin Brodie invariably

pursued their anatomical studies and literary labours in the early part of the day, when they could "leave the load of yesterday behind."

I may state that Copland broke down in the most important crisis of the publication of his dictionary with alarming symptoms of cerebral disturbance; in fact, he was incapacitated for a long period. When Copland had finished his dictionary he invited to his hospitable table many of his literary friends to dinner. I was present. Fortunately or unfortunately, I was the oldest member of the press on this memorable occasion. Those who were ever present at Copland's gatherings may readily conceive what a magnificent feast was spread for us. I had the honour of proposing his health on this occasion. We were in reality celebrating a great event. The wines, with one exception, were of the finest quality. I shall not easily forget the triumph with which a dozen bottles of Johannisberg were produced on the table. "These," said Copland, "were given to me nearly forty years ago, and I made up my mind that they should not be opened till my dictionary was completed." They were now opened—half a dozen of them were in good condition, the other half were vinegary and undrinkable.

It is worthy of note that both Cooper and Copland wrote very clear and distinct hands, as also did James Johnson, who for a long series of years edited the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Sir Astley

Cooper wrote a clear and bold hand; Brodie made a scrawl on paper only to be equalled by the caligraphy of Elliotson. Samuel Cooper was an excellent teacher; his facts were stated with clearness and conciseness. He always lectured from notes, and was in the habit, when giving his clinical lectures, of writing down the main points of the cases and his observations on them in a neat little book about six inches by four, written in the neatest style, and stitched with the greatest care. The little manuscript book consisted of from sixteen to twenty pages, and he always handed this to me after the lecture. These valuable records were published in the pages of the *Lancet* at the time. I seldom found it necessary to alter or to add a word to them. At the bedside Cooper was painstaking, clear in diagnosis, but somewhat heavy and slow. He was a great favourite with the students, and always commanded their attention and respect. In person he was rather above the middle height, stoutly and firmly built; his eyes were a "sagacious grey," indicating power; his mouth was one of inflexible decision and firmness, if not obstinacy. Like Copland and Ryan (two of the greatest compilers of our time), his head was massive, and it might be said "grand." As an operator Cooper was careful, slow, and somewhat clumsy, but sure. He made mistakes, as all great Surgeons have done. He had none of the celerity and mechanical genius or the *élan* of his colleague Liston.

Obituaries and Miscellanies.

THE MARSHALL HALL MEMORIAL.

A GREAT discoverer seldom receives his reward during his life-time. It is left to posterity to do justice to his labours and his fame. This is more especially the case with regard to members of our own Profession. Harvey and Jenner were ridiculed and persecuted during life; after death, honoured and extolled. Marshall Hall is no exception to the rule. His life was one prolonged combat with detractors and envious opponents. From the very first moment he published his great discovery of the excito-motory system to the last days of his life, he was engaged in controversy. His assailants were many of them men of mark, and it was necessary they should be answered. But he had other opponents less distinguished, but less scrupulous of the means they employed to injure his reputation. I had the pleasure of the personal friendship of Dr. Marshall Hall. For many years I knew him intimately. I was con-

sulted by him on many occasions when he had been attacked or vilified. I had the honour of defending him more than once in the pages of a Medical journal with which I was then connected.

No man ever earned his reputation with more labour and under more trying circumstances than Dr. Hall ; for, though of indomitable perseverance, and of undoubted courage, he was sensitive to a painful degree. It was this extreme sensitiveness which gave rise to the erroneous impression in the minds of some persons that he was naturally quarrelsome. He was not so. He felt keenly a sneer, or a rebuke, and fretted under trifles as a high-spirited horse will fret under the slightest touch of the whip. But he was never dismayed, never untrue to his allegiance. He had founded his theory on a repeated series of indisputable experiments, and he felt certain of its truth. If therefore he was attacked, he attacked again ; but I believe he was never on any occasion the aggressor.

I shall not easily forget the effect of the Prochaska controversy upon him. It kept him in a state of extreme agitation, but he was not dispirited ; he answered the attacks successfully, with his usual ability and temper, but it embittered his life for several years.* Dr. Marshall Hall

* Mrs. Marshall Hall has informed me that this was not noticed in his "home life."

never appeared to greater advantage than at the memorable discussion on his system at the Medical and Chirurgical Society, nearly twenty years ago. Arrayed against him were some of the ablest men of the day, men accustomed to speak, and "well up" in the subject. He was attacked by a host, certainly with great ability, and not in a bitter spirit. He was thought to be overwhelmed; this was a mistake. He rose to reply; the audience listened with profound attention. In his quiet unobtrusive manner, with his subdued voice, he seemed no equal match for his great opponents; but he soon displayed his real power. In a speech of unsurpassable clearness and true eloquence he quickly grappled with the arguments that had been advanced against him. In sentences almost epigrammatic in their brevity and style, he demonstrated the truth of his theory. He met with great applause at the conclusion of his address; but there were still many who maintained that he was in error.

Attacks were afterwards made upon him, but none were of the gravity and seriousness of this. Now that the fierceness of controversy has passed, and he who fought so long and so gallantly for the truth is laid in his grave, we propose to do honour to his memory. The meeting held last week offered a pleasing contrast to many with which his name is associated. All present were animated by the desire to hold him up to

admiration as one of the greatest discoverers of the age. It is well that the memorial should be a handsome one. The subject is in the hands of a committee of gentlemen well fitted to carry out the intended object in a satisfactory manner. I may state, as a matter of history, that Dr. Marshall Hall never had an extensive practice—that is, it was never so lucrative as might have been expected of one with so great a reputation; but he was more of a philosopher than a man of business, though his opinion was of the highest value. I remember at the opening of the Middlesex Hospital School (in 1837, I think) the address was given by Sir C. Bell. He, too, a great discoverer, had suffered from detraction. He, too, had never in practice obtained that position to which his great talents and experience entitled him. He drew a gloomy picture of the miseries which beset the path of a man who claimed to be a "philosopher." He, too, was said to be of the *genus irritable*, but he had good reason to feel disappointment and disgust at the treatment he had received.

JOSEPH HODGSON, ESQ., F.R.S.

AT the ripe age of 81 Mr. Hodgson died, having survived his wife about twenty-four hours. He had been long in failing health, and had not practised his Profession for several years. Mr. Hodgson's father, a Birmingham merchant, articled his son to Mr. George Freer, a leading Medical Practitioner in that town. Owing to reverses in business, the elder Mr. Hodgson was unable to defray the expenses of his son's education in London, but funds were supplied to the extent of 100*l.* by an uncle, and with this young Hodgson repaired to the metropolis and entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Having obtained the diploma of the College of Surgeons, he commenced practice in King Street, Cheapside, but did not remain there long. During this period, he eked out his scanty income by taking pupils and writing articles for the *London Medical Review.* He subsequently became editor of that periodical, but its circulation gradually declined, and it ultimately collapsed. On leaving King Street, he obtained, through the interest of Mr. Travers, a Medical appointment at the York Military Hospital, Westminster, where he remained for some time in comparatively comfortable pecuniary circumstances.

On removing to Birmingham he was elected Surgeon to the General Dispensary, and in 1821 became Surgeon to the General Hospital. This office he filled for nearly thirty years, obtaining a large and lucrative practice, and a reputation which was equal to that of any Surgeon of the day. During a large portion of the time he resided in Birmingham political and Professional feeling ran very high, and probably many of the hot and bitter quarrels in which he was engaged were inevitable. However this may be, they had no effect upon his reputation or success, and he maintained to the last his position as the leading Surgeon of the Midland Counties. Mr. Hodgson, during his long career in Birmingham, had the earnest friendship and support of the first Sir Robert Peel, and subsequently of his celebrated son. On his retirement from the Birmingham Hospital in 1848, the Governors subscribed for a portrait of him by Mr. Partridge, which was placed in the committee-room. During his practice in the town he was mainly instrumental in founding the Eye Infirmary, which was opened in 1824, Mr. Hodgson being the only Surgeon attached to it; his first colleague was Mr. Middlemore, the present Consulting Surgeon to the institution.

Mr. Hodgson, before leaving Birmingham, was solicited to become one of the Surgeons to the Middlesex Hospital, and he was subsequently

invited by the Council of King's College to accept the post of Professor of Surgery to that institution—a post which had become vacant in 1840 by the resignation of Mr. Arnott. Both these invitations he declined. When he settled in the metropolis in 1849, honours were almost heaped upon him. Thus, in that year, he was elected a member of the Council of the College of Surgeons; subsequently he became an Examiner in Surgery at the University of London, and resigned this appointment in 1856 to become one of the Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was president of the College in 1864. He served the office of President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and was also a Fellow of the Royal Society.

As an author Mr. Hodgson is best known by his work on "Diseases of the Arteries and Veins," which obtained the Jacksonian prize for 1811, and which he subsequently enlarged considerably and published. He contributed some articles to the *Transactions of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.* As a Practitioner, like most of the provincial Hospital Surgeons, he practised generally. He was celebrated for the accuracy of his diagnosis; he was most laborious in his examination of a case, and in surgical diseases was generally accurate; but his great caution, and the tendency of his mind to take a gloomy view of diseases of a medical character, made him less fortunate in

that class of complaints. As an operator he was by no means brilliant, and was inferior in many respects to at least one of his colleagues, Mr. Wood.

As a man, he was much respected and beloved for his benevolence and kindness of manner; but his *suaviter in modo*, in later years at least, stood out in prominent contrast to his *fortiter in re*. He appeared always desirous of pleasing, but seemed to lack the courage to take any decided action. If there was any exception to this, it was in his consistent opposition to all reforms. He was, perhaps unconsciously, in this respect an imitator of his friend Lawrence, but he was free from the inconsistency of that eminent person; he commenced as a conservative and he never swerved from his first principles. He steadfastly opposed the formation of a School of Medicine in Birmingham, and whilst on the Council of the College of Surgeons voted, I believe, on all occasions, with the "let-alone" party. The system had worked well in his own individual case, and there is no reason to believe that he acted on any but conscientious convictions. His year of office as the President of the College of Surgeons was not characterized by any important event, so far as he was personally concerned, and, as President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, his term of holding that distinguished position was favourable to him as one of the most urbane and dig-

nified persons who ever filled that post, but he was less decided and suggestive than had been expected of him. As a speaker he was somewhat diffuse, but he gave evidence of a mind well stored with "Surgical experiences."

Mr. Hodgson was one of a class of Surgeons who in the provinces of England have shed great lustre on the art and science of Surgery. He was better known as Hodgson of Birmingham, than Joseph Hodgson, President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Like his great contemporaries, however, Hey of Leeds, White of Blackburn, Soden of Bath, Martineau of Norwich, Mayo of Winchester, Kerr of Northampton, James of Exeter, and others of the same stamp, his reputation was not confined to the locality of a country town, but was as great in every part of the world where Surgery is acknowledged as one of the highest branches of art and science. Hodgson was fortunate in his pupils, amongst whom were Partridge, Bowman, and Vose Solomon. I have spoken freely of the shortcomings of our late venerable friend, because I feel the importance of drawing a correct portrait and not a mere picture of so distinguished a member of the Profession.

JAMES WARDROP, M.D.

SURGEON TO GEORGE IV.

AT a quaint-looking old house in Charles Street, St. James's Square, one door east of the London and Westminster Bank, died one of the most remarkable men who ever were connected with the Profession of Medicine. James Wardrop, son of James Wardrop, was born at Torbane Hall, in the county of Linlithgow, on August 4, 1782. He was educated at the High School, Edinburgh, attended the literary classes of the University, and subsequently entered upon the study of Medicine as a pupil of his uncle, Dr. Andrew Wardrop, a Surgeon of eminence in Edinburgh. He assisted Dr. Barclay, the celebrated anatomist, and at the age of 19 was appointed House-Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary. He subsequently studied in Paris and Vienna. In the latter city he attended the lectures of Franck, Prochaska, and Beer. When 22 years of age he established himself in practice at Edinburgh. During his stay there he devoted himself to pathology, and published papers "On the Morbid Anatomy of the Eye," "On Fungus Hæmatodes," and several papers in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, and an article on Surgery in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He also laid the

foundation of the present museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

In the year 1809 Mr. Wardrop came to London, was admitted a member of the College of Surgeons, and immediately started into practice. For some years he practised extensively amongst the poor by giving gratuitous advice, chiefly at his own house; and in 1826, in conjunction with Mr. W. W. Sleigh, the father of Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, he founded a Hospital in Nutford Place, Edgware Road, under the title of the "West London Hospital of Surgery." This was not only a charitable institution, but was open gratuitously to all members of the Profession, and on one day of the week a *concours* was held. At this gathering operations of importance were performed, and a discussion or conversation took place respecting them. From fifty to eighty visitors usually attended each meeting, including almost every scientific foreigner then in town. The Hospital was carried on at great expense, which chiefly fell on Mr. Wardrop himself, who at the expiration of eight years was reluctantly compelled to give it up.

In 1826, Mr. Wardrop, in conjunction with Mr. Lawrence, gave a course of lectures on Surgery at the Aldersgate Street School. After Mr. Lawrence's transference to St. Bartholomew's School, Mr. Wardrop for a few seasons gave these lectures alone. Mr. Wardrop took an active part in the discussions which took place about this time

(1826-27) on the state of the Profession, and supported Mr. Lawrence at the meetings held at the Freemasons' Tavern, when the subject of Medical reform was causing so much excitement in the Profession. Mr. Wardrop never recanted the opinions he expressed at this time, and maintained the same views to the last. He contributed many leading articles to the *Lancet*, and, there is no doubt, injured himself in practice by going into opposition to the leading members of the Profession. He was regarded as a pariah by men who could do much either to benefit or ruin him. He never apostatized, however, and his conduct in 1826-27, I believe, kept him out of any official connexion with the Colleges, and gave "the future colour to his life," which was not one of success—not of that success, at least, which he had a right to expect. Mr. Wardrop, about 1835, joined the Hunterian School of Medicine, and gave there a course of lectures on Surgery. It is worth stating, *en passant*, that about the same time his "rival," Robert Liston, was giving a course of Clinical Surgery at University College. He was insisting on the necessity of losing as little blood as possible in amputations of the thigh, whilst Wardrop was urging on the very contrary doctrine. This, I believe, was his last appearance as a lecturer. He was appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary to the Prince Regent, and afterwards attended him when he was George IV. on his visit to Scotland in 1823.

When Sir A. Cooper was appointed Serjeant-Surgeon in 1828, Mr. Wardrop was made "Surgeon to the King." He was offered a baronetcy, but this he declined.

I have reason to know that circumstances connected with the last illness of George IV. gave origin to one of the most interesting series of letters which have ever been published. Mr. Wardrop had been strongly under the impression that he was kept away from the King in his last illness by the influence of Sir H. Halford, and indirectly by that of Sir B. Brodie. He had, since his declarations on Medical reform, been on anything but friendly terms with the President of the College of Physicians, and he always considered Sir B. Brodie as unfriendly to him. What specific cause he had beyond that referred to above I do not know; but at all events he took a singular mode of revenging himself on his real, or, as it turned out, supposed enemies. He published in the *Lancet* a series of papers entitled "Intercepted Letters." These purported to be letters which had been intercepted in their passage by post. The three principal writers were H. H. (Sir H. Halford), B. B. (Mr. Brodie), and W. Mac. (Dr. MacMichael), then Librarian of the College of Physicians; but there were other supposed writers and recipients. These epistles purported to contain confidential details of passing affairs, "Advice to a Young Physician and Surgeon," &c. &c.

One of the most amusing of the letters was headed "The Best Medical Advice," and gives a humorous and witty account of a gentleman who came to London for "advice." He goes to all the noted "specialists" of the day, each of whom diagnoses his complaint according to a "foregone conclusion." Amongst the letters was one, however, purporting to give an account of B. B.'s first appearance at Court, the writer being H. H., and the receiver W. McM. After stating that B. B. was well known to be highly emotional, and that the result was an action on the bowels, the writer goes on to state that in the ante-room of the palace he missed B. B., but, guessing the cause, waited patiently for his return. B. B. soon appeared, and the door of the reception-room was thrown open—"the names had been actually announced"—when, turning round, H. H. was for a moment overcome, but had the presence of mind to back out of the throne-room. "Good God, dear McM., B. B. had the cover of the water-closet, instead of his hat, under his arm."

Such is a specimen of the style of these letters. Of course it was well known that Mr. Brodie was no joker, and, what was more, was not pleased with a joke from any one else; but the sting lay in the "emotional" reference, for a cooler or more unemotional man scarcely ever existed.

The secret of the authorship of the "Intercepted Letters" was not kept so sacred as that of the

celebrated letters of "Junius." It was generally known in "well informed" quarters that the witty and unscrupulous author was James Wardrop. This drew upon him the enmity of the party then in power, whether as belonging to the rulers of the Colleges or as the consultants of the Profession. The consequence was that Wardrop had very little consulting practice except with a few of his own countrymen settled in London, or with some of the more ardent reformers amongst the Surgeons in general practice. But he maintained a good position as the family Medical adviser of many of the old Scotch nobility, to whom he was known and called by the "familiar" name of "Jemmy" Wardrop. But he never thoroughly recovered his banishment from Court. It soured his temper, and for a time "his hand," as it were, "was against every man."

I may say here that there is not the slightest ground for believing that Sir H. Halford or Sir B. Brodie had anything to do with Mr. Wardrop's "dismissal," and this Mr. Wardrop himself had been convinced of long before his death. Practitioners of the present day may justly wonder at the licence of the press some thirty-five years ago. Letters like those to which I have referred would not be tolerated at the present time. Their gross personality, their unscrupulous perversion of facts, and their general tone of abuse would be quite out of place now. But in those times party and

political feeling in the Profession ran high; the position of the Surgeon in general practice was "inferior" in every sense of the word. For instance, to such lengths was this carried, that ordinary members of the College of Surgeons were admitted to their own College only through a miserable back door in Portugal Street; the *via sacra*—the portico in Lincoln's Inn Fields—being reserved for members of the Council only! The "Intercepted Letters," then, had great popularity, but their author was "excommunicated" *quoad* the "heads of the Profession."

Mr. Wardrop contributed very little to the journal referred to after the termination of the publication of the "Letters;" but this was owing to a cause quite independent of Mr. Wardrop's change of principles, which he never changed. At this time Robert Liston was appointed Professor of Clinical Surgery at University College, and became connected with the publication alluded to. His lectures were reported and his operations lauded. This was more than Wardrop could endure, and he ceased all connexion with the editor of the *Lancet*, with whom he had been so long associated, and to whom he had rendered such important and unpaid services. It is a noteworthy fact that during the first years of Liston's residence in London he regarded "Jemmy" as a very formidable rival, and at one time said to me, "Jemmy Wardrop blocks me out of practice

amongst the Scotch nobility." I believe that Mr. Wardrop's practice gradually declined about fifteen years since. Up to that time he might be seen at the West End in a dark-brown neat little brougham, drawn by a horse, if not thoroughbred, of the best breed. For some years he had been an invalid, and, though generally cheerful and chatty with the friends who came to see him, very seldom or never left the house. He died at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

In estimating Mr. Wardrop's claims to our respect or admiration, it is impossible to overlook the causes of his failure to attain the highest posts in the Profession. These causes operated on his whole career. He was vain, self-opinionated, and scurrilous. Never was there a man of whom it might be more justly said "that he would rather lose his friend than his jest." He was fond of scandal, and condescended to collect and retail the pettiest scraps of scandal gossip. He seemed to know the private history of every member of the Profession who had attained to any position. He was inimitable at telling a story or an anecdote; but his language was often so coarse and broad that he occasionally shocked those who were in his company for the first time. I well recollect being present, thirty years since, at a small conversational party, at which Mr. Wardrop was the "lion." On walking home, a gentleman, who had been amused, delighted, and astonished at his

wit and humour, remarked, "What a reprobate Wardrop is!" But he was by no means an ill-natured man in some respects—indeed, many acts of kindness and generosity which he performed are known to me. His opinion could always be obtained without a fee at any time by a needy patient. But he hated to be imposed upon; he disliked shams. He was in the habit of telling with much glee how he "served out" a "gratuitous" patient who had imposed upon his benevolence. During the time he was in the habit of giving advice in the morning to the poor, he was one day called out early to see a patient in St. James's Square. On returning to his house, he observed an old gentleman, very shabbily dressed, alighting from a carriage with a coronet on the panels. He immediately recognised one of his "gratuitous" patients. He waited unobserved until the "old fellow" had turned the corner of Charles Street. He then ascertained that his patient was the Earl of ——. In due course, and in his turn, the Earl was ushered into the presence of Wardrop, who rose from his seat and received the shabby nobleman with the greatest courtesy, and addressed him by his proper name. The detected impostor was thunderstruck, and anxious to beat a hasty retreat. But this was not to be allowed. Wardrop upbraided him with his meanness and duplicity, and eventually made him pay a guinea for every visit he had made. The sum thus received was con-

siderable. He never saw the "nobleman" afterwards. What a commentary on indiscriminate "gratuitous" advice!

The conversational powers of Wardrop were very great. He was full of anecdote, was witty, humorous, and amusing. He used the plain vernacular in talking; to him "a spade was a spade," and he called it such. It was this peculiar gift—for it was a gift—that made him so great a favourite with George IV. But he had other claims to that monarch's personal regard. He was not a courtier; he could and did speak more plainly to him than any of his other Medical attendants; and, perhaps above all, he was one of the best judges of horse-flesh in the kingdom. Mr. Wardrop was a collector of articles of vertu, and had at one time a collection of very valuable pictures; these were mostly parted with, I believe, some years since. He had an open hand for cases deserving of charity; but he was no indiscriminate dispenser of alms. He was not entitled to be called a "man of genius," he was original, suggestive, and rapid in thought, but he was crotchety, obstinate, and slow to acknowledge an error. He was not so profound as some of his contemporaries, but he was more brilliant.

Mr. Wardrop's claims to distinction as a Surgeon rest less upon his operative skill than the accuracy of his diagnosis and the number and value of his published works. He was never celebrated for

the use of the knife, though even in this respect he was not inferior to many of his contemporaries, but he had a sound judgment, and knew when an operation should be performed. As a lecturer, he was somewhat tame and discursive, and, like his great countryman Liston, was not a good "teacher." Mr. Wardrop published several separate works, the best known being his "Morbid Anatomy of the Eye," and "On Diseases of the Heart." The first, at the time of its appearance, was regarded with great favour, and it deserved to be so, but it has been surperseded by more modern works. The volume on "Diseases of the Heart" was the last work he published—it appeared when he was about sixty years of age. It is not regarded as an authority, but is chiefly remarkable for some physiological views peculiar to the author. He read several important papers before the Royal Society, and contributed ten most valuable articles to the *Transactions* of the Medical and Chirurgical Society.

In the Politics of the Profession Mr. Wardrop was a consistent liberal, and in days of danger and difficulty rendered good service to progress, both by his tongue and his pen. He retired, however, many years since almost altogether from society—that is, Professional society. It is a fact perhaps worth mentioning that during the last thirty-five years I never saw Mr. Wardrop in any Medical assembly whatever. He was in most respects a

disappointed man, but he kept up his wit and humour and cheerfulness to the last.

In person Mr. Wardrop was tall and thin, almost of the build of Don Quixote ; he walked quickly, and dressed quite in the old-fashioned way. In winter he wore a spencer, and, when the weather was unusually cold, stuck a little bit of an apology for a cape on his shoulders. In repose his features had a half melancholy, half grotesque expression, but they were not deficient in intellectual power. Their grotesqueness was added to by the fact that one of his eyes, which were somewhat large, was a "wall" eye. When animated in conversation, however, he might pass for a "good-looking fellow."

I know of the existence of no portrait of Mr. Wardrop that is a faithful resemblance of him. The one in "Pettigrew's Portrait Gallery" is probably the best, but is far from being good.

THE LATE MR. WARDROP

(WITH A NOTE ON BRODIE AND HALFORD).

IN the memoir of this distinguished Surgeon in the last sketch, there was an omission, which I wish to fill up. It should have been stated that he performed an operation for the cure of aneurism proposed first by Brasdor, but never carried out by him. This was placing a ligature on the distal side of the tumour. It had failed in the hands of Deschamps and Sir A. Cooper, but Mr. Wardrop

performed the operation successfully in at least two cases of aneurism of the carotid and one of aneurism of the arteria innominata, in which he tied the subclavian. I have said that there was no ground for believing that either Sir H. Halford or Sir B. Brodie had anything to do with the "dismissal" of Mr. Wardrop from attendance on George IV. Who, then, was the offender? There can be no doubt, I think, that it was Sir W. Knighton. He was a Doctor of Medicine, and the private Medical attendant and secretary to the king. There is some evidence on record that Knighton was jealous of the intimate relations which existed between George IV. and Wardrop. When he could safely insult the latter, I believe he did so. This view of the case is strengthened by the following facts:—The fees due to Mr. Wardrop at the King's death amounted to 1200 guineas. The account was sent in to the executors. Knighton was one of them, and objected to the largeness of the demand. The Duke of Wellington, the other executor, inquired what services Wardrop had actually rendered. Knighton replied, he had been down occasionally to Windsor to see the King's horses. "If he has done the work," said the Duke, "for which he charges, he shall be paid." And he was paid every farthing. Further, Sir W. Knighton, in his last illness, sent to Mr. Wardrop a message expressive of regret at his conduct towards him. It will thus be seen that

Mr. Wardrop was completely in error in supposing that Halford or Brodie had behaved unprofessionally towards him. In mentioning the names of these two eminent persons, I am forcibly reminded of the tendency Mr. Wardrop had to call nicknames. Some of them were appropriate, some of them bitter. Halford was the "eel-backed baronet." It would be difficult to find fault with this sobriquet as inapplicable. Halford was a thorough courtier. He "booed" as constantly as Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, and had as much "heart" as courtiers are generally supposed to have. Brodie was the "little eminent"—a name which originated in the fact that a certain newspaper of the day was in the habit of always prefixing the word "eminent" to Brodie's name, and this to the annoyance of Brodie.

Though Halford and Brodie were so intimately associated in practice, there were probably no two men so decidedly opposite in character. Halford was vain; Brodie was proud. Halford was cringing to superiors, haughty to inferiors. When Brodie was haughty it was to superiors; he was seldom or never unkind to inferiors. On the contrary, no one has a greater right than I have to bear testimony to the consideration and kindness of Brodie to the younger members of our Profession. My first interview with him was nearly forty years ago, and never shall I forget his generous conduct upon that occasion. I need not

enter into particulars, but he behaved in such a manner as to entitle him to my admiration and gratitude. Subsequently I had, in my public capacity and in private practice, to meet him on many occasions, and I never had reason to change the opinion I had first formed of him. Halford was fussy, superficial, and time-serving: Brodie was reserved, profound, and independent. Halford contributed little to the art and science of Medicine; he was proud of his "Latinity," and delivered the Harveian Oration in a style which commended itself to the *literati*, but not to the *practitioners* of the age. He was so much of a courtier that a dead king to him was a subject of reverence, and he delivered a solemn oration at the College of Physicians on the discovery of the burial-place of the unhappy King Charles I. Brodie, on the contrary, gave his practical experience to the Profession in a series of works unequalled at the time, and never perhaps to be excelled in the future. Halford's name is associated with two occurrences which leave "a blot upon his escutcheon"—one was his controversy with the late Mr. Bush, of Frome; the other, his conduct to one of his chief supporters, Mr. Lockley, whom, being his guest at the time, he left to die at Tring, in Hertfordshire, on the way to Halford's own seat in Leicestershire. Mr. Bush charged, in the pages of the old *Medical Gazette*, the President with "unprofessional conduct," and no unbiassed

person can come to any other conclusion than that the President was guilty of a gross breach of Professional etiquette. The controversy was long and bitter, the President hinting that he held Mr. Bush "personally responsible" for his conduct. Mr. Bush accepted the responsibility; but there was no duel. Mr. Lockley's case is a painful one. The press, Medical and lay, animadverted upon it at the time in severe but just language. I never heard a whisper against the Professional or private character of Sir B. Brodie.

I here insert the following note from a physician of high repute and of unsullied honour. It fully bears out my view of the character of Halford:—

Our valued contributor scarcely does justice to Halford, whose wonderful sagacity as a Practitioner, with the elegance and depth of his scholarship, deserves respectful mention. Neither does he mention what would seem to be the meanest act which Halford is alleged to have perpetrated with regard to the remains of King Charles I. During some alterations in the substructure of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, a solemn examination was instituted by George IV. of the place of Sepulchre of the unhappy king. The burial had taken place on February 8, 1648-9, in the midst of a snow-storm, which covered the black pall with white, and seemed to his affectionate servants a symbol of his innocence. The brutal puritans forbade the funeral rites of the church by military violence. The

coffin was hastily committed to the tomb, and no man knew precisely, in the next generation, the exact site of the sepulchre. It was discovered, however, that the common belief was right, and that it was in the same vault in which King Henry VIII. was buried. The idea of King George IV. standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., furnished Lord Byron with a subject for one of his bitterest lampoons, in which he described him as standing between "headless Charles and heartless Henry," and denounces him as acting as "Charles to his people, Henry to his wife." The coffin of King Charles was opened, his remains, easily recognisable, were discovered in their cere-cloth, a hasty sketch of the face was taken, which showed that it was faithfully represented by the portraits of the time, and, at the desire of George IV., the coffin was closed again, and the whole ceremony conducted with the greatest reverence, as was well described by Halford in his "Essays and Orations." But it is said that Halford found means to detach and purloin that portion of one of the cervical vertebræ which had been cut through by the axe; that he kept it as a curiosity; used to pass it round the table after dinner for the examination of the guests; and that this slice of bone is still preserved in Sir Henry's family. If not true, we should be glad to contradict this; but the writer heard it from one of the most eminent London

Physicians, lately deceased, and it is generally believed. No response was ever made to this grave accusation.

SOMETHING ABOUT ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

R. R. PENNINGTON, F.R.C.S.

THE late Mr. Pennington, who was a fellow student at St. Bartholomew's with Mr. Abernethy, related to me the following anecdote in the course of a conversation at a very advanced period of life:—He and Abernethy were dressers at the same time to the celebrated Percival Pott, and each claimed precedence. Pennington was certain that he was entitled to be first, but for some time, in order to avoid a quarrel, gave way to the "pretension" of Abernethy. On one occasion, however "Johnny" carried his presumption a little too far. Pott was crossing the quadrangle of the Hospital, followed by the students. He was giving a kind of "running clinique" on a case in which Pennington was deeply interested, and, anxious to hear all that was said, he stuck close to the teacher. "Abernethy came up and absolutely elbowed me out of my position. I then found it was time to put a stop to his impertinence, particularly as the insult was given in the presence of so many of our fellows. I took no notice of it at the moment, though the circumstance did not escape the observation of Mr. Pott. Immediately on the conclusion of 'the

round,' I made up my mind to act, and accordingly, in the presence of a number of students, I addressed Abernethy—'Jack, this wont do; I have given way to you too long, and for the future you must be content to play second fiddle.' Abernethy began to bluster, and said—'I'll be d——d if I do!' At that time disputes of the kind were settled in a summary way, and I immediately prepared to assert my right by an appeal to the fist. The place of combat was in the corner of the ground which is near to the anatomical theatre, and thither we repaired, followed by our anxious and admiring *confrères*. I took off my coat and prepared for action. Jack did not follow suit, and began, like Bob Acres, to show unmistakable symptoms of not coming to the scratch. In fact, he declined the ordeal of battle, and I was for the future first. We were closely associated for nearly fifty years afterwards, but we never had an angry word. Dining with him some forty years after in Bedford Row, the old quarrel between us accidentally cropped up. 'Well,' said Abernethy, 'the truth of the case was this—the moment I saw you uncover your biceps, I was certain I should be thrashed, and so, my boy, I surrendered at discretion.'"

Pennington was a great physicker, and has often been called the originator of homœopathy. However this may be, he was in the habit of ordering three, four, or six draughts a day, to be "con-

tinued" until further orders. These repetitions amounted, on an average, to one hundred a day, and his Dispensary in Keppel Street, behind his house in Montague Place, was a regular manufactory of physic. The boys who "took out the medicine" were furnished with a string and hook, and the parcel was let down into the area by this simple mode. When orders were given by the patient that no more medicine was required, the fact was duly announced in a book kept for the purpose. "Ah!" said Pennington, "I see I must change the medicine; I will call to-morrow." He did so, changed the colour of the dose, and repetition was ordered for three weeks.

In those days this was regarded as orthodox; but chiefly in respect to the "tiptop apothecary." But then Pennington attended eleven out of the twelve judges, and could do pretty much as he liked. In proof of this I may mention a circumstance which was related to me by the late Mr. Harrison, of Keppel Street, who at the time was one of his dispensing assistants. This gentleman some years since retired from general practice on account of ill-health, and was afterwards deservedly high in the Profession as a dentist. The late Lord Wynford, then Serjeant Best, was subject to severe attacks of the gout. The serjeant was irritable, and Mrs. Best anxious and nervous. When she wished to see Pennington about her husband, she used to lie in wait for him in Keppel Street, and

follow him into his dispensing establishment. Here she would stay with wonderful patience until he had finished his entries. On one occasion, says Mr. Harrison, Mrs. Best looked up imploringly to "the great man."

"The serjeant is very bad," said his wife; "in great pain."

"Well," said Pennington, "what am I to do? I saw him yesterday; let him go on with his medicine."

"But do tell me when you will kindly see him again."

"Well," said he, "I will tell you to a minute. I will see him this day six weeks, at twenty-five minutes to twelve."

But Pennington, however much he enjoyed a joke, did not carry this one out. He was at Best's house the next morning before breakfast.

Pennington boasted that he had never worn an overcoat in his life; nay, more, in the coldest weather you might see him in his pumps and silk stockings, for to the last he was proud of his "leg."

"Ah!" he said to me on one occasion, "I am not such a fool as to neglect my creature comforts. I am clothed in flannel underneath, and have a pair of lambs'-wool stockings under the silk."

I may mention here, *en passant*, that the late Dr. Clutterbuck, who lived to nearly ninety years, and then succumbed to an accident, used to boast that nobody had ever seen him wear an outer coat;

but he wrapped himself up almost like a mummy underneath.

Pennington's practice was large and laborious, and, in addition to seeing patients in town, he was frequently called upon to pay visits in the country. These he always managed to make at night. He would, after a hard day's work, take a warm bath, and travel in a post-chaise all the night, getting home in the morning sufficiently early to see his home patients. He had a vigorous constitution, and could sleep almost anywhere. It is said that Pennington made 10,000*l.* a year for many years by Physic. At all events, he accumulated a very large fortune. He sold his practice to Mr. Hillier who, however, did not succeed in keeping it together. Pennington was a thorough man of business, and did not attend the Societies. He was, however, very sociable and hospitable. When the "National Association of General Practitioners" was instituted, he was elected President, but he was then an octogenarian, and did not display any of his former energy or ability. He was not a man of much acquirement, but was possessed of a large amount of good common sense, had considerable power of diagnosis, and was most successful as a prescriber. He was a remarkably handsome man, with a fine presence and a manner which inspired confidence. He was in harness to the last.

THE CAREER OF A SPECIALIST.

JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, AURIST.

IN these days, when specialism is rampant, it may not be out of place to record the career of one of the most remarkable men who in our time devoted himself to the practice of a speciality. "It is now sixty years since" that a young man who had no Medical qualification, but had been what was then called "dispenser in the navy," left the Hospital at Haslar to seek his fortune in the great metropolis. This was John Harrison Curtis. He had nothing to recommend him to the patronage of the public either with regard to Professional capacity or Professional acquirements. Personally he was insignificant, short in stature, and in general personal qualifications inferior to most of his contemporaries who succeeded in legitimate practice to attain a high position. But his mind was remarkably self-reliant, and he possessed that "coolness" and self-possession which are occasionally more essential to a successful career than more solid and useful qualities. Mr. Curtis married a lady who was a *protégée* of a Mrs. James, who had considerable landed property in the county of Kent. Mr. Curtis, who had great natural shrewdness, soon discovered that Aural

Surgery was neglected by the Profession, and at once determined to practise that specialty. He must at this time have had considerable pecuniary means at his disposal. He took a large house in Soho Square, which was at that time a fashionable part of the metropolis, furnished it richly, and at once assumed the position and habits of a man of wealth. At first he was contented to cater for practice by the publication of pamphlets, well printed on large-sized paper, and advertised with great perseverance in the public journals. But he soon discovered, as many others of his class have done at the present day, that to found a "Hospital" or "Dispensary" for the reception and treatment of persons afflicted with disease was the surest mode of obtaining notoriety and wealth. He then founded the institution now known as the "Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear." His estimate of the value of this mode of advertising his claims to the support of the public proved to be correct. Crowds of poor people, and rich ones too, flocked to the Dispensary in Dean Street for advice and relief. The fame of the "great aurist" soon became not only metropolitan, but national. Then he invited Practitioners of Medicine to attend a course of what he styled "lecturs," which there is very great reason to believe he never delivered, but which he certainly published. No one who knew Mr. Harrison Curtis ever suspected him of being guilty

of composing these contributions to the practice of Aural Surgery.

Mr. Curtis, whose income even in the earliest days of his practice was comparatively large, could afford to pay liberally for these productions, and he did so. It is known that the razor-strops of the celebrated Packwood were "hoisted into fame" by advertisements in the newspapers, partly prosaic and partly poetical. A customer on one occasion inquired of Mrs. Packwood as to who was the author of the advertisements in question. "Oh, sir," said she, "we keeps a poet." Mr. Curtis did not acknowledge the fact, but it is well known that he "kept" an author. Who the author was that Mr. Curtis employed in his early days of practice I do not know, but in later years his "lecturs" were written by a man of great talents and acquirements, the late Dr. Hume Weatherhead. They attracted considerable attention, were lauded in the newspapers, and Mr. Curtis had the reputation of being a man of science and education. Almost his last work, which was entitled "Observations on the Preservation of Health," was very successful, and went through several editions. The result as regards Mr. Curtis's success was striking, and to him no doubt perfectly satisfactory. He was immediately placed highest in the list of public favourites *quoad* the practice of his specialty. He had scarcely time to attend to the numerous applicants

who came to his private house for advice. It is a fact well known that for very many years his "Professional" income was upwards of 5000*l.* per annum. He numbered among his patients royal persons, members of the aristocracy, and a vast number of the public. He was profoundly ignorant even of the anatomy of the ear, but he took the precaution of having in his waiting-room gigantic models of the organ of hearing for the edification of his patients. He had, moreover, constructed for him by an ingenious artist of the day, a chair which communicated by tubes from his consulting to his waiting-room. By sitting in this chair, and placing his ear to the mouth of the tube, the listener could hear distinctly the conversation of those who were in the adjoining apartment. It was, moreover, his policy and practice to have a tall, splendidly-attired and powdered footman to receive his patients. More of this hereafter.

I have said that he attended all classes of people, and he once related to me an anecdote so characteristic of the man that it is worth repeating. He was summoned to Whitehall Gardens to attend Mr. Peel, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, who was suffering from a temporary deafness. One of Curtis's modes of practice, which he adopted in almost every case, was to clear out the affected organ by means of injecting warm water through an immense syringe. This

instrument, which was not unlike one of Read's garden syringes, he carried down with him to the residence of his illustrious patient. On his arrival, he found Mr. Peel in the drawing-room, with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Astley Cooper, and Sir Henry Halford. He immediately commenced to syringe the ear. During the operation, Mr. Peel became rather too inquisitive as to the nature of his complaint, its situation, and the *modus operandi* of the remedy. Curtis was in a very difficult position, but his natural shrewdness and his imperturbable coolness made him equal to the occasion.

"I saw," he said, "that I must stop this inconvenient questioning; so, putting the point of the syringe by the side of the passage, I gave him a dig and said, 'Mr. Peel, if you don't hold your tongue, I shall certainly do you a mischief.' He was dumb as an oyster afterwards."

This circumstance is a good illustration of the shrewdness and tact with which he treated persons who were too inquisitive. Contrary to the practice of those who rely for success mainly on the credulity of the public, and not on ability or attainments, he had the rare faculty of being able to hold his tongue.

Mr. Curtis, I believe, only once made his appearance in public as a contributor to the proceedings of any Medical society. This was in 1837, at the Medical Society of London, which

then held its meetings at Bolt Court, Fleet Street. A paper was read, purporting to be written by himself. It was on the treatment of deficiency of cerumen in the ear by the injection of creosote. I sat next to Mr. Curtis on that evening; it was the only time that I saw him anxious and perplexed. Inconvenient questions were put to him on certain points, but more particularly by the late Dr. Jas. Johnson, at that time one of the most prominent Fellows of the Society. Mr. Curtis attempted to answer these questions, and he did so in such a subdued tone and in such an unsatisfactory manner, that Dr. Johnson requested him to speak up.

"Are you deaf, Dr. Johnson?" said Mr. Curtis, in a somewhat angry tone.

"No," said Johnson; "and if I were I should not apply to you for relief."

Curtis was effectually silenced by this satirical remark. One of the visitors of that evening was the late Joseph Toynbee, and I have reason to believe that the lamentable position in which Mr. Curtis was placed induced Toynbee to take up the practice of Aural Surgery. He could not fail, as were all present, to be struck by the gross ignorance displayed by the greatest aurist of the day on the commonest principles of treatment of diseases of the ear. I reported the proceedings of the Society in the pages of the Medical journal with which I was then connected. Mr. Toynbee ad-

dressed a letter to the editor of that journal with the object of exposing the fallacy of Mr. Curtis's views of pathology. This letter was published with the initials of its author. Previous to its publication I called upon Mr. Toynbee and requested him to put his name in full to the communication ; this, however, he declined to do, on the ground that he had not yet made up his mind as to whether or not he should devote himself to the anatomy of the ear and the elucidation of the nature and treatment of the diseases to which it was subject. Mr. Toynbee, however, made further communications on the subject to the journal in question, still keeping up the *incognito* of "J. T."

It is difficult in a sketch of this kind not to advert with some prominence to the career of Mr. Toynbee as an Aural Surgeon. "Joe" Toynbee, as he was called, was a fellow-student of mine at Dermott's School of Anatomy in Gerrard Street, Soho. He was there as a private pupil of Mr. W. Wade, then the Resident Surgeon of the institution. "Joe" was a most indefatigable student of minute anatomy. Early and late, though then a mere boy, he was to be found in the dissecting-room pursuing his investigations with a perseverance which was truly remarkable. This was partly owing to an innate desire to investigate to the utmost the minute anatomy of structure, and to the fact that his teacher (Dermott) always took six weeks to demonstrate the anatomy of the

bones of the head to his often inattentive and bewildered audience. There is no reason to doubt that the influence exerted by this teaching of minute anatomy gave the colour to the future life and career of one of the most splendid and successful anatomists who ever lived. Mr. Toynbee's contributions to the anatomy of the ear, now in the Royal College of Surgeons, are unequalled for their beauty and completeness. There is no such exhibition in the world.

As a minute anatomist, Toynbee was perfect. But his mind was microscopic. There was nothing suggestive in it. It is a curious fact, but not less curious than true, that Toynbee's splendid dissections were associated with no therapeutic or practical results. He was an anatomist, rather than a practitioner. He obtained great fame in virtue of his dissections only, and it was left to men possibly of a lower stamp to inaugurate and carry out systems of treatment, which he never failed afterwards to adopt. He gained the Fellowship of the Royal Society entirely by his dissections, and he was justly entitled to it. But it may be fairly asked whether these wonderful contributions to minute anatomy will be ever more than curious specimens of labour and skill? Is it not a fact that there are two classes of diseases of the ear—one of them curable, the other incurable? Any one can treat the first class with success, but no one the second. A quondam colleague of mine

in periodical literature—a Physician who has risen to considerable eminence since—in talking over the question of Aural Surgery to me, once said—

"Why, if I failed in practice I would become an aurist; there are myriads of patients afflicted with incurable disease of the ear who go what is called 'the round,' just as they do in other cases of incurable disease. A man must indeed be sadly deficient if he could not make a thousand a year out of such cases."

I have said that Curtis relied mainly for success upon appearances, and this he carried to extremes. His hours for consultation were between 11 and 2. He would not see a patient five minutes before 11 or five minutes after 2; and this practice he carried on even to the last—to a time, indeed, when he literally "wanted a guinea." He never allowed a servant to hand him a letter or card except on a silver salver. He always saw his patients in full dress, *temp.* George IV. His make-up was perfect. His hair was curled; his coat blue, with bright Wellington buttons; a white waistcoat, and black continuations, silk stockings and pumps. His last footman was a tall handsome man of the name of Webster. I called on him one morning, and was received by Webster at the door.

"Is Mr. Curtis at home?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is very much

occupied this morning; the rooms are all full; can you wait?"

I said, "I am a Medical Practitioner, and if you give this card to him, I think Mr. Curtis will see me."

I was kept waiting in the hall for a minute or two, and was then ushered into the consulting-room of the "eminent aurist."

"Webster," said he, "always admit this gentleman when he calls; there is no occasion to humbug him."

Curtis, who was really of a kind and genial nature, apologized to me for the stupidity of his servant.

"Did you observe him well?" he said.

"Well," I replied, "he struck me as being a very handsome and splendidly dressed footman."

"Ah!" was his rejoinder, "he is a fortune to any man in my position; you shall have a better view of him."

He accordingly rang the bell, and Webster appeared.

"I wish to give Mr. Clarke one of my last lecturs; you will find it, Webster, in the book-case."

Webster went to the book-case, and, during the process of unlocking it and searching for the lecture, Curtis kept up a kind of dumb pantomime by pointing to the really handsome fellow before us.

Curtis was desirous of getting the patronage of

the Queen to his dispensary, and he remarked, "I shall do this through Webster."

"How?" I inquired.

"Oh!" he said, "with Webster on the box beside the coachman, in a well-appointed carriage, I could get admission even to the Palace itself; but I go to Cambridge House to-morrow, and shall get the Duke to preside at the next annual meeting, which will be held next week; but mind," said he, "I shall succeed in my object."

I was incredulous, but Curtis's anticipations were correct. The Duke of Cambridge did preside at the next annual meeting of the Dispensary. I was present. The report, which was read by the secretary, gave a very flattering account of the institution The bluff old Duke eulogized the management, and above all its founder, and ended in his good-natured way by saying, "Can I do anything for you, Curtis?"

The reply was, the Dispensary would have more influence and usefulness if her Majesty would patronize it.

"I think I can manage that for you," said the Duke; and he did manage it, for in less than a week the little house in Dean Street, Soho, was the "Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear."

Curtis, who earned large sums of money, made away with it with equal facility. He was elected a member of the Junior United Service Club, at which he disposed of the earnings of the

morning with great readiness at night. Curtis's fortune began to decline; he became a bankrupt, and was characterized in the *Gazette* as "John Harrison Curtis, bookseller, Soho Square." It is doubtful whether this reverse had any material influence on the after ruin which attended him. He who so long had ruled absolute, as it were, without "a brother near the throne," had now to contend with formidable rivals in practice. Pilcher, Toynbee, and Yearsley entered the field against him. His practice dwindled, but he obstinately refused to curtail his expenses, and he was utterly ruined. He retired to the Isle of Man, broken in fortune, in constitution, and in spirit. There is no doubt that, in the last year or two of his life, he became insane. The late Mr. Ogden, who was Attorney-General or Governor of the Isle of Man, mentioned to me many circumstances in proof of the melancholy condition to which poor Curtis had been reduced. He died in an asylum. It was stated to me by Mr. Churchill, the publisher, that Webster, subsequently to his service with Curtis, became one of the gate-keepers at the Kensington entrance of Hyde Park. He was still splendid, even in the autumn of life.

"Have you heard anything of your old master?" said Mr. Churchill to him on one occasion.

"Yes, sir," said Webster, "I heard that he was in destitution in the Isle of Man, and I sent him a sovereign."

In the history of human nature there is no more melancholy instance of the rise and fall of a man, if we except that of Beau Brummel. Brummel, like Curtis, had been at "the top of the tree" in his particular walk. Like Curtis, he died in a miserable garret in Boulogne, to the last keeping up his imaginary dignity, never forgetting what he had been, and Curtis, in the same way, "kept up his dignity" under the most abject poverty.

When Curtis left London, my friend William Harvey, with an earnest and honest desire to make the Royal Dispensary an institution useful to the poor, and instrumental in developing the art and science of Aural Surgery, purchased the goodwill. He consulted me on the occasion. I said, "Harvey, in taking to this venture you will be in the position in which Wilkes described himself to be in an affair of gallantry. 'I want only,' said Wilkes, 'half an hour in advance of others to talk my face away, and then I shall succeed in my suit.' Wilkes was one of the ugliest men proverbially who ever lived, but he was right in his assumption. It will take you, Harvey," I said, "some years to talk away the ugly face of the Royal Dispensary, but I believe if you persevere you will be successful in making it handsome as well as useful." Harvey had the advantage of being thoroughly well educated. He had, moreover, for many years been in extensive general

practice. He was laborious and painstaking. He succeeded in "talking away" the "ugly face" of the Dispensary. The opportunities thus afforded him of practice have not been lost to the public and the Profession. If Harvey had done nothing more than contribute his valuable and practical work on "Rheumatic Diseases of the Ear" to aural pathology, he would have sufficiently redeemed the promise which he held out to himself.

AN ADDENDUM.

So many communications have reached me from friends and strangers with respect to this article, that I feel it necessary to make this *addendum* to it. It has been urged upon me that I have dealt harshly with a man with whom circumstances in early life brought me frequently into contact. My object really was not to defame an individual, but to hold up to reprobation a system of practice which at the present day has a tendency to sap the foundations of the practice of Medicine—in one word, to ignore the human body as a whole, and to map out its particular organs as objects of treatment without any regard to the general principles of physiology and pathology. If there be one thing more than another at the present time that is depreciating the importance of the practice of Medicine in the eyes of the public, it is Specialism. Abernethy, a

shrewd observer, and one of the most successful Practitioners of his day, founded his reputation on his truly philosophical work on the "Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases." By this work he struck a blow at Specialism which his contemporaries could neither answer nor rebut.

I shall have to treat hereafter on the subject of Specialism, and I may here state once for all that in these contributions to the history of the Profession I am desirous of doing justice to all whose conduct it may be my duty to comment upon. I am responsible individually for these articles. I shall not shrink from this responsibility. Many have thought and expressed their opinion that these papers should have appeared in the journal in whose disasters and successes, in whose lights and shadows, I bore so prominent a part. I thought so once, but I think so no longer. In the pages of the *Medical Times and Gazette* I can at all events speak freely and untrammelled. I propose to do my duty fearlessly and faithfully. I am at all times ready to stand upon my defence; not, like Orlando, with my sword ever ready for attack, but with that sword unsheathed when it becomes necessary to defend myself. To recur, then, to the career of a "Specialist." I wish, in justice to the memory of John Harrison Curtis, to say that he had many sterling qualities. In private life he was generous to a fault. If he "welcomed the coming," he did not "speed the

going guest." He was hospitable, kind, and attentive. In this respect is it too much to say that, with all his faults, he was not at least inferior—nay, was he not superior?—to many of his imitators since.

JAMES YEARSLEY, M.D., M.R.C.S.

JAMES YEARSLEY died on July 9th, 1869, at his residence, in Savile Row, of cancer of the liver, at the age of sixty-four. He was born, I believe, at Cheltenham, and became a pupil of Mr. Fletcher, of Gloucester, one of whose daughters he married. He passed his examination at the College and Hall in 1827, and subsequently took the degree of M.D. at St. Andrews in 1862.

When Yearsley commenced practice in London as an aurist, he opened an institution for diseases of the ear in Sackville Street, Piccadilly. He had removed the tonsils in some cases of deafness associated with stammering, and had been struck with the result of these operations. The stammerers, in some cases, were able immediately after the operation to express themselves distinctly, and without any convulsive efforts. Yearsley, being fully under the conviction that stammering might be cured by removal of the tonsils, published some remarks on the subject. These attracted the attention of the Profession and the public, and the rooms in Sackville Street became thronged

with stammerers, anxious to undergo the operation which was to relieve them of their wretched infirmity. I was present on one occasion when several patients were operated upon. The late Mr. Pilcher was also there. Pilcher was not only an able Surgeon, but unquestionably one of the soundest physiologists of the day. In a conversation which we held, Pilcher deprecated the operation of removing the tonsils, on the ground that it was founded on no principles of physiology or pathology, and would in the end prove to be useless. Yearsley replied—

"Well, the operation may be useless, but, at all events, it can do no harm."

"I am not so sure of that," said Pilcher; "we have much to learn about the influence the tonsils exert upon the system."

Several cases were operated upon that day with a skilfulness which called forth the admiration of all present. The immediate effect was striking in the extreme, in one man in particular, who entered the room in such a state of convulsive agitation that it was painful to behold. The tonsils were removed, and he spoke calmly, deliberately, and without hesitation. Pilcher was struck with the result, and certainly was for the time astonished. "If the effects," said Pilcher, "be permanent, you have made a great discovery, Mr. Yearsley; but I do not believe they will be lasting." Pilcher's opinion proved to be the correct one:

in the course of a few days the stammerer stammered as badly as ever.

At this time, the fame of Curtis having declined, there were two other Practitioners in the field besides Yearsley to compete for honours. Harvey and Toynbee appeared upon the stage. Toynbee, as I have said in a previous page, was more of an anatomist than a Practitioner. Harvey was a practical man, and in his wide sphere of observation had many opportunities of testing the effects of removal of the tonsils. He soon discovered that their removal in some cases was followed by a condition of the mucous membrane of the throat which became exceedingly annoying to the patient: the remedy, in fact, was worse than the disease. I am not aware that Toynbee did anything to counteract the opinion which prevailed in favour of the operation; but Yearsley, who was a shrewd man, discontinued its performance, except in those cases of deafness which resulted from closure of the Eustachian tube by enlarged tonsils. He subsequently, therefore, confined his operation of removal of the tonsils to these cases, and no unbiassed person will deny that in this respect he conferred great benefit upon those who were suffering from the cause specified, and that he was most successful in the treatment he pursued. Yearsley's mind was highly suggestive, and he deserves to be remembered for his invention of the artificial tympanum. It is scarcely necessary to

mention, perhaps, that Toynbee claimed credit for being the originator of this mode of treatment in certain cases of deafness. The disputants are gone; the facts remain. It is only due to the memory of Yearsley to say that he fully established his claim to being the inventor of the artificial tympanum.

Yearsley, in more than one respect, was a representative man. He was original in his views, bold in the expression of his opinions, and chivalric in the defence of his claims to be regarded as an inventor. But he was rash, often intemperate in language, and sometimes scurrilous. He was part proprietor of a Medical journal which at that time exerted some influence on the Profession. In the conduct of this journal he was associated with a gentleman of great ability and one of the most brilliant writers of the day. The gentleman in question had in times past done good service, not only to the literature, but to the status of the Profession. That the *Medical Circular* did not attain the high position to which it was entitled from the ability and energy with which it was conducted, was mainly due, I believe, to the really Quixotic character—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, the obstinate conduct—of Yearsley. Yearsley was too apt to take offence. His sword was too readily unsheathed; his hand would appear to have been against every one, and, of course, everybody's hand appeared to be against him. With more prudence,

and less, I may possibly say, of the fighting element, the *Medical Circular* might have been a great power. Yearsley made a grave mistake in his calculation of the position of the Profession when he established his journal. He believed that the time for what is called trenchant writing had not gone by. He knew that one of his contemporaries had fought his way to success by attacks upon individuals. Since the journal in question was established, reform had advanced with the steps of a giant. Above all things, the Profession had repudiated to a man attacks upon private character and the calling of nicknames.

Forty years since the state of the Medical Profession was very different from what it is now. Yearsley was never popular with his brethren. He had done much, whilst connected with the *Circular*, to alienate their good opinion. He was not of the "high order" amongst us. But if he cannot be regarded as one of the *élite* of the Profession, it would be unjust not to give him credit for his suggestiveness, for his courage, and for the benefit he conferred upon us by his establishment of a work which is yearly increasing in importance, the "Medical Directory." I have purposely avoided in this sketch any specific allusion to his quarrel with Liston, and to his more serious dispute with a rival editor.

ROBERT KEATE, F.R.C.S.

A REMINISCENCE.

MANY years since, when I was contributing biographical sketches of living Physicians and Surgeons to one of the Medical journals, I had several interviews with the late Mr. Keate, with the object of obtaining particulars of his life and career. I had selected him in consequence of his having been Surgeon to four sovereigns, Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and one of the Examiners of the College of Surgeons. I had another reason for wishing to obtain information from him. I had been surprised, in talking with my Professional brethren, to find how very few of them were acquainted personally with Robert Keate. A man who had occupied so important a position, I thought, could furnish me with many facts with which his brethren would be glad to be made acquainted. I had never seen him in any Medical society. He contributed little or nothing to the literature of the Profession; he had never held the position of a lecturer, but he had risen to the highest eminence in his Profession. This man's career, I thought, was so exceptional that it was worthy of being placed on record. Accordingly I paid a visit to him at his house in Hertford Street, Mayfair, in the winter of 1853 or 1854. It was

a bitterly cold morning, and I was ushered into the consulting-room of the octogenarian, whom I found before a large fire in his dressing-gown and slippers. On stating the object of my visit, I was received with the blunt courtesy so characteristic of the late venerable Surgeon. He said—"I shall be happy to supply you with any information which you may require, but I have a strong objection to the publication of any biographical sketch of me during my lifetime. I will think over the matter, and I shall be glad if you will call upon me again at the end of the week."

Upon seeing him according to his wish, he said—

"I am anxious to furnish you with every particular with regard to my life which may be either useful or instructive. There are many circumstances in my career which I think might be told to the advantage of the rising generation; and, Mr. Clarke, I will leave in the hands of my executor some papers that will be useful to you as my biographer when I am gone."

These papers, I regret to say, I never received. That their contents were most interesting I have no doubt. Mr. Keate, however, was not reticent upon some points, but spoke to me respecting them in the most open manner, under the pledge, however, that I should not use any information which he gave to me during his lifetime. I did not abuse the confidence he reposed in me.

Mr. Keate was the son of a man who had rendered himself conspicuous in the last century as one of the Surgeons to St. George's Hospital. Robert was sent early to sea, and was Assistant-Surgeon of the vessel of war in which Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, was a midshipman. They served together for some time, and the Duke of Clarence, who had received the kindest attention from Keate, promised him that if ever he (the Duke of Clarence) was King of England, Robert Keate should be his "body Surgeon." This promise was fulfilled, and Keate was the confidential Medical adviser of William IV. when he succeeded to the throne. At the time that he was appointed to this office Keate was justly proud of his connexion with Royalty.

When a student I was present at an operation which he performed on Mr. S., an eminent solicitor, who had then chambers in Clement's Inn. Mr. Keate had to amputate a diseased testicle for Mr. S., who gave him a very handsome fee. Keate at that time said rather exultingly—"Between you and Royalty, Mr. S., I am fully occupied." Keate at that time thought that his connexion with Royalty was the basis of his future fortune. I was a mere boy at that time, but Keate's assistant was a young Surgeon who has risen to distinction since. During the operation a jet of blood spouted from one of the arteries involved in the operation. The spotless duck con-

tinuations of the young Surgeon unfortunately received a portion of this jet. Mr. —— stopped in the middle of the operation to wipe off the red fluid from his trousers. There was no chloroform or ether in those days, and the patient was keenly alive to the pain which he suffered. Mr. S. said to me afterwards, "I meant to have given that young man twenty guineas as Keate's assistant, but as he regarded the purity of his trousers as more important than my sufferings, I will not give him a farthing."

If Mr. —— honours me with the perusal of this reminiscence, he cannot fail to recognise the accuracy of my statement. Twenty-five years afterwards I again saw Mr. Keate. He was old, but not decrepid. His intellect was as shrewd as it had been so many years before, but his views with regard to his connexion with Royalty had lamentably changed.

"Mr. Clarke," he said, "my connexion with Royalty has been my ruin. I have attended four sovereigns, and have been paid badly for my services. One of them now deceased owed me nine thousand guineas. The late King William IV. always paid me, but my journeys to Windsor to attend upon him and the Queen, as a rule, were a grievous loss to me. I have on many occasions, obeying a summons to the Royal residence, left a room full of patients anxious for my advice. The consequence eventually was that my practice de-

clined with respect to the public, and now that I am more than eighty years old I am a poor man. There is one exception, however, as regards my connexion with Royalty. That exception is the Duchess of Gloucester, who is my immediate neighbour. I visit her daily when she is in town, and the fees I receive in consequence from her form the staple of my income at present."

I asked him if he would kindly furnish me with one or two anecdotes that I might make use of in the event of my surviving him.

"Well," he said, "I have no objection to relate to you one or two characteristic anecdotes of the late King. I was summoned down to Windsor to see the Queen. As it was 'urgent,' I immediately took post horses, and in two hours was at the Castle. I arrived so early that I was ushered into the breakfast-room of the Royal couple. The Queen was suffering from a pain in her knee, and she gave me a hint that the presence of the King might be dispensed with. According I said, addressing the King, 'Will your Majesty be kind enough to leave the room?'

"'Keate,' said he, 'I'm hanged if I go!'

"I looked at him for a moment; I then said quietly but firmly, 'Then, your Majesty, I will be hanged if I stay!' When I got to the door of the apartment, the King called me back.

"'Keate,' said he, 'I believe you're right; I'll retire. You Doctors can do anything; but if

a Prime Minister or a Lord Chancellor had presumed to order me out of the room, the next day I should have had to address his successor.'

"Once," said Mr. Keate, "the Queen had determined to consult a homœopathic practitioner.

"'I hate humbug,' said his Majesty, 'and I wont allow any homœopath to prescribe for my wife unless you are present.'

"'It is impossible, your Majesty,' I said, 'that I can meet Dr. D——; there is nothing in common between us.'

"'Well, then,' was the rejoinder, 'will you overhaul the prescription of the medicine which he orders for her, and see if she can safely take it?'

"I promised to do so, and on the prescription being handed to me I said, 'Oh, your Majesty, she may take it for seven years, and at the end of that time she will not have taken a grain of medicine.'"

Dr. D——, the prescriber, who had been smuggled up the back-stairs, retired in the same way, fancying no doubt that he had made a convert of the Queen. But in this he was mistaken. As a matter of history, this fact should be recorded, as I believe it is the only occasion on which a homœopathic practitioner has had the privilege of prescribing for a queen or king of England.

I may mention, *en passant*, that the Queen at this time had rendered herself extremely unpopular by her real or supposed opposition to the proposers of the great Reform Bill of 1832. I am not in a

position to state whether there were any just grounds for this accusation against her Majesty, but it is a matter of fact that her conduct at this time was commented upon with undue severity by some of the leading Liberal newspapers of the day.

A circumstance related to me by the late Dr. W. F. Chambers, would seem to give some colour to the truth of the charge made against the Queen. Chambers was in attendance upon her Majesty at the time that the elections were proceeding throughout the country on the question of Reform. Chambers was a freeholder of Middlesex, and the Queen, after a consultation with her Physician, inquired how the election for Middlesex was going on. "I hope," said Chambers, "favourably to the Liberals. I have recorded my vote for them on my journey here." The Queen was not pleased with the answer.

Robert Keate was a great operator, and second to none of his time in the use of the knife. His diagnosis, as a rule, was accurate. He was a careful and sound Practitioner. If he took a lower view than some of his contemporaries of the value of the more philosophical and scientific aspects of disease, he was not ignorant of the advancement which Surgery had made in that direction. His mind was thoroughly practical, and he deserves to be remembered as a great Surgeon and an honourable man. In person he was below the common standard. He had a strikingly sen-

sible face, somewhat large features, but with an eye that denoted intelligence of the highest order. In his manner he was bluff, not to say rude, but sometimes *brusque*. In later life he was irritable and ready to take offence, but he was perfectly incapable of any meanness of conduct either to a patient or brother Practitioner.

I make no apology for introducing the following letter respecting this remarkable man :—

THE LATE MR. KEATE.

[*To the Editor of the "Medical Times and Gazette."*]

SIR,—I can fully confirm the statement of your contributor as to the character of the late Mr. Keate—an excellent Surgeon, rough outwardly, kind, and even generous, in reality. What a pity that no record remains of an experience so extensive and prolonged! I have heard him bitterly lament his connexion with the Royal Family, and once heard him say that after years of attendance he never received the smallest present, not even a toothpick, as a *souvenir*. Keate had his prejudices, amongst which may be reckoned the slight esteem in which he held Physicians, and the slight importance he attached to Medicine as distinguished from Surgery.

I am, &c., F.R.C.S.

BRODIE—KEATE—LISTON.

"LEAVE out a wrinkle or a pimple, and I will not pay you a farthing," was the expression of the great Protector when Lely was about to paint his portrait. The likeness of Robert Keate contained in the Appendix would have satisfied Cromwell himself. It is a thoroughly graphic representation, by the hand of a master. I shall be rejoiced if my Recollections bring forth other such sketches. They are most interesting, and are certainly instructive. Whatever might have been the real cause of Keate's want of success in life, he himself always attributed it to his connexion with the Royal Family. Indeed, he was so bitter against them that his expressions could not be repeated. I still regret that Keate's papers were not forwarded to me, for, with all its faults, autobiography has some charms which belong to no other species of writing. At some future time I intend to speak of the autobiography of Brodie, and shall not now enlarge upon that subject. But as "Berks" has referred to Brodie and Keate in connexion with the charter of the Royal College of Surgeons, I may say that Brodie was on terms of the greatest friendship with Sir James Graham, who, at the time of the passing of the charter, was Home Secretary. It was pretty

generally known that in all matters relating to our Profession Brodie was consulted by the Government. I have no doubt he was the real framer of the charter. I have reasons for believing this, independent of the close connexion which existed between Brodie and Graham. Keate, I think, had nothing whatever to do with it; but Brodie had so high an estimation of Lawrence, that it is more than probable he was consulted respecting it. The charter was well meant, and, I believe, was intended by its originators as only an *instalment* of reform. Be this as it may, the time is not far distant when some important modifications must be made in it. Brodie also had some hand in framing Sir J. Graham's memorable Reform Bill—nay, was it not Brodie's Bill? Brodie, it was known, had, shortly before the appearance of that Bill, written an article on Medical Reform in the *Quarterly*. The principles enunciated in that article were embodied in the Bill. Graham's mode of handling the subject of Medical Reform in the House of Commons was most offensive. He spoke of the interests of many thousands of men of education and position with ribald levity. His conduct raised a storm of indignation in our ranks, and the Bill was eventually withdrawn.

With respect to Liston, I cannot allow that he was an "adventurer" or a "blunderer." If any one has a right to speak authoritatively on this matter, it is myself. I was his pupil for five

years, during which time I was rarely a day out of his society, either within the Hospital or elsewhere. I had his fullest confidence. Moreover, I had reported his lectures and all the Hospital cases which were published in the *Lancet* at the time, and were subsequently transferred to the pages of his "Operative Surgery." I question much whether Liston, considering his extensive practice as an operator, made so many mistakes as any one of his contemporaries. His real weakness was his love of approbation and display. Those who recollect the crowds of students from all the London Hospitals and Practitioners from all quarters which thronged the theatre of the "North London Hospital" on his "field-days," may perhaps think that there was some excuse for him on that point. Liston for some years after his settling in London, was really a needy man. He had, moreover, to contend with a majority of his colleagues in the North London Hospital, who lost no opportunity of worrying and depreciating him. I am glad, however, to have this opportunity of referring to the two most prominent instances in his career in which he laid himself open to censure, and, I think, justly so. After a lapse of upwards of thirty years, the Profession will look upon these cases without passion or prejudice. It was not so, however, at the time. He was then "gibbeted," and reviled by his enemies and censured by his friends. In the

summer of 1836 a poor girl of the name of Sarah T. applied for relief at the Hospital. She was suffering from a formidable tumour of the upper jaw. It protruded from the mouth, prevented her swallowing except when she threw her head back, and, indeed, threatened her life. A likeness of this poor girl is to be seen in the "Operative Surgery." She had been declared incurable at most of the Hospitals in London, but hearing of the "wonders" done by Liston, she applied to him. He at once determined to amputate the entire jaw, and this he did in a manner and with a success that astonished every one. He was lauded by the press, and his fame as an operator was of the highest. The result of this operation determined Liston to remain in London. He had seriously contemplated migrating to New York, and had consulted several persons on the matter.

The Hospital, immediately after this operation, was crowded by persons hopelessly afflicted, who came from all parts to be operated upon. Amongst them was a young farmer who had a large tumour of the upper jaw, the result of a blow from a cricket-ball. The tumour was not so large as that of Sarah T., but it was rapidly increasing in size. The man was most anxious for its removal. At that time, when Liston had finished his Hospital duties, I was in the habit of almost daily accompanying him in his carriage on his round of visits. He said on this occasion, "I do not like

the character of the tumour in that young man's jaw. I am fearful it is malignant;' at all events, it is a very different kind of tumour from that of the girl T. I do not think I shall operate." Eventually, however, he was prevailed upon to do so; his wish to display his power and skill with the knife overcame his better judgment. The operation in this case afforded a striking contrast to that in the last. Instead of being completed without a single drawback in ten minutes, the man was nearly half an hour upon the table. We could soon perceive that the tumour had involved the neighbouring bones, and had implicated the base of the skull. The formidable bone-nippers were applied again and again. The tumour appeared to have been entirely removed; the man was borne to his bed in a fainting state, and died twenty-four hours after. The tumour proved to be malignant, and had involved the base of the skull, part of which had been torn away. I never saw Liston so agitated as he was that day. On our road home, he asked me whether I noticed his agitation. I said I certainly did. He declared that he had never before lost his presence of mind, but he fairly owned on this occasion he was not so cool or so guarded as he should have been. Bitter were the attacks made on Liston on account of this operation; but it was after all "a nine days' wonder."

Now came a difficulty. It was absolutely necessary that the case should be published, more particularly as the other had been blazoned abroad —been made the subject of a "leading article," and illustrated by a portrait. What was to be done? Eventually it was decided to place it amongst the ordinary Hospital reports, with an unattractive title. And there it did appear, headed "Case of Albuminous Sarcoma of the Upper Jaw." The other case in which Liston made a grave mistake was that of a boy who was admitted into the Hospital with a swelling in the neck over the carotid. When Liston was going round the ward, his House-Surgeon, Mr. Bucknill—now a Commissioner in Lunacy—said, "The tumour pulsates, sir, and I can detect a bruit in it." "Pooh!" said Liston; "who ever heard of an aneurism in a boy so young?" and putting his hand into his right waistcoat pocket, he took out a knife, and made a deep incision into the tumour. Out leaped the arterial blood, and the boy fell upon the floor. The wound was stitched up, and the patient put to bed, the artery being subsequently tied, but without any good result. On examination, it was found that an abscess had existed, and had ulcerated into the carotid. It is strange that Liston never would admit that he had committed an error in this case. He contended that his diagnosis was correct; but all were satisfied that the treatment

was wrong. For years, however, Liston seemed occasionally haunted by this case, and brought it before the Medical and Chirurgical Society a long time after its occurrence. He had obtained particulars of some similar cases, and these, with the original, formed the subject of his paper. Even then he would not admit his error. These are the only two cases I can call to mind in which he was open to serious blame. I could detail very many in which he displayed a marvellous acumen in diagnosis as well as wonderful skill with the knife.

It is true that, for the first two or three years of his residence in London, he "ran down" most of the leading Surgeons, and, in some instances, used unjustifiable language when referring to them. But those who were behind the scenes made allowances for him. He was under an influence which he could not well resist; still it was remarkable that a man of his mature age and high position could have lowered himself to what was generally considered an undignified and most offensive course of action. He gradually, however, altered his conduct, and could speak well, as he often did, of those who were his "enemies." He only once, I think, attended and spoke at a public meeting of the Profession. It was held at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, on the occasion of the rejection of a student of University College by the Examiners at Apothecaries' Hall. Liston was on

the platform, and was loudly called for. "Jonflemen," said he, "the system does not seem to work well, and requires reform."

EDWARD HEADLAND.

THE grave has closed over the remains of one of those members of our Profession whose career deserves to be recorded in these pages. Edward Headland was born at Tonbridge in 1803, and was educated at the grammar-school of that town, the head master of which at that time was Dr. Vicesimus Knox. Mr. Headland's father, who was a gentleman of position, having died suddenly, Edward was thrown early on his own resources. Having served an apprenticeship with Mr. Morris, of his native town, he came to London, studied anatomy under the celebrated Joshua Brookes, and entered a student at St. George's Hospital.

He commenced practice in Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, removed thence to Guilford Street, and subsequently to Upper Portland Place, where he died at the age of sixty-six, having been actively engaged in the practice of his Profession for forty-five years. Mr. Headland's career as a Practitioner is identified with a wholesome change in the position and practice of what was called at the time the "subordinate grade." He commenced, as did all his brethren, with "physicking" his patients

'*à la* Pennington," who was then in the full zenith of his fame. But he soon became disgusted with this vicious and degrading system. He was one of the foremost, if not the first, to insist upon being paid for his services as a "Physician and Surgeon," and not for the medicine he supplied. This determination on his part was not so much the result of policy as of an honest conviction that the abuse of "physicking" was a serious evil to the public as well as to the Profession, for though he had no faith in drugs, he had great confidence in "medicines." His practice, therefore, in this particular was a model one. He employed medicine when he thought it necessary, but never resorted to it as a mere *placebo* or as a means of remuneration. He scorned all such paltry imposition on his patients. But in the result his mode of practice proved eminently serviceable to himself. He soon became known for his talents, acquirements, and independence of character, and at a comparatively early period in his career was one of the leading "General Practitioners" in the metropolis. If his predecessor, then in popular favour, was the "founder of homœopathy," Headland was one of its most strenuous and able opponents. This was due not more to his sagacity and powers of diagnosis than to his intimate and profound knowledge of therapeutics. This knowledge he enunciated in principles, and these he laid down with a precision and ability which entitles him to be regarded as a

master in this branch of our Profession. Mr. Headland was a prominent Fellow, at one time President, of the Medical Society of London, which then held its meetings in Bolt Court, in the house bequeathed to the Society by Lettsom, to which also he left his splendid library. At the time of which I am speaking, the Medical Society numbered amongst its Fellows some of the most distinguished members of the Profession, and Edward Headland was in the first rank. The debates were carried on with great spirit. In fact, it was the chief arena then open for the display of discussion in the Profession. The Medical and Chirurgical Society all but ignored debate, and the Westminster was so liberally constituted that it admitted to its ranks any Medical student who could obtain a recommendation and pay his guinea for admission. I have no desire to underrate the important part which the Westminster played in the progress of liberal ideas and of practical Medicine; but the Medical Society was the "House of Commons" of the Profession, in which "constitutional" ideas were uttered and promulgated. Seldom was there a debate thirty-five years ago in which Edward Headland did not take part; he was always clear in his exposition of a subject, and at the same time a formidable opponent. In that assembly, though not the "Rupert," he might be called the Cromwell of debate. Energetic, cool, often sarcastic, he was

listened to with profound attention and respect; and it was no uncommon event to see the President doff his three-cornered hat, and vacate his chair, to answer, on equal terms, the accomplished and able orator. I cannot refrain from paying this tribute of admiration to the kindness and independence of Headland at this period.

At the present time, when every facility for reporting is given, it is difficult to realize the wretched position of the reporter of that day. Afraid to communicate in any way with the representative of a journal which was then in such disgrace, the Fellows either shunned him, or treated him with a studied coolness. The first man to break through this *cordon* was Edward Headland, and I can never forget his kindness upon that occasion. I was anxious to get some information from Mr. Headland with respect to a paper he had read to the Society, and called upon him for that purpose at his house in Featherstone Buildings. I dreaded the interview. I had formed an opinion that the man I was about to visit was haughty and unapproachable. What a mistake I had made! I was received not only with courtesy, but kindness; the assistance I asked for was rendered, and a friendship was formed which terminated only with the decease of the principal actor in the scene nearly forty years after.

I have said that Headland had great faith in

remedies—it may be added, in their special action—and he lost no opportunity of proclaiming this, whether in public or in private. Mr. Headland had liberal views in respect to reform, and, though he took no prominent part in the discussion of that subject, did much by the example he set in his own person to forward the cause.

When Pennington retired from general practice he practised as a Physician; but Headland remained to the last in the "subordinate" grade, though, in truth, he had long ceased to dispense medicine or attend obstetric cases. The fact was a degree could add no lustre to his position, which was of the highest, and he was contented to remain, as was "the Great Commoner," amongst those with whom his life had been passed. This was owing probably as much to his pride as to his love of those whose interests had always been identified with his own. Mr. Headland married in early life, and has left two sons and six daughters. His eldest son Frederick is one of the Physicians of Charing Cross Hospital, and author of the well-known and able work on "The Action of Medicines," which has passed through several editions. His second son is rector of Broadway, Dorset. Two of his daughters are married to Medical gentlemen.

In person, Mr. Headland was above the middle height, of a fine presence, and remarkably intelligent expression of features—albeit somewhat

cynical. He dressed in the Professional style, and always wore a white cravat.

In estimating the character of Edward Headland, I must pay a just tribute to his thorough independence, to his consistency, and to his integrity. He was independent, in the noblest sense of that word, when he was struggling with difficulties, in his comparatively humble abode in Featherstone Buildings; he was independent in his aristocratic house at the West End, although still a "general Practitioner," was on equal terms with the first "Physicians" and "Surgeons" of the day. He was consistent in his determination to assert for those of his class a position which before his time they had never occupied. He was consistent in carrying out his opposition to the drugging system, with all its baneful consequences. His integrity was never called into question. To say he had no faults would be inconsistent with human nature. He was somewhat too dogmatical—somewhat, perhaps, obstinate, and even haughty; but those who knew him best will not fail to testify to his real kindness of heart, and his claim to be regarded as

"An honest man—the noblest work of God."

He died December 8th, 1869.

MICHAEL FARADAY.*

"To write a life of Faraday," says the author in his preface, "seemed to me at first to be a hopeless work," and I can well understand why it should be so, when even a review of Dr. Jones's volumes, to do them justice, is a task of no ordinary difficulty. Nor is this difficulty made less by the fact that the volumes before me are more like an "autobiography" than a "life." But it has this peculiar charm: it exhibits Faraday from his earliest to his last days in vivid colouring. It is rare that the earlier letters of great men are preserved with the expectation of their after-greatness, but the earliest of Faraday's were to his friend Abbott, and these were kept with religious care by their recipient, and, in my judgment, form one of the most interesting portions of Dr. Bence Jones's book. Michael Faraday was descended from a family which originally resided at Clapham, in Yorkshire, in the parish register of which, between 1708 and 1730, "Richard ffaraday" recorded the births of ten children. He is described as of Keasden, stonemason and tiler, a "Separatist."

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* "The Life and Letters of Faraday." By Dr. Bence Jones, Secretary to the Royal Institution. In 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

It is remarkable that a strong religious feeling existed in the family for two generations previous to the birth of Michael Faraday, who it is well known was a Separatist, or "Sandemanian," and was deeply imbued with the doctrines of that small, peculiar, and most exemplary sect. Faraday's father, James, who was a blacksmith, was married in 1786 to a farmer's daughter, named Margaret Hastwell, of Mallestang, near Kirby Stephen. To James and Margaret Faraday four children were born, of whom Michael was the third. Soon after his marriage James came to London, and lived at Newington, in Surrey, where Michael was born on September 22, 1791. He removed to Gilbert Street, Oxford Street; subsequently to Jacob's Well's Mews, Charles Street, Manchester Square. He joined the Sandemanian Church after he came to London. He died in Weymouth Street, Portland Place, on October 30, 1810. He was a man of strong religious impressions. Faraday's mother died in Islington, in March, 1838. Michael Faraday's home was in Jacob's Well's Mews from the time he was five years old until he became errand-boy to Mr. Ribeau, in Blandford Street. During the eight years referred to little is known of his life. "He himself," says Dr. Jones, "has pointed out where he played at marbles in Spanish Place, and where, at a later period, he took care of his little sister in Manchester Square. He says—'My education was

of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a common day-school. My hours out of school were passed at home and in the streets.'" During the time he was an errand-boy he was in the habit of taking round the newspapers on a Sunday morning, and in after-life the remembrance of this earliest occupation was often brought to his mind. One of his nieces said he rarely saw a newspaper boy without making some kind remark about him. Another niece recalls his words on one occasion—"I always feel a tenderness for those boys, because I once carried newspapers myself."

The following year Faraday was bound apprentice to Mr. Ribeau, a bookbinder and stationer, and it was during his apprenticeship he delighted in reading scientific works; prominent amongst these were Marcet's "Conversations in Chemistry," and the electrical treatises in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He also constructed rude electrical machines and made experiments. Watts "On the Mind," he told a friend, first made him think, and an article on "Electricity" in an encyclopædia he was employed to bind first turned his attention to that science. At this time he also occasionally attended lectures given by Mr. Tatum on Natural Philosophy, at his house in Dorset Street, Fleet Street. Through Mr. Tatum, Faraday made the acquaintance of Mr.

Huxtable, who was then a Medical student, and Mr. Benjamin Abbott, who was a confidential clerk in the City, and belonged to the Society of Friends. The first letter that is preserved of Faraday's is one to Mr. Huxtable. Through the kindness of Mr. Dance he attended four of Sir H. Davy's lectures, delivered in the spring of 1812, At this time he had so great a desire to be engaged in scientific pursuits that he wrote on the subject to Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. There was, of course, "no answer" to the application. It was at this time that he commenced his remarkably interesting series of letters to Abbott, who was a year and a half younger than his friend ; but Abbott had been at good schools, and was well educated, and hence Faraday regarded him as the possessor of a knowledge far beyond his own. These letters are of considerable length, but I rejoice that Dr. Jones has published them in full. They are most extraordinary productions for so young a man with the antecedents of Faraday. They will be read with great interest. The most remarkable feature of these productions is their shadowing forth, as it were, the future of the great philosopher ; they show the train of thought which then pervaded his mind ; that he was then trying to add to his knowledge by experiment, and throwing out suggestions of a novel and almost startling kind, and giving evidence of his inventiveness and resources.

But, to my mind, the most remarkable of these letters are those in which Faraday gives his views with respect to lectures and lecturers in general. In these the sketch of both was fulfilled to the very letter by himself many years afterwards in his Friday evening lectures at the Royal Institution. Those who have listened to these clear, simple, but brilliant speakings of Faraday could not fail to be astonished at the marvellous completeness with which he embodied his own ideas of early life.

I have not space to enter at length into the account of the life of Faraday. How he became acquainted with Sir Humphry Davy by sending him reports of his lectures, how he became associated with him at the Royal Institution, and how he accompanied Sir Humphry abroad, are all well known. I may refer here, however, for a moment to his journal and letters whilst abroad with Sir Humphry, copious extracts from which are contained in the volumes before me. They form an interesting portion of their contents. Nothing can be more striking than these letters. Dr. Jones, in reference to them says—

"The feeling that bursts out in his letters to his friend Abbott from Rome, and in his last letter to his mother from Brussels, contrasts most remarkably with the tone of his journal. Both are strikingly characteristic of Faraday—the journal in the absence of every word of gossip, and by the

keenness of his remarks on everything that came before him ; the letters by their kindness, which seems often too much to find utterance in words."

With respect to Faraday's career after joining the Royal Institution, which was one of constant inquiry and experiment, I must refer my readers to Dr. Jones's volumes for information. I do not propose to analyse his lectures and papers, or to give *in extenso* the history of his discoveries ; but it may be proper to give, in a concise manner, a catalogue of them. His earlier lectures embraced a great variety of topics, but chiefly in respect to the metals. When he had been seven years the private assistant to Davy, and assistant in the laboratory and lecture-room of the Royal Institution, he began a most original and laborious investigation with Mr. James Stodart on the alloys of steel. He already had published thirty-seven notices and papers in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and he had given his first course of lectures on chemistry at the City Philosophical Society "with great success as a speaker and experimenter." He subsequently gave enunciation to his discoveries in electricity, discoveries which placed him at once in the foremost rank of natural philosophers of this or any other time. These researches embraced his discovery of magnetic electricity, his induction currents, and definite electrical decomposition ; his discovery of the "magnetisation of light ;" the magnetic state of

all matter; atmospheric magnetism. I willingly pass by his quarrel with Davy, who, in consequence evidently of some misunderstanding respecting discoveries as to the condensation of gases, opposed the admission of Faraday to the Royal Society, because it ended by his eventual admission to that body almost unanimously. It may be said, however, that during this painful quarrel Faraday conducted himself with a moderation and a candour which did him infinite honour.

Having somewhat summarily disposed of the electrical discoveries of Faraday, I may refer to a remarkable year in Faraday's life (1835), not so much for the work he did as for the character which he showed in refusing and in accepting a pension from the Prime Minister. It appears that Sir Robert Peel, if he had remained in office, intended to give him a pension; but in answer to a communication to this effect from Sir James South, Faraday says: "I think Government is right in rewarding and sustaining science. I am willing to think, since such approbation has been intended me, that my humble exertions have been worthy, and I think that scientific men are not wrong in accepting the pensions, but still I may not take a pay which is not for services performed, whilst I am able to live by my labours." A second letter was sent in the place of this; it contained a less decided refusal. Eventually he had an interview with Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, at the

Treasury. A conversation took place, in which Lord Melbourne said he expressed himself "certainly in an imperfect, and perhaps in too blunt and inconsiderate a manner." It is probable he also said that he looked upon the whole system of giving pensions to scientific men as a piece of humbug. The same evening, Faraday left his card, with the following note, at Lord Melbourne's office :—

"My Lord,—The conversation with which your Lordship honoured me this afternoon, including as it did your Lordship's opinion of the general character of the pensions given of late to scientific persons, induces me to decline the favour which I believe your Lordship intends for me; for I feel that I could not, with satisfaction to myself, accept at your Lordship's hands that which, though it has the form of approbation, is of the character which your Lordship so pithily applied to it."

After some explanation and friendly intercession, and a reminder from the King, Lord Melbourne wrote a kind and apologetic letter to Faraday, who afterwards accepted the pension. But we can do nothing in our public offices in this country without circumlocution and blundering; and just about two years afterwards he received a note from Mr. Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, informing him he was about to move for a committee to inquire how far the existing pensions ought to be continued, having due regard

to the just claims of the parties and to economy in the public expenditure. In acknowledging the receipt of this circular, Faraday wrote to Lord Melbourne, who, when granting the pension, said that "the distinction so bestowed" was with the "desire to reward acknowledged merit and to advance the interests of science."

"I am no judge," says Faraday, "whether that in the present instance be the case or not; but if the grant do not retain the same feeling and character as that which his Lordship attached to it, I should, though with all respect to the Government, certainly have no wish for its continuance."

Subsequently Mr. Spring Rice wrote for a list of his works and titles! I need not here enumerate them, but I can well estimate the indignation of Faraday at what was at least an insult, more particularly so when I remember the class of persons who had received civil list pensions in the time of George IV.

For Faraday's correspondence with many of the most distinguished English and foreign *savans* I must refer the reader to the volumes themselves. They will well repay perusal.

Faraday was frequently employed by Government on important inquiries, and for this he refused payment. To the Trinity House he afforded the most valuable information regarding the lights, extending from the practical use of the magneto-electric light down to the samples of cottons, oils,

and paints that were to be used. "His knowledge, judgment, accuracy, and dutiful service were repaid," says Dr. Bence Jones, "by an appointment known only to very few persons—an unlimited amount of kindness, and 200*l.* a year. From his Trinity House work Faraday did receive the highest reward a scientific man can obtain, but it did not come from the Government, nor from the Trinity House. He was able to report that his own grandest discovery could be made useful for the preservation of the lives of seamen!" Faraday was a great favourite of the late Prince Consort, and instructed some of the juvenile members of the Royal Family at the Royal Institution. For some months before he died the gradual failing of his bodily powers became painfully manifest, but "his mind continually overflowed with the consciousness of the affectionate care of those dearest to him." He died "quietly and peacefully" on August 25, 1867, at the house at Hampton Court which her Majesty had assigned for his occupation. He was buried in a private manner at Highgate Cemetery. A plain stone, with the simple record of his name, with the date of his birth and death, marks the spot where the remains of one of England's greatest sons are deposited.

Dr. Bence Jones draws, at the conclusion of his volumes, a most elaborate and able summary of Faraday's chief characteristics as a philosopher,

and he enumerates in eloquent terms "the greatest of those qualities which made the beauty and nobleness of his character." To this just tribute to his memory I may add that, in rising from a perusal of this work, I am impressed throughout with an admiration of his consistency, his self-denial, and his modesty. He states in one of his earliest letters that the reading of the works of Dr. Isaac Watts made him first a thinker. But he bore in some respects a remarkable likeness to that eminent person. Johnson said of Watts that whilst he stooped to write hymns for little children, he was equally at home when he, one of the greatest thinkers of his age, occupied himself in philosophic dissertations on some of the most intricate questions which can engage the attention of mankind. Faraday was equally great in his "Juvenile Lectures" as he was in his most elaborate expositions of natural science. In all but his "nonconformity," said Johnson, "Watts is entitled to our admiration." I have no such reserve in regard to Faraday. It is not my place to judge of Faraday's creed; but his "simple faith" was a sustaining element in his career; it was the ruling guide of his life, and in his later years and at his death a consolation which the most "orthodox" might envy.

JAMES COPLAND, M.D., F.R.S.

ANOTHER great name is to be added to the list of the illustrious dead. James Copland, the "Johnson of Medicine," died at his residence, Hertford House, Brandesbury Road, Kilburn, on July 12th, 1870, in his 79th year. He had been laid up only a few days, though for a long time past his physical infirmities had prevented him from practising. He was present at the *soirée* of the College of Physicians held a short time before his death, and though suffering from gout of a chronic kind, showed no signs of breaking up. He was born in the "stormy Orkneys," in November, 1792, his father's house standing on the site of the last battle fought by Haco. His father subsequently removed to Lerwick, one of the Shetland Islands, and it was here that the early boyhood of young Copland was passed, his first schoolmaster being the clergyman of the town. Dr. Copland always considered that he owed most of the extraordinary vigour of constitution which he enjoyed to his early athletic sports, of which he was passionately fond, and which he exercised up to a late period of his life. I have heard him say he was one of the strongest men in the university, and not only muscularly so, but could endure great fatigue, and was strong in vital power. In his sixteenth year

he matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, and studied chiefly under Ritchie, Dugald Stewart, and Playfair. At the end of four years he entered the Medical classes, and became a student of Barclay, Monro, Home, Gregory, Gordon, and Duncan. He graduated in 1815, and came immediately to London. In August of the same year he went to Paris and Germany, and studied in the French and German schools for two years. Soon after his return to London he became one of the Medical officers of the African Company, and spent twelve months in their service on the Gold Coast. He then returned, "having," as he said, "had enough of it." He suffered much from the climate, and had dysentery, but he was indefatigable in his duties, and studied the various diseases incidental to intratropical countries. On his return he went to Paris again, returned to London in 1820, and became a Licentiate of the College of Physicians in that year. Latham was President, and he and the other examiners were astonished at the large doses of cinchona which Copland had been in the habit of exhibiting in ague and remittent fevers.

He first started in practice at the "Terrace" in Walworth, where he lived next door to Mr. James Dixon, an eminent member of the City Common Council, who was exceedingly kind to the young Doctor. Copland was in the habit of speaking of his old neighbour, in after life, with much re-

spect and affection. In 1822 he removed to Jermyn Street to a house close to St. James's Street. The fees came in slowly, and he employed himself in writing articles for the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, the *Medical Repository*, and the *London Physical Journal*, the "yellow fungus" of the *Lancet*. On January 1, 1822, he was offered, and accepted, the editorship of the *Medical Repository*, succeeding in that capacity Dr. Uwins. The work was published by Underwood. On March 8, the same year, he delivered the oration at the Medical Society of London, taking for his subject "Galvanic Electricity," in which he endeavoured to show that electricity and its different conditions and states was the motive power in gravitation. He found that his connexion with periodical literature was of no use to him in practice; and accordingly in 1824 he brought out a new edition of Richerand's "Physiology," with copious notes, and another edition in 1829. In these and in his journal he enlarged on the importance of the ganglionic system. In the *Medical Repository* he wrote elaborate articles on this system, and on the pathology of fever, also on terebinthinate remedies in disease. He also contributed notes to Griffith's translation of Cuvier's "Animal Kingdom," in which he published some original views on the influence of the food of man on the species. His colleagues on the *Repository* were Dunglison, Conolly, and

Gordon Smith, the author of a work on Medical Jurisprudence, which in its day was very popular.

During his temporary absence on one occasion, Smith attacked the *Lancet*, and in consequence a fierce war was carried on by the contending journals, for some years afterwards. The nick-name for the *Repository* was "The Mausoleum." In 1825-6 Annesley, who had practised in Madras, brought over with him some very beautiful drawings illustrative of the diseases of India. Copland having written an article on cholera in his journal became in consequence acquainted with Annesley, who called upon him to ask his opinion respecting the publication of a book. This interview resulted in Copland being engaged to assist Annesley in his great work, and this he did to such an extent that he (Copland) may be considered its real author. This work was published at the expense of the East India Company in two immense volumes, the price being fourteen guineas. He finished Annesley's work, for which he got handsomely paid, in 1827, and was then getting into practice. At this time, 1827, he printed a prospectus of a plan for bringing out an encyclopædia of Medical science, and made an arrangement with Messrs. Baldwin and Craddock to publish it. The arrangement, however, was not carried out, Baldwin considering the work would be too voluminous. That publisher subsequently entered into an undertaking with Drs. Forbes, Conolly, and Tweedie, to bring

out "The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine." This circumstance gave rise to the publication of Dr. Copland's great work, the "Dictionary of Practical Medicine," which was published by the Longmans. The first part made its appearance in September, 1832; the price was 9*s*. Dr. Copland used to say that the Cyclopædia had sixty contributors to it—"I did all the work of my dictionary alone." Though this was not literally correct, it was substantially so, for there is no doubt he wrote all of it himself, but he was assisted in getting up references, and making abstracts of papers, and cases which had appeared in the different Medical periodicals. His assistant for some years was the late Dr. Herbert Barker, of Bedford, who resided in his house.

Dr. Copland was in the habit of writing at night. He dined between five and six; took two or three glasses of wine, and had half an hour's nap till tea. He went to work about eight, and continued without intermission until two or even three in the morning. He occasionally wrote in the daytime, when he was not busy in practice. He never took more than five or six hours' sleep. This hard work gave rise to headaches. He was cupped on one occasion to 35 oz., and never had a headache afterwards. He always studied his subject well before he commenced to write it, and never rewrote a single page of MS. When twenty or thirty pages were written, he sent them to the printer,

always reserving two pages of MS. for the connection of the matter. The new work was received with great favour by the press, and the first edition sold 5000, à reprint of 5000 also sold, and more were printed afterwards. The work was printed in America, and translated into German. "Many authors," said Copland, "cribbed from it without any acknowledgment." He was paid 4000*l.* for his dictionary, and 1000*l.* for his abridgment. The work appeared very regularly at first, and a great part of it was published in three years; five parts came out at 9*s.* the others at 4*s.* 6*d.* There were twenty numbers altogether, forming four large volumes. The last number of the dictionary appeared twenty-eight years after the first. The long delay was due to ill-health—in fact, to overwork, and it gave rise to much unpleasantness between Copland and his publishers. But this was made up, and they were excellent friends to the last. At the time of his death he was occupied in writing his autobiography and his recollections of men and things—how much he had written I do not know, but I think it probable he had only commenced the book.

In 1823 he reviewed Paris and Fonblanque's work on Medical Jurisprudence in the *Medical Repository*. Paris having lauded the College of Physicians in the work, Copland attacked that institution with much vigour. Paris did not reply, but it was mooted in the Council of the College

whether the reviewer should not be reprimanded. "But," said Copland, "they were afraid to do so." It was to this circumstance that Copland attributed the formation of the Licentiates Committee, formed for the purpose of procuring a reform in the College laws with respect to the Fellowship. It is possible that Dr. Copland's article might have had some influence in the matter; but there had been long a strong feeling against the bye-laws of the College which excluded from the Fellowship all members who were not graduates of an English University. About this time Sir A. Cooper published a paper in the "Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society" on the origin of calculus in the bladder, in which he endeavoured to show that it arose from urinary deposit in the bladder from that viscus not having been completely evacuated. Copland attacked this opinion, and said that the calculus had its origin in the kidney, that the nucleus passed into the bladder, and being there retained it was coated by concentric layers. Copland, in stating this opinion, spoke in the highest terms of Sir A. Cooper, but he was firm in his expression of its truth, as it was gathered from his own experience and the writings of the most eminent Surgeons. Soon after this he was called in consultation to a case with Sir A. Cooper, who, in his fine way, said—"Dr. Copland, I've read your review; I believe after all I am wrong; you're right!"

Cooper soon after sent him a handsome present of game, and signed his certificate of recommendation for the Fellowship of the Royal Society. About this time, also, Baillie, in the "Transactions of the College of Physicians," published a paper to show that paraplegia was more frequently caused by disease of the brain than of the spinal cord. Copland opposed this view, and proved that paraplegia was very rare from brain disease.

In the year 1823 Copland attempted to found a Meteorological Society, but the effort failed. He could not succeed in finding members sufficient to pay expenses. Copland was in the habit of expressing himself very freely and decidedly, both in public and private. He told me that shortly after the death of Sir H. Halford, who had left his friend Lockley to die at Tring from apoplexy, whilst he went to his seat in Leicestershire to meet a dinner-party, he (Copland) was dining at Cartwright's with about twenty other persons, most of them gentlemen in general Practice. The subject of Lockley's death was canvassed, and one gentleman broke out into severe censure upon Halford for not bleeding him. The language employed was beyond what Copland thought was just, and he said, "I knew Sir H. Halford; I never received benefit or kindness from him: but I believe if he had bled his friend, a greater outcry would have been raised against him than there is now. Now he is gone you can speak your mind, but when he

was alive you were anxious to toady him. I can only say I knew Sir H. Halford as a gentleman, a scholar, and a good Physician. I am sorry that he is now like the dead lion in the fable." "Cartwright," said M——, "take notice of this language." M—— called on Cartwright the next day, and talked of calling out Copland. "Don't," said Cartwright, who enjoyed the fun. "He'll accept the challenge; he's a dead shot."

When Elliotson retired from University College, Copland was selected by the Council to finish his course of lectures. This he did, but he was not very successful. His style was too massive, as it were, after the terse, vigorous, and almost epigrammatic sentences of Elliotson. He was not afterwards elected to the chair, Dr. C. J. B. Williams having been chosen. Copland for a time lectured on the practice of Medicine at the Middlesex Hospital school.

In addition to his being a Fellow of the Royal Society, he was an elected Fellow of the College of Physicians; he had been censor, councillor, Gulstonian and Croonian lecturer, and he had been president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.

He retired from practice some time since, and afterwards left his house in Old Burlington Street to reside at Hertford House, Brondesbury Road, Kilburn, where he died, after an illness of ten days, the chief symptom being hæmaturia,

probably from disease of the prostate. He had long been a martyr to attacks of gout, and for nearly three years had occasionally passed blood with his urine. He was attended in his last illness by Drs. Cleaveland, Murchison, and Richardson.

Dr. Copland's fame will rest mainly upon his dictionary—a monument of learning, industry, and power. But it must not be supposed that he was a mere bookworm. He was a thorough practical Physician. His shrewd common sense was as remarkable as his acquirements. His powers of diagnosis were above the average, and his mode of treatment simple, but decisive. His book-lore never seemed to encumber him at the bedside, as has been the case with some learned Physicians. His style of writing was somewhat ponderous, but clear, his lecturing too heavy. He was a frequent speaker at the Societies, and often startled the audience by referring to something he had said bearing on the case or question under discussion "thirty years ago" in his dictionary. This was so general that it was almost a stereotyped phrase. In his manners he was rather rough than polished, but thoroughly straightforward and honest—

> "And poured out all his soul as plain
> As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne."

He was most hospitable and generous, and was never more at home than in the "happier hour," when surrounded by his friends at his genial table.

In person he was about the common height, of a robust build, and striking countenance. His head was largely developed, and bore a resemblance to that of Samuel Johnson.

ROBERT KNOX, THE ANATOMIST.*

IT is remarkable how often with the general public the reputation of some men is only of the hour in which they live, or in which they attract attention by their doings. Churchill "blazed the comet of a season," and for that period had the eyes of all England fixed upon him. But how few are there now who could tell who was the author of the "Rosciad," or "The Epistle to Hogarth." Yet there is much in the writings of this truly English poet which deserves to be remembered. Indeed, he is now occasionally quoted, but few recognise the source of the quotation. The reason may be, and probably is, that Churchill's best poems are too personal, and too much of the hour in which they were written. I have been struck of late, in talking to members of the Profession generally, to find how few are acquainted even with the name of Robert Knox, and how much fewer have any knowledge of his

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* "A Sketch of the Life and Writings of Robert Knox, the Anatomist." By Henry Lonsdale. Macmillan.

writings, or of his fame as a lecturer or an author. The work of Dr. Lonsdale will do good in calling attention to the claims upon science and philosophy which the subject of his "sketch" has upon the Profession of Medicine, and upon the public in general.

Robert Knox was born on September 4, 1791, and was the eighth child of Robert Knox and Mary Sherer or Shererer, a farmer's daughter, whose family were of German extraction. Knox, who had been exceedingly well educated, and had "loftier aims than the bucolic life of his family," sought his fortune in Edinburgh, where he taught some branches of natural philosophy, and was the Mathematical Master of George Heriot's Hospital. Robert, the subject of this memoir, was "the darling child of his parents, and was said to be good-looking, of fair complexion, with soft flaxen hair, and large blue eyes." A severe attack of confluent small-pox in early life disfigured him greatly, and destroyed the sight of one of his eyes. His early education was commenced at home, but he was sent when quite young to the High School of Edinburgh, where, in 1810, he came out as gold medallist. In the same year he joined the Medical classes of Edinburgh, and took a prominent part in the weekly discussions of the learned societies that assembled under the shadow of his *alma mater*. That in these discussions Knox distinguished himself greatly there can be no doubt.

Plucked, as it is said, on his first examination for the M.D., in his Anatomy, on his second appearance he startled his examiners, "as he had anatomy at his finger-ends, and could set forth his knowledge in the choicest Latin—the language in which the examinations were at that time conducted." His knowledge of anatomy was acquired by transferring his attendance on lectures to those of Barclay, a most painstaking and able teacher, from those of Monro *tertius*, whose teachings were of the most meagre kind. Knox, in 1815, was sent to Brussels to render aid to the wounded of Waterloo. He was subsequently gazetted to the 72nd Highlanders, sailed to the Cape of Good Hope, and there remained until the autumn of 1820. In 1821, having obtained permission to go abroad, he studied his Profession in the Medical schools of Paris. He continued on half-pay until August, 1832. During the time he was abroad his ever active mind was engaged in the study of biology, in experiments on meteorology, and on other branches of science. From 1822 to 1824 he contributed various papers to the Wernerian Society, on subjects of comparative anatomy, to the Royal Society, and to the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*. He became, in 1825, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, "or, to speak more correctly, of its pathological portion." He joined Barclay, then the most able teacher of anatomy in Edin-

burgh, in 1825 ; and in the following year, on the death of Barclay, Knox succeeded that distinguished teacher. This was the commencement of his great fame as a lecturer—and certainly no anatomist of ancient or modern times was more striking and successful as a teacher ; and he soon became not only the successor of his distinguished master, but "to be designated as 'Knox primus et incomparabilis.'"

It is not within the compass of an article of this kind to go into the full particulars of Knox's life. I must refer my readers who desire to do this to the interesting work of Dr. Lonsdale. It will well repay them for its perusal. The great event of Knox's life—and the one which marred his prospects, and eventually ruined him—must not pass, however, without notice. I allude to the murders perpetrated by Burke and Hare. For some time previous to these atrocities, the difficulty of procuring bodies for dissection in Edinburgh had been very great—so much so that bodies had absolutely to be imported from England and Ireland. Knox, who was most anxious that his class should be properly supplied, often suffered great pecuniary loss by the large price he paid for subjects. The adventures of professional resurrectionists and of Surgeons and pupils in pursuit of "subjects" form a not uninteresting episode of Dr. Lonsdale's work. It was in the latter end of the year 1827 that Knox's school began to receive the

dead bodies of persons who had been murdered in the low parts of Edinburgh.

It is unnecessary here to go into the particulars of the manner in which Burke and his coadjutor effected their object. Their plan of proceeding was to inveigle poor and destitute persons into their lodging, and then stifle them by pressure upon the mouth and chest. These bodies were then taken to the dissecting-room of Knox. Upwards of a dozen were thus supplied, and there was no suspicion of any foul play. At length the secret came out; the murderers were arrested. Hare turned King's evidence, and Burke was executed. The popular fury against Knox was wild and savage. He was charged in so many words as a *particeps criminis*, and held up to public odium and indignation. He bore with the accusation for a time in silence, but eventually replied to it in a dignified and somewhat haughty manner. That he was entirely innocent of the dreadful charge made against him, it is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to say; but so grave was his position, that a committee of persons of the highest position and character thought it desirable, on his behalf, and for the interests of the public, to inquire fully into the matter. This they did, completely exonerating Knox, but considered, under the circumstances, that he should have exercised "greater vigilance." Notwithstanding this acquittal, however, Knox was exposed to great personal danger from the

populace, and more than once had occasion to display a coolness and a courage never surpassed.

I quote from Dr. Lonsdale's work—"One night, when Knox had attracted a large class to hear him on a favourite subject, the crowd in the approaching street or 'yards' mustered in unusual force. During the pauses in the lecture, the yells and howling outside were distinctly heard in the class-room. The students got alarmed, and kept looking to the doors of egress. Knox, perceiving the growing restlessness of his audience, suddenly paused, and made use of words to this effect—'Gentlemen, you are disquieted by these noises, to which, no doubt, you attach a proper meaning. Do not be alarmed! It is my life, not yours, they seek. The assailants of our peace may be big in menace, but they are too cowardly in act to confront such a phalanxed body of gentlemen as I see before me. How little I regard these ruffians you may well judge, for in spite of daily warnings and the destruction of my property, I have met you at every hour of lecture during the session, and I am not aware that my efforts to convey instruction have been less clear or less accceptable to you.' This statement was received with such cheers as never rung through a class-room in Edinburgh, and, as they resounded beyond its walls, cowed for a time the uproarious mob." Notwithstanding his courage, his wonderful ability and popularity as a lecturer, Knox eventually succumbed to the

opposition which he received, not only from the general public, but from members of his own Profession, and from the leading men in Edinburgh. His class fell off, he was refused the chair of pathology in the University, and, in fact, was "sent to Coventry." Yet, amidst all his reverses, he was never down-hearted, never dismayed. Indeed, his courage always seemed to rise with the occasion. One instance of his daring and readiness is so good that I quote it entire.

"Mr. John Stark, a printer in the city, and also a naturalist, wrote a reply to Dr. Knox's Essay on the Food of the Herring and Salmon, which he communicated to the Royal Society, December 4, 1837. As it got rumoured by Dr. Knox's enemies that Mr. Stark's paper would contain an exposure of the Doctor's plagiarism and recklessness of statement, the hall of the Society was crowded beyond precedent. Sir Thomas Brisbane was in the chair. Mr. Stark held that there was no analogy between the vendace and the herring, seeing that they lived in different mediums, one in salt, the other in fresh water; and that they were of different natural families. His historical notes were looked upon with greater interest as affecting Knox's claims to precedence; for Stark maintained that Leeuwenhoeck had figured the identical animal found in the stomach of the vendace in 1833 by Knox, more than 130 years before; that the food of the herring was described from per-

sonal examination by Neucrantz previous to the year 1654, by Leeuwenhoeck in 1696, by Fabricius in 1781, by Muller and Block about 1785, by Lacipede and Latreille in 1798, by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby in 1820, and by Pennant and other writers who had treated of the natural history of fishes.

"As if in nowise discomfited by the Stark indictment against his literary reputation, Knox rose up quite calm and collected; and turning at his then triumphant enemies like a lion at bay, began his reply by saying—'Is it necessary for me, Sir Thomas, the friend and companion of Baron Cuvier, to defend myself in the society of my compeers against the base and personal scurrilities of a mere dabbler in science?' And in this strain, avoiding the merits of the question at issue, he continued to pour out in the most fervent style the vials of his wrath on Mr. Stark. His speech came like a flood of invective and wit; the big stones heaped up by his enemies to stem the Knox current were swept away by force of eloquence and pointed satire, such as had never been heard within the walls of the Society. An almost breathless stillness prevailed whilst the Doctor continued to unveil the tactics of the opposition, and each pause in his speech was filled up by a round of applause. By-and-by he turned upon the Rev. Dr. John Fleming, a noted naturalist, who had written on the same subject, and took his notions

to pieces; then suddenly reverting to Mr. Stark, he denounced him for allowing himself to be made 'the catspaw of a party'—words which he took care to repeat so as to indicate the persons behind the scenes. At this point Knox was interrupted by Professor Traill, who thought that he was still speaking of Dr. Fleming, and who in great wrath declared he would not allow any one in the Royal Society to call a minister of the Church of Scotland 'the catspaw of a party.'

"Mr. Stark, taken suddenly aback, and wishing to correct the Professor's mistake, called out, 'It's me he means, Sir Thomas; it's me.'

"'Yes!' said Knox, with ready wit and infinite point; 'it is you! He knows himself, Sir Thomas—he knows himself to be the catspaw of a party, and that he has come forward at the instigation of a clique.'

"Up started another Professor (Christison), quite as indignant as Traill, who could not bear to have it stated that there existed anything of the nature of a clique in the Royal Society.

"'He is one of them,' calmly replied Knox, 'and naturally feels a little sore on the subject, you observe, Sir Thomas.'

"He was now left alone to finish what sounded like a triumphant retort upon the reader of the paper, and was received throughout with roars of laughter and applause.

"When Knox sat down, a third Professor (Syme),

believing that he had an arrow in his quiver which would hit the Doctor effectively, rose and asked why Dr. Knox ridiculed Sir H. Davy for telling his readers that a whale was not a fish. 'Did Dr. Knox think a whale was a fish; or, if he did not, why cast ridicule upon Sir Humphry for saying it was not?'

"'Sir Thomas,' said the Doctor, in reply, 'the scientific character of any naturalist who would think it necessary to tell his readers that a whale is not a fish, and the scientific character of any one who would ask whether the whale was a fish or not, require no comment!'

"Thus ended a grand passage at arms between Robert Knox and the 'professorial clique' of the Royal Society. The anatomist, armed with his own weapons—a polished satire more keen and incisive than any Damascus blade in Saracen's hands—cut right and left, smiting his enemies hip and thigh. No such laughing interlude occupied the boards of the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, and no such tiptoe excitement prevailed amongst the 'gallery gods' of the Hall of Comedy, as was witnessed that night within the walls of a learned society."

When Knox retired from Edinburgh, he subsequently lectured, but unsuccessfully, at Glasgow, and gave occasional lectures in some of the large towns in England. He was always listened to with great attention, and astonished his audiences

with the originality of his views and his charming style of delivering them. Whilst in London he contributed to various Medical and other papers—his last contribution being to the *Medical Times and Gazette.* But he never rose from the abyss into which he had been plunged by the "godly" people of Scotland, who persecuted him not more for the Burke affair than for his "nonconformity" and unbelief, and for the bold and trenchant manner in which he denounced all priestcraft and "humbug."

After some years' sojourn in the metropolis, he died at Hackney, on December 20, 1862, in peace, after so many vicissitudes, and to the last consistent in those opinions which he had formed with so much labour and study, and which he had not abandoned when their abandonment might have served him in reputation and in pocket.

He was in comfortable circumstances at his death. He derived something from his literary labours, and practised midwifery to some extent. He was a great favourite in this department of practice, both with the nurses and the patients.

In concluding this necessarily brief and imperfect sketch of a very remarkable man, I have not given even the titles of his many anatomical, physiological, and pathological works, most of which lie buried in the archives of the Royal and other Societies; but it is not upon them that the fame of Knox will rest—it is his late works, "The

Races of Man, "Great Artists and Great Anatomists," &c., that will hand down his name to posterity as a bold and original thinker, and a man of deep and varied knowledge.

Our estimation of the character of Knox, whilst it falls short of that of his biographer, is high. The weakest point in his character was his consummate vanity and self-esteem. He was not, in the proper sense of the word, a proud man, for he could stoop to practices to which a really proud man would not condescend. But his vanity showed itself even in the style in which he dressed—more than full dress—when he delivered his lectures. He was boastful, jealous, and envious of others; but he was courageous, consistent in his opinions, and in private life amiable and large-hearted.

As a lecturer on anatomy he had no equal, and in the Edinburgh school he wrought an entire change in teaching that branch of Medical study. He eschewed the dry, formal, and lifeless system which had been long followed by Monro *tertius* and other lecturers, and threw such a charm round "the subject" that he might truly be said to make the "dry bones live." His fame as a lecturer, like that of a great actor, is necessarily traditional; but that he had marvellous powers when "on the stage" is proved by the admiration and enthusiasm he excited amongst his audience. In later life—and it was only in later life that I

made his acquaintance—there was something wonderfully charming about the old man. If one was somewhat impressed occasionally with what appeared to be a want of sincerity, his kind and genial manner, his cheerfulness, his power of conversation, the "low sweetness" of his voice, inspired you at once with a kindly feeling towards him. On the few occasions on which I heard him speak at the Medical Societies, I was struck with the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which he spoke; but he always showed himself master of the subject, and master, too, of language, for his words were elegantly chosen, and his sentences classic and finished. Such strength in repose indicated in some degree what must have been his power in "action." Knox was not a mere anatomist; he was a good Surgeon, and performed some important operations with consummate skill. Had he devoted himself to Surgery, he would no doubt have risen to great eminence.

I have given one or two specimens of the manner in which he spoke and comported himself under trying and peculiar circumstances. He was ever ready, ever happy, whether in attack or defence; but was it not to this dangerous power that he owed much of his misfortunes? We think so. He spared neither friend nor foe in discussion, and would rather "lose his friend than jest." But his freedom of speech on subjects which cannot be treated properly with levity did him also much

harm. He frightened the "serious" people of Edinburgh by what they called his "atheism" and "infidelity." But Knox was not an atheist; his conversations and his remarks showed that he had great reverence for the Deity. He condemned sects and churches, but had faith in the "Father of All." Ugly to a degree—his face scarred by the small-pox and one eye destroyed—his redeeming feature was his fine expansive and powerful forehead. He was well and firmly built, of great activity of limb, elastic even in his latest years. He himself considered his form perfect, and had said so.

With all his faults, and they were many, he had redeeming qualities which entitle him to our admiration and esteem—admiration of his strong and fertile intellect, of his varied and elegant acquirements; esteem for him as a kind-hearted man in private; as a devoted son, and an affectionate father.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."—L. STERNE.

LAWRENCE STERNE is unusually severe on the mere *dilettante* critic, particularly if he criticises works of art. Though no competent judge of the true merits of a picture, I could not refrain from criticising, whilst strolling through the rooms of the Royal Academy, some few pictures which have reference directly or indirectly to our Profession. I have no reason to complain that we have not received sufficient attention from artists in this exhibition. Taking the pictures in the order in which they are numbered, the first (81), entitled "Dr. Harvey and the Children of Charles I.," painted by F. W. Yeames, represents the great discoverer of the circulation in a quiet, sheltered nook, while the battle of Edgehill is raging in the distance. He is absorbed in the perusal of a black-letter book, and is in the sitting posture. The young princes, taking advantage of his abstraction, have climbed up the side of the bank to obtain a view of the fight, with which they are evidently delighted. Harvey does not discover the danger of their position until the balls come whistling over his head. The picture is admirably

painted, and, of course, the chief object of attraction is the great physiologist himself. He is dressed simply, in a light hat with a broad brim. Observers will fail to detect in the face before them those deeply marked lines of anxiety and thought which characterize his portrait in the College of Physicians. He has a healthy and not care-worn countenance. He had not then been subjected to that merciless persecution of which he was the victim in after life, and which so embittered his last years. Covered by his hat, we lose sight of that splendid forehead which is portrayed with so much life-like vigour in his portrait in the College library and in that interesting picture by Robert Hannah, of "Harvey Demonstrating the Circulation of the Blood to Charles I." The picture in the Academy, however, is one of great interest, and will arrest the attention of every member of our Profession who visits the Exhibition.

The next in rotation (159) is thus described in the catalogue :—"The late Joseph Henry Green, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy of Arts, Senior Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, President of the General Medical Council. To be presented by his widow to the new St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth. By J. P. Knight, R.A." There is no face in the whole collection, whether as regards its manly beauty or its expression of intellectual superiority, to be compared with that of Joseph Henry Green, though

there are statesmen, great soldiers, and philosophers around. The high and expanded forehead, the clear, intelligent blue eyes, the nose of matchless proportions, the mouth and chin, form a face which those who have seen in life will admit to be truthful to nature. If I were inclined to be hypercritical—and I am not—I might take exception to the expression of the mouth, which appears to me too small—too much, as it were, "pursed up." On the whole, however, it is a most pleasing performance. Mr. Green is in the sitting posture, with a closed book in his right hand—a volume, doubtless, of the works of his tutor and friend, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It may be questioned by some whether Green was happy in the choice of his profession. No one can doubt he was a great philosophical Surgeon, that he was one we must all regard with admiration and affection, but his tastes were not for Surgery; he was a philologist, an abstruse thinker, and in every way Coleridgean. Those who recollect his wonderful lectures at the Royal Academy, when Professor of Anatomy to that institution, the graphic power which he evinced in describing the symmetry of form, the anatomy of expression, the physical poetry of painting, might think that he would have been, had he followed the pursuit, one of the greatest painters of the age. Others, again, who could call to mind his Hunterian oration, classic, learned, and eloquent, though somewhat obscure,

might suggest that had he been a divine, his sermons, particularly on doctrinal points, might have placed him in the category of Bossuet, Massillon, and Jeremy Taylor. We rejoice, however, in numbering him amongst ourselves; we could not afford to have given him to either of the other professions.

No. 209 is thus described:—"Mr. Guy conferring with Dr. Mead and the architect, Mr. Stear, upon the plan of the Hospital which he founded, and which has since borne his name. By C. W. Cope, R.A." The scene is laid in the shop of Guy, then a bookseller, at the corner of Lombard Street. The window is open; St. Paul's Cathedral is seen in the distance; Mead's carriage, with his coachman in rich livery and cocked hat, are in the street; an earnest-looking youth is conning over the books for sale at the open casement. The shop in which the group are seated is simply a bookshop. Guy is the centre of the three figures. His face is shrewd, thoughtful, with no great intellectual development, but evidently earnest in a great cause. On his right stands Mr. Stear, the architect of the Hospital, a good, plain, not unintellectual face. To the left, and in the foreground, sits Richard Mead, the most learned, the most accomplished, and the most munificent Physician of his time. His fine manly face and form are depicted with admirable power. The artist has evidently studied with minute accuracy the portrait of this remark-

able man. The gold cane which Mead inherited from Radcliffe as well as his practice, Mead holds in his hand with the air of a courtier. That cane, which descended from Mead to others who occupied the foremost positions in the Profession, is the text on which Dr. McMichael founded one of the most interesting biographical works ever published, entitled "The Gold-headed Cane." This cane is still to be seen in the College of Physicians. It is one of the most interesting memorials of men who were an honour to their Profession. Mead seems somewhat amused at a waiting-maid, who completes the group, handing in what may be regarded as the dinner of the penurious, but munificent, founder of Guy's Hospital. "The meal" consists of half a red-herring, a piece of bread, and half a pint of (possibly) "Thrale's entire;" yet at this very time the self-denying bookseller was giving in the cause of suffering humanity a sum equal to half a million of the present value of money to found a charitable institution.

We come now to 260 in the catalogue, and this picture is thus described:—"Doctor Goldsmith (E. M. Ward, R.A.).—'The only instance remembered of his practice was in the case of a Mrs. Sidebotham, described as one of his acquaintances of the better sort, whose waiting-woman was often afterwards known to retail with what a ludicrous assumption of dignity he would show off his cloak and his cane as he strutted,

with his queer little figure stuck through as with a huge pin by his wandering sword, in the sick-room of her mistress. At last it one day happened that, his opinion differing somewhat from the apothecary in attendance, the lady thought her apothecary the safer counsellor, and Goldsmith quitted the house in high indignation.'—*Vide* Forster's 'Life of Goldsmith.'" Upon looking at this picture one is almost inclined to regret that the costumes of that day are now obsolete. "Poor Goldie," as Dr. Johnson used to call him, appears to disadvantage in the controversy. But he is dressed in a superb cloak, and coat and breeches of gorgeous purple. Even the "apothecary" is attired in what appears to be a black velvet suit, with a magnficent tie-wig, and holds up a draught in his hand which might tempt a homœopathic patient to take physic. We fail to perceive in this remarkable picture that ugliness which is said to have characterized the countenance of poor "Goldie." If he were so ugly as his biographers have stated, that even as an usher of a school the mistress dismissed him "as a pock-marked specimen of humanity," the picture before us fails to give us any evidence of such a fact. Indeed, the artist has portrayed Goldsmith as really a "good-looking fellow." Why did not Goldsmith succeed in the practice of the Profession which he had chosen—he had learning and, to some extent, ability as a Doctor? "Poor Goldie"

wanted "tact." The author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," of "She Stoops to Conquer," and the "Chinese Letters" was "nowhere" amongst women who were not of the chamber-maid or courtezan class; eloquent with them, but silent, abashed, and subdued before modest women. It is marvellous that a man who could portray human nature with such fidelity as he did should have failed in his intercourse with the very men and women that he so successfully depicted. He is only one of a number of able and learned men that have succumbed to the same cause.

Two members of the Profession who are still amongst us have their portraits in the Royal Academy. Charles Murchison, M.D., F.R.S., &c., painted by S. Pearce, figures 1109 in the catalogue.

The other portrait to which I have referred is that of Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S., painted by the same artist.

Both these portraits are very able productions. If any fault is to be found, it is in the somewhat overshadowing of the nose of Dr. Murchison, and the absence of some of the lines of thought in the countenance of the great "obstetriarch."

No. 1186 is a marble bust of Professor Owen, faithfully and happily portraying his features and expression.

I had almost forgotten 312—a deputation to Faraday, to request him to become President of

the Royal Society. This picture is a disappointment. Faraday I should not have known but for the description in the catalogue; the face and form have no one characteristic of the original.

WALTER COOPER DENDY, M.R.C.S., &c.,

WAS born at or near Horsham, in Sussex, and was descended from a family highly respected and long known and settled in the county. After an apprenticeship in the locality, he came to London about the year 1811, and entered as a student at the then united Hospitals of Guy's and St. Thomas's—at the time Sir Astley was in his zenith, and when that school was the most famous in England. He became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, in 1814. He commenced practice in Stamford Street, and here, in 1827, I first became acquainted with him, in consequence of his attending a very near and dear relative of mine. I well recollect him in those days, and as a boy was delighted and charmed with his agreeable manners, his wonderful versatility of knowledge, and his charming powers of conversation. A few years afterwards, when I had become a Medical student, and commenced reporting the Medical Society of London, one of the prominent Fellows of the Society was Mr.

Dendy. An admirable speaker, always well informed on the subject on which he spoke, I was never at a loss to follow him. If he was occasionally a little theoretical and imaginative, he was in the main practical.

Amongst the speakers at the Society, then by far the most important gathering of the Profession, he was second to none. This is no small praise, when his associates were Clutterbuck, Haslem, Uwins, Leonard Stewart, James Johnson, Whiting, Crisp, and Headland, with many "as worthy sons as they." Discussions at the Society at this period were carried on with a spirit and ability which have never been surpassed. The Westminster Society, though much larger in numbers, was *jejune* and discursive when compared with its Bolt Court rival. The Medical and Chirurgical had not at this time emerged from its chrysalis state, and was contented to allow papers of immense importance, from the ablest men of the day, to drop as it were into oblivion—to be read and *not* discussed, and only to be rescued from their obscurity by being printed at some indefinite time after, in the *Transactions* of the Society. It is lamentable to think, by the obstructive arrangements which prevailed with reference to debating the merits of a paper, how much of the experience of the leading men of the time has been lost! What a valuable mass of information might have been preserved to the profession had the occasional

short statements of the leading Physicians and Surgeons who occasionally said "something" been reported in the journals! The Society became at last à mere "tea-meeting," with the solemnity of a secret reading, as it were of papers, no doubt of inestimable value, but like the "gems of rarest ray serene," or the "flowers born to blush unseen," were, in almost the strictest sense, lost to the world. The consequence was most disastrous to the Society, at whose meetings scarcely a dozen attended. When it had dwindled to nearly a condition of exhaustion, permission was given to reporters to attend, and to publish the proceedings. Great were the revivifying effects of the air of publicity on the Society. It is not too much to assume that the debates in the Medical Society had some effect on the Council of the Medical and Chirurgical in inducing them to consent to a change in their regulations respecting the admission of the press to their meetings. It is a fact that, whilst the library in Bolt Court was attended by a crowded and admiring auditory, that of the Society I am criticising was a mere "hole-and-corner" assembly, without spirit and without interest. It is due to the memory of Mr. Dendy, and others who were his colleagues, to state that he was one of the first to advocate publicity to the proceedings of the Society in Bolt Court. He was one of the foremost to assist me in my then arduous task of reporting their proceedings. In after years, and

even to within three months of his death, the question formed the subject of our conversation on many occasions. In looking back at the early times of reporting for the Medical press, with all its drawbacks, its vicissitudes and difficulties, I must say the evenings in Bolt Court are amongst a few of the "pleasures of memory" associated with the pursuit I followed.

Walter Cooper Dendy was not a mere Surgeon. In days when the Surgeon in general practice was certainly not usually an educated person, he shone conspicuously by his superior acquirements, by his cultivated taste, and his polished manners. He found time, even amongst the toils and struggles all but invariably the early lot of men who engage in our calling, to indulge in his fancy for general literature. Thus, he wrote and published a poem of considerable merit, entitled "Zone;" and the "Philosophy of Mystery," an able and learned treatise on dreams, spectral illusions, and other imperfect manifestations of mind. In this little volume he advanced some theories which were regarded by hypercritical and shallow thinkers as bordering on Materialism; but the book, taken in its entirety, is one of the most conclusive that could be to prove his belief in a future state. For instance, in speaking of the deaths of little children, their mysterious "forethought," as it were, of their demise, even when those around them had

hope of their living—I quote from memory—he says, "In that awful moment when the spirit

> 'Is soon from its cell of clay
> To burst a seraph in the blaze of day,'

who shall say that there is not some communication between the Almighty and the 'cherished ones,' who are called in 'their purity to heaven'?" That Dendy had some peculiar religious views, I know, but his mind was of too grave and reflective a character, too much imbued with enthusiasm, too poetic for him to be a materialist. I mention his literary productions first, not because they are the more meritorious of his contributions, but inasmuch as he prided himself, and justly, upon them. In later life he published a volume under the singular title, "ΨΥΧΗ: a Discourse on the Birth and Pilgrimage of Thought," a metaphysical essay, worthy of being classed amongst the first of such essays on a profound and most fascinating subject. His "Sketches in the Isle of Scilly" are full of truthful fancy. It was followed by other works of singular merit. "The Beautiful Islets of Britane," "The Wild Hebrides," "The Islets of the Channel," and "Legends of the Lintel and the Ley," are the most important. But he was not idle in respect to Medical literature. He was author of a "Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin," "Hints on Health and Diseases of the Skin,"

"The Book of the Nursery," "Portraits of Diseases of the Scalp," "Wonders displayed by the Human Body," "Monograph on the Cerebral Diseases of Children," and "The Varieties of Pock." He contributed largely to the Medical Journals, and was the author of some of the most remarkable and interesting of the papers which appeared in the *Psychological Journal*, edited for many years with much ability by Dr. Forbes Winslow. It should be mentioned that he was for a long period Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary for Children in the Waterloo Road, and at this institution he found materials for some of his best Medical works.

Dendy was an admirable draughtsman, and illustrated his own works in a manner which elicited admiration from all. His last efforts with his pencil were, I believe, some sketches of the scenes described by the poet Cowper in the neighbourhood of Olney and Weston Underwood. Knowing my early association with these scenes, he kindly brought the sketches to me. Nothing could exceed them in graphic and truthful illustration. His last essay, I think, was "On the Mental Condition of Cowper," that marvellous enigma—the most popular of poets, the simplest and yet one of the profoundest of philosophers—whose life has been written by numerous authors. Was he insane, or was he not? There can be no doubt, I think, that for a time his fine intellect was under a cloud. But it must be remembered

that it was a *quæstio vexata.* Hayley, Johnson, Southey, and other eminent men differed in opinion on the subject. Dendy took what appeared to me a sound view of the question. He steered a middle course, and treated the matter from a Medico-Psychological point of view. The essay was originally intended for publication in Winslow's *Quarterly;* but this having ceased to exist, he brought it to me for publication in the *Lancet.* I felt it was not fitted for a Medical journal, and with great regret returned it to him. I hope it may yet see the light, as I understand it is the intention of his executors to publish a posthumous volume of his writings.

Dendy was almost a recluse, even in his earlier days. With the exception of attending the annual dinner of the Medical Society, and occasionally the biennial festival of the Students of Guy's Hospital, he seldom or never appeared at any convivial meetings of the Profession. I believe he never gave a private dinner-party to his friends. When President of the Medical Society he lived at Storey's Gate, in the house that immediately overlooks the Birdcage Walk. He gave the usual Presidential dinner. I was present. The repast was perfect in its way. The fine old china plates, the glasses of all but mediæval age, the wines old and select, gave to the entertainment a charm and originality which I shall not easily forget. But it was characteristic of the man. He "came out"

but "once in his life," but he "came out" not like a hermit or recluse, but with all that could delight or astonish his company. As I have said, Dendy was a retiring man, even in his palmy days. He had no amusements out of doors, and this may explain why he had time for his numerous contributions to literature and to Medicine. He retired from practice some years since, and occupied his time in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Daily you might see him coming up from Suffolk Street to the Museum, with his spare figure, his small frame, his reflective face, and his grotesque habiliments, his brown greatcoat, and his huge spectacles. Of late there was a certain kind of melancholy about him, which was "sweeter even than pleasure." He met death at the age of 77, after a short illness, with that "calm and decorous fortitude" which he had ever evinced during life. I have but one sentence to add to this memorial to my old friend. He died in Suffolk Street, Haymarket, in the house of a patient of mine. On the morning of the day when these reminiscences were penned, I was requested by Mrs. M—— to view the body of my old friend. One of his executors, an eminent pastor of the Unitarian creed, could not convince himself that Dendy was dead, and positively insisted that he should be examined in his coffin by some Medical gentleman. I obeyed the summons. In the second-floor front room, at a house in Suffolk Street, Pall

Mall, which he had occupied for years, and had endeared himself to those about him by his gentle manner and his kindness of heart, lay all that was mortal of one of the most accomplished and kind-hearted members of our Profession I had ever known. My friend Dr. Routh had attended Dendy with all kindness and attention and skill during his last illness. My visit to the corpse was unnecessary, but I felt I was not doing wrong in taking a "last sad look" at him I had known intimately for upwards of forty years. He died on the 16th December, 1871.

ROBERT WADE, F.R.C.S., &c.,

ROBERT WADE was born on November 23, 1798, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, in which town his father carried on the business of a brewer. He received his early education at a neighbouring school, and having been duly apprenticed, came to London when 20 years of age. He had expected that he would at once enter to lectures and Hospital practice, but his father having become involved in difficulties, young Wade was thrown upon his own resources. Of a robust frame, strong will, and of a hopeful disposition, he looked to the future with confidence. Like many other members of our Profession who have risen to distinction, his earlier years were those of self-denial, hard work,

and scanty income. He became assistant to one of the "top apothecaries" at the West End, and for some years was a veritable drudge. He made up all the medicines, attended most of the night cases, and all the lower class of midwifery. At this time the unqualified Medical assistant was regarded more in the light of a domestic servant than a gentleman. Wade's lot in this respect was of the "common." At length, after eight years of incessant labour and great thrift, he saved sufficient to pursue his studies, and he entered in 1817, I believe, to St. George's Hospital. He passed the College of Surgeons in 1819, and the Apothecaries' Society about the same time. He again became an assistant, but under very different circumstances. The office of Apothecary to the Westminster General Dispensary becoming vacant, Wade became a candidate for it, and was elected by a small majority. He fulfilled the duties of his appointment with great credit to himself and benefit to the institution for some years. About 1828 he commenced practice on his own account, at the house in which he resided till his death, 68, Dean Street. For some time he eked out a somewhat scanty income by taking pupils. The Medical students of that day were less orderly and correct than those of the present time. I have heard Wade relate many of the annoyances to which he was subjected by his young friends; but some of his pupils have reached to high and

deserved distinction. I can bear testimony to the regard which some of his pupils had for the good old man even to the last; and they always spoke of him with affectionate respect. Wade, on his retirement from the office of Apothecary to the Dispensary, was unanimously elected Surgeon to the institution, and this office he held to the day of his death, performing his duties to the last with a fidelity and punctuality which contrast favourably with the attendance of many Surgeons to Hospitals and Dispensaries in the metropolis. Some years since he was presented by the governors with a handsome piece of plate, in recognition of his services. The name of "specialist," when he took the office of Surgeon to the Dispensary, was all but unknown, but circumstances drove him, as it were, to choose a particular line of practice. Amongst the crowd of patients which attended on his "days," numbers were affected with stricture of the urethra in all its forms. He soon found that some of those cases of the most intractable kind could not be successfully treated by simple dilatation, and he directed his mind to discover some means by which they could be treated with safety. Shortly before, the system of treatment carried on most extensively by Sir Everard Home had fallen into discredit, in consequence of the disastrous results ensuing from it. Home had recourse to the nitrate of silver, and, no doubt, was very successful in many cases, but he carried his

practice to a degree of heroism which eventuated in its downfall.

Mr. Whateley, after the failure of the lunar caustic, practised and advocated the use of the potassa fusa in cases of stricture of the more intractable kinds. Whateley had but a limited success, and at his death no one seemed desirous to become his successor. Then a new system of treatment was practised by some Surgeons of more or less eminence, Guthrie and Stafford being foremost amongst them. This consisted in what was termed internal incision; a bougie, armed with a knife, was inserted into the urethra, and when the seat of obstruction was fairly reached, the knife, being worked by a spring at the handle of the instrument, was protruded, and the stricture freely divided. For a time all went well, but cases of severe hæmorrhage were common, and fatal results occasional, so internal incision lost ground, and died, I believe, with Mr. Stafford; who, notwithstanding all its dangers and drawbacks, contended to the last that it was, on the whole, the most efficient and the safest that could be employed. Wade had opportunities of trying these plans of treatment, and, after a long and anxious trial, came to the conclusion that Whateley's was the best remedy. But he was soon convinced that the caustic potash had been used too freely by Whateley, just as the lunar caustic had been too freely employed by Home. He accordingly, in the most obstinate

cases of stricture, commenced his use of the caustic potash in very minute quantities, and gradually increased them. He soon found that all the benefits of this agent could be obtained without resorting to the more powerful, and sometimes dangerous "doses" employed by Whateley. Always cautious and painstaking, he hesitated long before he gave his views to the Profession.

At length, fortified by an experience of several hundred cases in public and private practice, he ventured to stand forth as the advocate of the use of that remedy in cases of irritable and intractable stricture. And here, in justice to the memory of my old friend, I must attempt to remove a misconception which prevailed, that he invariably resorted to this remedy. As I had the pleasure and privilege of seeing every work he published through the press, I am bound to say that no Surgeon ever rode his "hobby horse" more tenderly and with more skill. Often has he said to me, "The potassa fusa is not the main power which I rely upon in my battle with cases of stricture. Far from it; most cases of the disease can be successfully treated by careful and persistent dilatation; but I have found such extraordinary results from the employment of small quantities of the caustic potash in cases of irritable and intractable obstruction, that I should fail in my duty if I did not use it." I must confess that I believe the conclusion he arrived at

was sound and practical, and that, by his consistent and persevering advocacy of this remedy, he has snatched a valuable agent from oblivion, and added a page to the history of conservative Surgery.

Here I may diverge for a moment in this narrative, to say that I consider Wade had inestimable advantages over the so-called "specialists" of the present day, and these were his early training, his vast experience as a Surgeon in general practice, and his good knowledge of pathology and therapeutics. He did not, as the tanner in the fable, think that there was "nothing like leather," but he resorted to "leather" when other means of "defence" had failed. His courage and consistency never deserted him. With his usual energy he denounced in unmeasured terms the "perineal section" of Syme. Can it be said that he was wrong in that opposition? But he was not a bigoted antagonist. When he found that he was wrong, no man was more ready to acknowledge his error. One instance will suffice. Mr. Thomas Wakley, it is well known, proposed and practised a most ingenious plan of treating stricture by gradually enlarged tubes. In one edition of his work Mr. Wade strenuously opposed this plan, believing that it would cause laceration and danger; but he felt bound to satisfy himself on this point, and after some trial of the plan, he was convinced that in certain cases it might be employed with safety and advantage.

What did he do? In the very next edition of his work on stricture, he not only acknowledged his error, but actually gave a lithographic illustration of Mr. Wakley's instruments, and spoke of them with approbation. This is to his honour; for the journal which represented the interests of Mr. Wakley had attacked him with a rancour which was neither just nor justifiable. I say this from a knowledge of the facts. Fortunately in these days, when the "balance of power" is more righteously adjusted, no such system of persecution could be successfully maintained.

I became acquainted with Robert Wade in consequence of attending a course of lectures on pathology delivered by him at the Little Windmill Street School in 1834. I was on intimate terms with him, and for many years spent my Sunday evenings at his house. In his "happier hour" the man came out enthusiastically; an admirer of Shakspeare and Byron, it was a delight to discuss with him the merits and beauties of these great masters of English literature. No man had a greater appreciation of them than Robert Wade. He took few holidays—"work to him was leisure;" but he annually rented a house at Hampstead for a "little change." I was his frequent visitor on these occasions, and amid the quiet lanes, the fertile fields, the wooded heights of that suburban "paradise" I have walked and talked with him and his family. The pleasure of those "outings" I

shall not easily forget. I know your tourists on the Rhine and the Moselle, your Alpine climbers, and your yachters may smile at the "Cockneyism" of such scenes; but they must not, or ought not, to forget that those scenes were dear to men like Coleridge and Leigh Hunt, and have been immortalized by the pictures of some of the greatest landscape painters of the present and a past age.

A great appreciator of everything beautiful in nature, and a lover of the arts, he was anxious to obtain some works of the late William Hunt, that marvellous portrayer of fruits and flowers. It was not, however, until 1851 that his means allowed him to indulge in what he then regarded as an expensive outlay. This was done with much caution and misgiving. The drawings by this distinguished artist at the period named were but one-tenth of the value which they now realize at public auction. In an interview with Mr. William Vokins, who at this time had the majority of Hunt's works from the easel, and while contemplating a drawing of a "Bird's Nest," the price of which was but twenty-two guineas, Wade expressed his great desire to purchase, but added—"I am but a poor Surgeon, and though I should like it much, I hardly feel justified in doing so; but tell me honestly, should it so occur that I am unable to retain it, is it likely I may get my money again?" Being perfectly assured on this point, it was bought, and was the nucleus of a collection

of drawings of fruit, flowers, &c., entirely by this master—not large, but admitted to be unique in quality by every one acquainted with the matter who has seen them, either on his walls, or at the loan exhibitions, to which he was at all times a willing contributor. The possession of these drawings led to his acquaintance with the artist, and he became his Medical adviser, attending him in his last illness. It would be a misfortune, I think, if this splendid collection should be lost to the nation. Its proper place would be at the South Kensington Museum, amongst the productions of those who have shed a lustre on British art.*

Wade's contributions to Medical literature were:—"Stricture of the Urethra: its Complication and Effects; a Practical Treatise on the Nature and Treatment of those Affections;" "Conservative Surgery of the Urethra—on the Treatment of Stricture;" "Exfoliation of Anterior Arch of Atlas," *Med.-Chir. Trans.*, 1849; "Remarks on Strangulated Hernia, reduced *en masse*, with a case in which an Operation was successfully performed," *Lancet*, 1845; "Treatment of Permanent Stricture of the Urethra," *Medical Times and Gazette*, 1851; with other contributions to Medical journals.

* The collection was subsequently sold by Christie and Manson, and realized enormous prices.

In all the relations of life, as husband, father, friend, or Medical adviser, Robert Wade was most exemplary. He literally "died in harness." He rose in the morning in his usual health, saw patients until one o'clock, was seized with apoplexy at two, and breathed his last at four. He died 16th January, 1872, in his 74th year.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND, BART., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L.*

WHATEVER objections may be raised to autobiographical recollections, it is certain that the specimens which we have of this kind of history of the members of our own Profession are few and far between. Looking to their interest and and importance, I think it will be an object of regret to all that they have not been more numerous. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of Sir Benjamin Brodie's "Recollections," and however coloured (as they were) by personal bias and unquestionable prejudices, no one could rise from their perusal without being convinced that Brodie rendered good service to his brethren by their publication. Brodie had a practice as extensive, if not more so, than Sir Henry Holland, yet he confines his reminiscences to those with

* "Recollections of a Life." By Sir H. Holland, M.D., &c. Longmans.

whom he was more immediately associated in the practice of his Profession. We have now to deal with a work of a very different kind. Fascinating, able, and graphic it undoubtedly is, and as the record of the life of a man who has filled a very important position, Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections" must be regarded as a most valuable contribution to the history of the age in which he lives.

He was born at Knutsford, on October 27, 1781, on the very verge of the French Revolution. He early imbibed a passion for travel, and he describes with graphic power his journey to his maternal grandmother's brother at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was for a year or two at a private school at Knutsford, and even then he made excursions round the neighbourhood in search of the picturesque and instructive. He was subsequently under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Turner, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. During this period he made a journey to the summit of Blackstone Edge, and there he describes the emotions he experienced at the sight of the sea from the top of Tynemouth Castle. Soon afterwards he took a voyage to Jamaica, and describes with much power the effect of this voyage upon him. He subsequently took several pedestrian excursions round Newcastle. In 1803 he left Newcastle for a year, and was at the school of Dr. Estin, near Bristol. He there became the head boy, succeeding Sir J. C. Hob-

house, afterwards Lord Broughton. Here he contracted an intimate friendship with Dr. J. Bright, for many years one of the Physicians to the Westminster Hospital. At the Christmas vacation he came to London, and passed some time with the celebrated Dr. Aiken, who resided at Stoke Newington, then a rural district near London. This was sixty-six years since. He has no recollection of Charing Cross, Pall Mall, or Piccadilly, but he has a vivid remembrance of the shooting fall at London Bridge, which was then, as in my own time, a perilous adventure. Tyburnia and Belgravia were then unknown, and he speaks in eloquent terms of the miserable Five Fields of Chelsea, and of the desolate wastes of Tyburnia which met his eye. He left Bristol on foot to return to Knutsford. When he was sixteen years of age he was articled to a Liverpool merchant. Fortunately he did not like mercantile pursuits, and determined to enter the Medical Profession. He passed two sessions at the Glasgow University, and there became acquainted with the celebrated Sir W. Hamilton. He states that when here he made his earliest contribution to literature, in the form of a letter to the *Morning Chronicle.*

It may be observed here that when at Edinburgh Mr. Holland formed acquaintance with most of the celebrated men who were then connected with that renowned seat of learning. Amongst others were Brougham, Sydney Smith, Walter Scott,

Dugald Stewart, Jeffrey, Playfair, Henry Erskine, Dr. Thomas Brown, Leslie, Sir James Hall, and others. He early became identified with the leading Whigs and with the *Edinburgh Review*. It is probable that his Whig connexion favoured his appointment as Physician to the Princess of Wales, the Whigs at the time acting as her friends, in opposition to the Prince Regent, who had betrayed the party.

However this may be, Dr. Holland accompanied the Princess on her Continental tour, and gives a graphic and interesting account of many of the places and scenes which he visited whilst he was her Medical attendant. It was this connexion with the afterwards Queen Caroline that first brought Dr. Holland's name prominently before the public. In the memorable trial of the Queen, in 1820, the heart of the public was stirred in a manner which it is difficult to adequately describe. A Bill of "Pains and Penalties" had been brought by the Government in the House of Lords against her. The King was most unpopular, party feeling ran high, and the middle and lower classes, with many of the upper, sided enthusiastically with the Queen. The character of the King had been long a scandal; his profligacy was universally known, and it was generally believed that he had behaved with great cruelty and injustice to his wife. It is scarcely necessary to enter into further particulars of the state of the nation at this period,

but it is certain that no event in our time caused so much excitement as the Queen's trial. One illustration may serve to show this in a marked manner. I was a small boy in a large school at Walworth. It is probable that not a boy amongst the hundred and twenty was in reality a "King's man;" but if we flagged in our amusements on a half-holiday, or wanted some extra excitement, some of the bigger boys would suddenly raise a cry, "The King for ever!" The effect of this "call to battle" was instantaneous: the "Queen's men" immediately raised a defiant answer, "The Queen for ever!" Then ensued a general fight, which was sometimes carried on in so ferocious a spirit that many of the combatants were either carried to "Hospital" or placed *hors de combat.*

The means resorted to by the prosecutors of the Queen were most offensive to the English people. Italian witnesses by dozens were brought over to give evidence, some of these of very questionable character. Sir Henry, in his "Recollections," speaks of having been "cognisant of certain unwarrantable means of obtaining evidence, which, so obtained, was reluctantly used by the counsel to whom it fell to employ it." Unquestionably, nothing could have been more disgraceful and disgusting than the evidence of the two principal witnesses, Theodore Majocchi and Madame

Dumont. The "Non mi ricordo!"* of the former, and the filth of the latter, raised the just indignation of the people. Dr. Holland was called for the defence. The effect of his evidence was immediate and startling.

After the prevarications, the inventions, and the probable perjuries of the witnesses for the prosecution, Holland's evidence stood out, fortified by a straightforwardness and truthfulness which must have astonished the House as it did the nation. It was, in fact, the turning-point in the trial. With that evidence now before me, I cannot be surprised that its effects were so extraordinary. Nothing can exceed its plainness and its unequivocal honesty. Sir Henry states that he feared a severe cross-examination; but in this he was mistaken. He modestly observes (page 144)—"I was not detained more than an hour at the bar of the House, and encountered no difficulty which I was not prepared fairly to meet. Two or three congratulatory notes from peers present came to me immediately after the examination had closed." Sir Henry does not do himself justice in his brief notice of the Queen's trial. I have said that his evidence had a marked effect on the result of that

* In his cross-examination, Majocchi sheltered himself, when in a difficult position, by the invariable answer—"Non mi ricordo!" Dumont did not appear in a less disgraceful position.

trial. I have stated in a previous page, that on one occasion, when dining with the late Lord Lyndhurst, at the house of a connexion of mine, the "Queen's trial" formed the subject of conversation; and I related a circumstance which occurred in the House respecting the great Lord Erskine. I ventured to recall Lord Lyndhurst's recollections of the evidence of Dr. Holland. "You cross-examined him?" "I did; but his evidence was not to be shaken. I feared to push my questions too far; the answers to those I put to him were damaging to us."

It is very difficult to follow the discursive narrative of Sir Henry; that very discursiveness which forms a principal charm of his remarkable work is sadly discouraging to one who attempts to "review" it. I must refer the reader to the book itself for the account of his most interesting travels, extending over a period of nearly seventy years. The perusal will amply repay the reader. He visited during this time many places, and sometimes at very long intervals. Immediately after taking his degree he spent a year and a half in travelling in Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, Greece, and some parts of Turkey. Whilst Physician to the Princess of Wales he travelled with her in Germany, Sicily, and Italy.

After he was established in practice, he made it a rule to travel for two months in each year, and this practice he continued to the end of his days.

He made up his mind early in life not to seek for a very large practice, and determined that his professional income should not exceed 5000*l.* a year. Owing probably to his political connexion with the Whigs, Holland's practice very soon became remunerative, and in a year or two reached 1200*l.* It was not long before it amounted to just under 5000*l.*, and with this he was content. It will be seen that Holland never really suffered in his early practice, as some men of eminence have done, from straitened circumstances, but commenced as it were, free from pecuniary anxieties. He contends that he never lost anything by his annual excursions. They fitted him for renewed Professional work, at which he continued assiduously during the other ten months of the year. Moreover, he left London at a time when most of his patients were also away. Few men, particularly of our Profession, have travelled so much as Sir Henry Holland, or in such a diversity of places. In both the Old and New World he has visited the scenes of the great battles of ancient and modern times, from those of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ, to Waterloo and Gettysburg. He also visited the classic places in Greece, Asia Minor, the Holy Land, and other countries—not as a mere superficial spectator, or on a "railroad journey," to boast how many miles he had travelled in a given space of time, but with the laudable object of "seeing and verifying through natural features

and by other evidences those unknown and doubtful localities which history has bequeathed to our research." In these visits his classical knowledge and his natural acquirements rendered him much service, and it is not too much to say he clothed with fresh interest most of the memorable places which he visited. Not the least interesting of his excursions and voyages are those which refer to the rivers and oceans of the New and Old World; of his following the course of the Danube from its assumed source to the Black Sea; his voyage down the Rhine; up the St. Lawrence for 2000 miles; his excursions on the Ohio, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, the Ottowa, and the Nile; his visits to volcanoes—to Stromboli, Etna, and Vesuvius. These travels are of the utmost interest, not only for the descriptions he gives of the localities, but from the reflections on, and deductions drawn from, the phenomena he observed. It is all but impossible in a notice of this kind to do justice to them; and, as I have observed, the book must be read in order that the full value may be known and appreciated.

The most interesting portion of Sir H. Holland's book—that, indeed, which forms the chief portion of it—is his account of the persons with whom he has been on intimate terms of acquaintanceship, or to whom he has been merely introduced. If there be any drawback to the interest of this account, it is the occasional

meagreness of the sketches of some of whom we should have been glad to have known more through his descriptions. When he does, however, give us a portrait, it is drawn from the life with a graphic fidelity which is absolutely charming. It is impossible to conceive anything more interesting than his sketches of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Ali Pasha, Talma, Blumenbach, and Canning. If I were inclined to be critical I should take exception to his sketch of the late Lord Lyndhurst. That great man was not a mere lawyer, with only a lawyer's "parchment brain"—far from it; he was not only a finished gentleman, but a man of erudition. He might, indeed, have had narrow views on some of the questions which occupied the attention of the Government during the time he was Lord Chancellor, but his views, if occasionally mistaken, were clear, and always expressed with a lucidity and power which were never surpassed. No man had greater influence in the Cabinet than Lord Lyndhurst. It was said to me, by one well able to form an opinion, that he, of all the other members of Sir Robert Peel's Government, was the only one who ventured to differ with that great Minister on important questions.*

* It is well known that Lord Lyndhurst was strongly opposed to the repeal of the Corn Laws. At the Cabinet Council at which it was determined to carry this great and beneficial measure, Lord Lyndhurst was absent. His absence was

Sir Henry Holland had the rare privilege of attending professionally six Prime Ministers of England. Unquestionably the most eminent and interesting of these was George Canning. Here is Sir Henry's account of his connexion with that extraordinary man :—"It is pleasant to me to recall, through the haze of intervening years, my many conversations with this most accomplished man on literary or political topics, such conversations often occurring when he was confined to his couch by gout or other illness. One of these, turning upon his favourite poet Virgil, is more strongly impressed on my memory from his presenting me at the moment with a copy of his own (a French edition in three volumes, 1754), lying on the table before him. He wrote his name, with mine, in each volume. This was immediately after a dangerous illness, in which I attended him in 1825. There was a charm in his fine countenance enhancing that of his conversation, and felt by all who knew him. His voice well harmonized with these endowments—an influence itself always powerful in private even more than in public life ; surpassing that of mere beauty, and often surviving when all beauty is gone." In a note to this passage, Sir Henry says,

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probably the result of a wish expressed to him by his chief. Whatever the cause, he certainly was not present on that occasion.

in his happiest way, "Various well-known passages show the feeling of our great poets as to this charm of voice. But it is strange how little this happy endowment is generally recognised in the amount of grace and pleasure it imparts to social and domestic life, and how little is done or attempted to educate an organ which is susceptible of improvement even where Nature has dealt harshly with it in the beginning. Quintilian counsels well on the subject, as on every other."

Sir Henry refers to a case of homicidal insanity in his sketch of Mr. Canning, which at the present time is of unusual importance when two cases of "murder" have attracted so large a portion of the attention of the public. The case is of peculiar interest, as coming from the pen of one of the most acute thinkers of the age, and one who has shed so strong a light on mental aberration. The lawyers would have been puzzled by such a case, had the unfortunate lunatic been tried for homicide. Would they have advanced the plea that the "moral aberration" did not affect the "intellect" of the murderer? Could they, in face of Erskine's famous defence of Hatfield, ignore the plea of insanity, and consign the wretched man to the scaffold? It is probable that they would have done so. The dictum of the law is, that if a man commit a crime, knowing that it is a crime for which, if he commit it he will be punished, he is "legally" responsible.

Now, let us see what Sir Henry Holland says on this subject. In my opinion, the dictum of such a man has more weight and cogency than the "eloquence" of advocates and the "ruling" of judges. Sir Henry Holland says—"Other recollections blend themselves with the name of Mr. Canning—one of them illustrating a very curious form of mental aberration. In 1825, as I think, when he was Foreign Secretary, and living at Gloucester Lodge, I was one morning called in haste to see a patient at Brompton. Scarcely had I entered the room of this gentleman (for such he was, and had filled a diplomatic office of some consideration) when he eagerly besought me to protect him against himself. He told me a propensity to kill Mr. Canning had come upon him suddenly, and so strongly that he had taken these rooms at Brompton to be in the way of satisfying the impulse. But against this insane will (induced by some supposed official injustice) a sounder feeling was struggling within him, and for the moment gained mastery enough to lead him to seek for instant restraint. I, of course, lost no time in providing it—warning Mr. Canning meanwhile to return to Gloucester Lodge by a different road. These strange cases of what may be called *duplicity* of the will are not rare in the long catalogue of mental infirmities. In a lighter and less critical form such incongruities enter into the most familiar moods of character and acts of life. But

even here they need to be self-recognised and resisted, to prevent their gaining mastery over the mind. The consistent and firm command over the will ranks amongst the highest attainments of man."

How does this anecdote, by its simple and "unadorned eloquence," demolish the fabric of "legal insanity" so elaborately built up by the twelve judges! The "legal mind," as it is called, is competent, no doubt, to deal with questions of fact; but the moment the lawyer has to decide upon questions of mental philosophy, he is "at sea." The only lawyer who at the present moment occurs to me as having risen to an elevated position with regard to mental aberration was Lord Erskine, in his memorable defence of Hatfield, in which he certainly did more to put the question of criminal insanity on a proper basis than any lawyer before him or since. I again quote from the "Recollections:"—

"Another recollection, again, is strongly impressed upon me. In February, 1827, I was called down to Brighton to see Mr. Canning, then suffering under very severe illness, the effect, I cannot doubt, of midnight exposure at the funeral of the Duke of York in the depth of winter. On my return to London, I hastened to Lord Liverpool, to report to him on what he himself strongly expressed to me as a matter vital to his Government. Having satisfied his inquiries as to Mr. Canning,

he begged me to feel his own pulse—the first time I had ever done so. Without giving details, I may say that I found it such as to lead me to suggest an immediate appeal to his Medical advisers for careful watch over him. The next morning Lord Liverpool underwent the paralytic stroke which closed his political life. His pulse alone had given me cause for alarm ; but there were one or two passages in our half-hour's conversation so forcibly expressing the harassing anxieties of his position, that I could hardly dissociate them from the event which then instantly followed."

Here is a graphic sketch of Talleyrand :—

" My intercourse with Talleyrand was chiefly at Holland House, where I frequently met him at dinner, a meal to which he came with his animal appetites keenly awake to enjoyment. His face and figure have been often described ; if I were to speak of them as they were when I knew him, I should simply say they were indescribable. His portrait at Holland House is placed between those of Mackintosh and Romilly—a contrast as strange as were the characters of the men. His conversation was also cast in a mould of its own, very unlike anything else—short, pithy sentences, poignant in their sarcasms upon men and events, witty without effort or the assumption of being so. In studying Talleyrand—and it is a curious study—a comparison often suggested itself to me in Cardinal de Retz. Their intellectual and moral qua-

lities were of the same general stamp, and attested much in the same way, though on a very different scale of action. Their epigrammatic maxims have the same peculiar flavour, and their ecclesiastical positions the same relation to the actual religion of the two men. The Cardinal, however, doubtless stands lowest in the comparison. The petty incidents and passions of the '*guerre de la fronde*' were little fitted to dignify a public character."

Two of the most interesting sketches are of two other Prime Ministers to whom Holland was Medical attendant, and with whom he was on intimate terms. He draws this able contrast between these two remarkable men :—

"Without infringing on my rule of abstinence from Professional anecdote, I may briefly notice the singular contrast of natural temperament between Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen. The inborn vivacity and optimism of the former pervaded his life—both public and private—rescuing him in a great degree from those anxieties which press, more or less, upon every step of a Minister's career. He had a singular power of clear and prompt decision, and often had occasion to exercise it ; and was spared that painful recurrence to foregone doubt which torments feeble minds. Lord Aberdeen habitually looked at objects and events through a more gloomy atmosphere ; he was wanting in that elasticity of body and spirit so influential in a public career. I recollect, on one

occasion, to have seen them as patients in immediate succession for several days together, when this contrast was presented under those strongly marked colours which illness more especially discloses." Here are the reflections of Sir Henry on this contrast—reflections of high interest and value, especially to the Medical Practitioner :—

"The practice of the Physician shows him, indeed, at every moment these strange diversities of human temperament—intellectual and moral—often concealed in part, and especially among the higher classes, by the outer usages and appliances of social life; but disclosed, or even intensified, by the conditions under which he regards them. Even where most obvious to common observation, they scarcely receive due attention in the practical conduct of life. The logic of one man's mind is not the logic of another; and their feelings and tastes equally differ in kind and degree. A rational allowance for these innate diversities of temperament might spare some of the conflicts and passions which disturb both public and private life. But reason is not often or readily invoked in cases of this kind."

Holland commenced practice in 1816, in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and four years after removed to the house he occupied for the rest of his life in Brook Street—a house possessing, as he mentions, a charm for him, as Burke was in the habit of breakfasting there when he came up to town from

Beaconsfield. But was not Burke staying at this very house at the time of his famous speech against Warren Hastings? For four successive years after his commencement of practice, Holland was in the habit of visiting Spa professionally. This brought him into contact with Wellington, Londonderry, the Duc de Richelieu, the Emperor Alexander, the Prince and Princess of Orange, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and other notabilities. We gladly quote what Sir Henry says of a man as "well abused" as any public man has been in our times. Whatever were the faults of "Lord Castlereagh," something—nay, a good deal—must be allowed for them in the character of the times in which he lived. "I had a good deal of intercourse with Lord Londonderry at Spa, accompanying him in several excursions over the surrounding country. There was a certain nobility of presence and demeanour about him agreeable to the eye. Nor was this belied by his conversation—always, in my recollection of it, acute and intelligent, and in manner calmly courteous. This estimate, I am aware, is not commonly received. The sarcasms of Moore's poetry,* and one or two Parliamentary anecdotes, have clung to him with epigrammatic force. I may add I never met a man for whom I should

* Sir Henry might have added, the savage epigrams of Byron.

less have predicted the unhappy way in which his life was closed. Within a short period of time three of his contemporaries—all men of note in public life—came to their end in a similar way." Two of these men were as much opposed in character to Lord Londonderry as could possibly be conceived—one, his fierce political opponent, was consistent and able (Samuel Whitbread); the other, the good, affectionate, and melancholy Romilly. Whilst on the subject of personal sketches, I may refer to what Sir Henry says about the "great Lord Erskine." Here are his words:—"In singular contrast to Sir S. Romilly came Lord Erskine, of whom, indeed, I saw much less, and at a time when his faculties had undergone a decay more obvious to others than to himself. He was still eager and eloquent in speech, but with a certain restless irritability, augmented, as I believe, by narrow worldly circumstances, and what he deemed the neglect of his former political friends. His mind, too, when I knew him, was clouded by little foibles and superstitions. I well recollect a dinner at Sir S. Romilly's where his agitation was curiously shown in his reluctance to sit down as one of thirteen at table, and by the relief he experienced when the fourteenth came in. His life had been one of a *meteoric* kind throughout, vanishing in mist, as such lives are prone to do." Now, I emphatically protest against what I regard as this unjust "sketch" of Lord Erskine. We might

with as much reason draw our conclusions respecting Marlborough or Swift from the distich of Pope—

> "From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

Every one knows that in his later years Erskine had become addicted to the use of opium in large doses; that he became irritable, vain, and querulous. He had much cause to complain of the neglect of his former friends, notably of the Prince Regent. But it would be as unjust to Erskine to forget his former life—his services to the cause of liberty of the press, his great speeches on trial by jury—as it would be unjust to Marlborough to forget the battle of Blenheim, or to Swift that he was the author of "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Tale of a Tub," and, at the time, the more celebrated "Drapier's Letters." To recur to the "Recollections:"—In Paris in 1818, Holland dined at the house of the Countess Rumford, widow of Lavoisier. Here is the list of the illustrious guests: Laplace, Cuvier, Berthollet, Gay-Lussac, and Prony; Madame Laplace, Madame Berthollet, and Mrs. Marcet; Berzelius came in in the evening. Holland adds this melancholy line—"I am now the only one of these alive."

In another memorable visit to Paris, just thirty years afterwards, he came into contact with Arago, Leverrier, Dumas, and Elie de Beaumont. Sir Henry's work is so discursive that it is impossible

that I can be otherwise in my review of it. Early in practice he had some idea of becoming one of the Physicians of St. George's Hospital; but, no vacancy occurring until he was in considerable practice, he abandoned the intention. He seems to have been well satisfied that he did not become attached to the institution, as it afforded him more leisure for travel and for the indulgence of those literary and scientific pursuits so dear to him. I may here state that Sir Henry's practice continued large and lucrative for many years, and that he is now gradually and quietly retiring from it—not altogether, as employment is essential to him, but in consonance with his determination to do so. He was appointed Physician Extraordinary to the Queen in 1837; Physician-in-Ordinary in 1852. He was created a Baronet in 1853, the offer having been previously made by Lord Melbourne, but declined, on account of his anxiety for providing liberally for his eldest son. He became F.R.S. in 1816,* being introduced to that august body the same evening as Lord Byron. In 1847 the title of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts; in 1856 he received the D.C.L. of Oxford, and somewhat later was elected one of the five Honorary Members of the Royal Academy.

* By the death of Dr. Granville, Sir Henry became the oldest Fellow of the Royal Society.

Amongst the more interesting of Sir Henry's sketches is the description of the meetings held by Sir Joseph Banks of the Fellows of the Royal Society in Soho Square. Here is an amusing sketch of the man who formed so prominent a figure in some of the best satires of Dr. Wolcot—"Peter Pindar:"—"Sir Joseph Banks himself was necessarily a very conspicuous personage in these parties at his house. Seated and wheeled about in his arm-chair, his limbs helplessly knotted with gouty tumours, speaking no other language than English, and carrying his scientific knowledge little beyond the domain of natural history, he nevertheless looked the governing power of the Royal Society, and was such in reality. I had frequent occasion to notice the strong impression his aspect and demeanour made upon foreigners—men of science and others—who came over to England at this period of renewed Continental intercourse. It is less paradoxical than it may seem to say that this impression was strengthened by the very fact of his not speaking any foreign language. Silence often carries more weight with it than speech, and especially when the latter is encumbered with the effort to find words for its object. The intellect here becomes the slave of the instrument, and thought and argument are lost in the struggle to give them right expression. Sir Joseph Banks, silent in his chair, was more imposing than he would have been exchanging

imperfect phrases, whether of science or courtesy, with the strangers who came to visit him." These meetings were held on Sunday evenings, and here are the names of some of those who attended them most constantly:—Cavendish, Wollaston, Young, Davy, Chenevix, Davies Gilbert, Pond, Prout, Robert Brown, Tenant, Hatchett, and Warburton. Sir W. Herschel and Dalton occasionally attended. The following quotation relates to three of the most remarkable of this group, and is of great interest:—

"Two striking figures at these meetings were Cavendish and Wollaston—the former the shyest and most taciturn of men: listening intently when discussion was going on, but never taking part in it, and shrinking out of sight if reference were made to himself or his own researches—Wollaston, sternly logical and sceptical, listening to others as if ever ready to refute or rebuke; and generally doing so by pungent questions to which few could venture to reply. I have often known a plausible theory uttered by some one unconscious of Wollaston's presence, suddenly upset by two or three of these abrupt questions or comments. To the mere pretence of science he showed no mercy. The habitual scepticism of his mind was, however, a hindrance to his own scientific career. This was strikingly shown in the circumstances attending his discovery of the metal palladium; and at a later time in his relation to the greater discovery

of the electro-magnetic rotation. Though the first to denote the dark lines in the solar spectrum, the germ of so many later researches, he did not himself carry the observation further. That aid which hypothesis, duly limited, renders to experimental inquiry, he unduly disdained and put aside. He would have accomplished more had he doubted less.

"At these parties in Soho Square, the youthful and more elastic genius of Davy came in striking contrast to the inflexibility of Wollaston and the *umbratilis vita* and hereditary taciturnity of Cavendish. His early successes in science had emboldened a mind naturally ardent and speculative; and I well remember the eagerness with which men clustered around him to listen to his eloquent anticipations of future progress, many of these now more than fulfilled. His lectures at the Royal Institution, novel and earnest in manner, and invigorated by the succession of discoveries they recorded, brought crowds of admiring hearers. Admiration, indeed, derived from other sources than those of science was one of several concurrent influences on Davy's natural character, altering it disadvantageously in several respects. I knew him intimately throughout the greater part of his carcer; and with melancholy interest through those stages of decline sequent on his first paralytic attack. I saw him under this seizure a few hours after its occurrence, and when he was

hardly yet aware of its nature or import. The peculiarities of his mind, his genius and irritability, were strikingly marked when the consciousness of the event came fully upon him.

"So in a different way were those of Wollaston, under another form of cerebral disease, which, though less sudden in its beginning, ended more speedily in death. Watching over his latter days with Sir B. Brodie, it was matter of deep interest to us to observe his philosophical mind taking calm but careful note of its own decay—the higher faculties, which were little if at all impaired, occupied in testing, by daily experiments of his own suggestion, the changes gradually taking place in the functions of the senses, the memory, and the voluntary power. Diagrams and figures drawn on a board before him were among the methods he thus employed. He had manifestly much interest, if not indeed a certain pleasure, in detecting the changes going on and in describing them to us. He would admit no interpretation of them save in reference to that final change which he constantly and calmly kept in view. It was a self-analysis of mind carried on to the last moments of life.

"Dr. Young, again, stood in singular contrast to each of the remarkable men just mentioned. His profound and very various knowledge was concealed under a certain spruceness of dress, demeanour, and voice, which strangely contradicted

his Quaker origin, and perplexed those who had known him only from his scientific fame. I have seen the discoverer of some of the grandest and most occult laws of light loitering with ladies in a fashionable shop in Bond Street, helping them in the choice of ribbons and other millinery. But what might hastily be deemed affectation was in Dr. Young not really such, but genuine courtesy and kindness of heart. My attachment to him gave me much interest in the valuable memoir of his life by the late Dean of Ely, than whom no man was better able to appreciate his scientific achievements. These had been obscured for many years by an article of Lord Brougham's on his discoveries in the *Edinburgh Review*—an article to which the term *erroneous* is the mildest that can be applied. They were eventually restored to their proper place in the annals of science, by French philosophers succeeding in the same line of research. While interwoven with every part of the theory of light, they collaterally illustrate many others of the great physical problems of the universe."

Sir H. Holland refers with satisfaction to "The Club," the creation of more than a century ago, of Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, &c. This club, at its centenary in 1864, numbered thirty-five, twenty-six of whom sat down to the dinner. Holland was elected a member in 1840, since which time many have been removed

by death. Amongst these may be mentioned Lord Lansdowne, Macaulay, Hallam, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Holland, Lord Clarendon, Bishop Blomfield, Bishop Coplestone, Sydney Smith, Sir G. C. Lewis, Whewell, Lord Kingsdown, Dean Milman, Senior, Eastlake, Hawtrey, &c. Holland remarks—"When looking round our dinner-table, I cannot but feel at times how much the individualities are changed since I first sat there. With the exception of Lord Stanhope, I am now the oldest member."

The concluding chapters of Sir Henry Holland's book refer more particularly to himself and his writings. He makes some valuable remarks on the influence of habits on health and on longevity. According to his experience, want of occupation is a very frequent cause of premature decay. He says—"Retirement from business and quietude of life are happy provisions, taken at the right time and in the right degree; but they may be adopted too soon, and too largely indulged in, and the vitality both of mind and body be unduly impaired by the very means employed to preserve it. Easy arm-chairs and other appliances of luxurious comfort are an invitation to indolence and to the disuse of faculties which need employment for their preservation."* So he considers the exercise

* I well remember the last consultation I had with Sir Astley Cooper, after his return to practice in Conduit Street. He spoke of the irksomeness of his retirement, of the almost intolerable *ennui* he endured. "Ah," he said, "never retire

of the intellectual faculties of the highest importance, and whatever the intellectual habit, these should be pursued, no long interval being allowed of abstention, or the habit would become irksome or lost.

He managed, even in his busiest time, to snatch if only a few minutes for some "diversion of thought" from his Professional pursuits. With respect to books, he has never been a "book collector," and is rather in favour of *weeding* his library than adding to it. He refers to his con-

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as they call it; depend upon it there is no rest where there is no work." Many of my readers will recollect James Milman Coley, who was a frequent visitor and speaker at the societies about twenty-five years ago. We used to call him the "Old boy." Though about 75 years of age, he had the manner and vivacity of a youth. He came to London when upwards of 70 to make a practice, and was Physician for some time to the Pimlico Dispensary. He did not succeed in London, and having obtained the appointment of Physician to the English Embassy at Brussels, removed to that city. On a visit to him I was astonished at the ease with which he mounted the stairs of the Hotel de Ville, and said, "Why, Coley, you are younger than I am." "Oh," he said, "we are a long-lived family; I attribute this to our active and regular habits. My father succumbed to idleness—he retired when he was 90; took to indolence, smoking, &c., and did not live long afterwards. I shall not follow his example." Poor Coley! he suffered from reverses, got into ill-health, became paralysed, and died a few years since. He was a man of varied acquirements, and of considerable intellectual power. When engaged in a most extensive practice in Shropshire he managed to write regularly for Dr. Johnson's *Medico-Chirurgical Review*. His remuneration consisted of the books he received for review.

tributions to literature, the earliest of which was published in 1810, the latest in 1871. He wrote both for the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Reviews*. He states that on no occasion did he enter into any political discussion, and appears to be pleased with the fact that only on one occasion did a review of his offend the author of the book reviewed. The two great reviews with which his name is honourably associated would never have attained their great reputation if all the writers for them had pursued so Fabian a policy. His work entitled "Medical Notes and Reflections" has passed through three editions—the first was published in 1839, the last in 1855. The "Notes" consists of a series of papers of the most interesting character, chiefly concerning pathology or practice, and is too well known to require any lengthened notice here. It is certainly one of the most interesting and charming volumes ever written, and though by some regarded as "too sceptical on some points both of Medical doctrine and practice," every page is pregnant with thought and most valuable suggestions.

Hitherto I have spoken in terms of warm commendation of Sir H. Holland's "Recollections," and it is fully deserving of that praise; but it is impossible to rise from its perusal without a feeling of disappointment at his omission of almost every Medical celebrity of his day. He must have come into contact, Professionally and otherwise, with

many men whom we should be glad to have heard something more about. It is true that Sir Henry more than once informs us that he has purposely avoided reference to Professional anecdotes, and, of course, we must suppose, Professional men of his own calling. At all events, he mentions the names of one Physician and one Surgeon only with whom he was acquainted during his long career. The latter he merely mentions by name; the former he dismisses thus curtly and unsatisfactorily. Speaking of Joanna Baillie and her sister Agnes, he says: "Their brother, Dr. Baillie, exhausted by years of Professional toil when youth was already gone by, and reaching repose only when it was too late to be of avail, died when but sixty-four. He was the Physician with whom I was most intimate in my early Professional life—a man of simple and generous nature, in no way sullied by his large intercourse with the world." I am sure I shall be joined in my expressions of regret by many, very many, of Sir Henry Holland's Medical readers that he has not given us more anecdotes of his Professional life and more sketches of his Professional brethren. Anecdotes told in his striking way, and sketches drawn with his graphic power, would have been most acceptable. An extra chapter of his "Recollections" devoted to such anecdotes and sketches would have made his work of surpassing interest to the Profession. Is it too much to hope that he may

yet favour us with that chapter? With what interest should we read his account of such men as the second Warren, Nevinson, Maton, Charles Clarke, Gooch, Halford, Jenner, Paris, and Chambers, of some of whom we know little or nothing—of the Surgeons with whom he probably came into contact, and who would form subjects for his pen: the first Hawkins, Gunning, Astley Cooper, Brodie, the first Keate, Cline, Abernethy, and Lawrence! Of Cline we know literally nothing; and yet he was one of the most considerable men of his time in various respects. He was unquestionably a Surgeon of the very first class, and was an accomplished gentleman. He had political views of an extreme character, but he was bold, honest and single-minded.

In speaking of his earlier career, Sir Henry states that he ventured to disregard the admonitions tendered to him by persons of large experience in London practice. It was told him, and told very truly as a general fact, that there was danger to a young Physician in gaining other repute than that belonging strictly to his Profession; that the suspicion of literary tastes, or even of devotion to other parts of physical science, was taken as of evil augury for his Medical ability. "More than one instance, indeed," says Sir Henry, "had occurred to my own knowledge of failure owing presumably to this course, when all other circumstances promised success. The question bore di-

rectly on my own case, since with my fondness for travel I blended the inclination to certain other pursuits which I had taken up in early life, and was unwilling to relinquish." In a note on this subject, the following amusing anecdote is related:—"A man of high political rank, being remonstrated with by his family for employing a particular Physician, pleaded in reply that Dr. —— was so ignorant of everything else, that he could not be otherwise than profound in Medicine."

There can be no doubt that if a reputation is acquired by a Physician for anything not strictly Medical, it may interfere with his Professional progress. But this is confined mainly to those cases in which the *real* work of life has been neglected for the *ideal*. Men who combine with what Baillie said—"A moderate amount of information, with good common sense"—earnestness and industry, will not find "accomplishments" interfere with their success as Medical Practitioners. The classical attainments of Sydenham, Mead, and Halford, the study of natural history by Jenner* and Wells, of physics by Paris and Arnott, did not interfere with their success or reputation as Physicians. When men fail from any such "acquirements," it certainly depends on some cause independent in a great measure of them. The law, our kindred

* Jenner, moreover, wrote poetry of a character which stamps him as being imbued with true poetic genius.

profession, is open to the same objection; yet Blackstone, Denman, and Talfourd wrote poetry, were scholars, and were withal great lawyers. However, Sir Henry Holland is himself a remarkable illustration of a man rising to the highest distinction as a Physician, not because he had not other claims to distinction, but apparently because he had. His life appears to have been one singularly calm and unconstrained—methodical to a degree which shows an amount of self-command and determination which is rare indeed. But he had been from the first in easy circumstances, had good health, and no severe family afflictions. A wonderful constitution it must be indeed, physically and mentally, that enables a man in his 84th year to write a book like this, run along the streets like a boy, and enjoy the comforts, if not the luxuries, of life. There is much in the closing chapter which I should have been glad to quote, but my space is exhausted, and I must refer the reader to the book itself, promising him a rich intellectual treat from its perusal.

One of the most interesting chapters in the "Recollections" is that which refers to a "generation now nearly gone by," and a parallel the author draws between that and the present. He puts the question to himself whether the present is better or worse—morally, intellectually, and socially—than the generation gone before it. The question, he admits, is one difficult to answer;

but he treats it in the spirit of an impartial and liberal observer. He is not, like some old men, infatuated with the past and dissatisfied with the present, but he compares the two, so as to do justice to both. What he describes as the *deterioration* of society he attributes to *overcrowding*. The cause of this is "a more miscellaneous intermingling of the different elements of society—the lower gaining, I fear it must be admitted, in their proportion to the higher." There is a little cynicism in the following, but there is some justice in the remark:—"The crowded dining-tables of the present day, and still more those evening assemblages, under whatever fanciful name convoked—stifling breath as well as conversation—have largely swelled society, but not improved it. The practical definition of a crowd, of whatever rank it is composed, approaches closely to that of a mob; the intellect and happier refinements of society alike suffer from it. The men of genius, literature, and wit are doubtless as numerous in London as heretofore; but they are less marked individually in the multitude, and many of them partially concealed by their connexion with the anonymous periodical writings of the day." Recollections of the dinner parties and the evening gatherings at Holland House and elsewhere no doubt had their effect in producing the above sentences. The following is so much in accord with what I have repeatedly urged elsewhere, that I quote it

entire. No observer of the times can fail to acknowledge the truth of these observations, particularly so far as they refer to Medical institutions :—

"I might enumerate, from my experience, other and more important influences, moral as well as physical, of this overcrowded life, were these things not alien to the purpose of my narrative. There is, however, one particular result on which I would say a few words, inasmuch as its effects upon society are patent to daily experience, and call strongly for correction. This is the present extravagant multiplication of societies and institutions of every kind, dividing and subdividing all the concerns of human life—charities, literature, science, art, the professions, trades, and social intercourse in all its shapes. Scheme follows scheme in rapid succession, and the devising and prosecution of these schemes has become itself a profession to many. With every allowance for increasing population and wealth, life and estate in London are grievously over-ridden by the multitude of the exactions thus imposed; often wholly fruitless for the objects assigned, and consuming in their method of use the means that have been evoked for more laudable purposes. Of the endless institutions thus created by public charity, fashion, or credulity, many speedily become mendicant; while those of higher and better purpose are starved in the struggle of competition. To annul some of

these institutions altogether, and to concentrate others into co-operation, may be a work of difficulty, but is well deserving a vigorous effort to accomplish it. Those belonging to charitable objects especially need revision and reformation. I cannot doubt, from what I have myself seen, that the pauperism of London is augmented rather than relieved by their multiplicity and maladministration."

Sir Henry pays a graceful compliment to the press, and acknowledges its great influence, the vast ability employed upon it, and characterizes it as "happily tempered by knowledge, good taste, and right temper in most instances; but capable of being mischievously used—and too frequently so used—among those with whom these qualities have little or no value."

Sir Henry has been struck with two results of the progress and diffusion of physical knowledge. One is the "boldness of modern hypothesis in regard to the highest problems of the universe and of man;" "the other is the more general and rigid demand for *evidence* on every subject of inquiry resulting from these methods of research, and not limited to physical science only, but extending to other and very dissimilar questions, in which truth is the object sought for." He fully appreciates the value of this change. He then discusses the influence which London clubs have exerted on society, and thinks that they have tended to refine

it. He considers that society has been very much modified in the present day by the closer intermingling of the higher and middle classes of society, due to many causes—the increase of wealth amongst the latter, the altered constitution of the House of Commons, modern modes of travelling, &c. Life, too, is faster in every way—people work faster and live faster than they did. Religious thought and action have come into full force, in place of "quietude" or "stagnation." The chapter finishes with some admirable remarks on the wits of the past and present generations; but for these I must refer the reader to the book itself.

In concluding this somewhat desultory notice, I may say that Sir Henry Holland has mixed little with his Professional brethren. I have never seen him in a Medical society, nor, with one or two exceptions, at the gatherings of either of the Royal Colleges; but he was nearly a constant attendant at the Friday evening meetings at the Royal Institution, of which he was Vice-President, and is now President. I think this isolation of himself is to be regretted—not, perhaps, as regards himself, but his brethren. It was perhaps too much to expect of him that he should attend these meetings; he had great and irresistible attractions in other quarters. The man who could pass his evenings in conversations with Madame de Staël and Macintosh, in "coaching

up" Lord Palmerston on the spectrum analysis, chatting with Lord Aberdeen, breakfasting with Cobden, dining with Rogers, or at Holland House, in company with "all the talents" of the time, as well as—

"Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place,"

might be forgiven for neglecting the somewhat dull and prosaic *réunions* of the brethren of his own craft. Certainly his sympathies appear to have been with "great and distinguished persons" rather than with those less great and distinguished persons who were merely "Doctors." Finally, however, we may say of Holland, as Sir Robert Peel said of Lord Palmerston—"We are all proud of him."*

ISAAC BAKER BROWN, F.R.C.S.

THE inexorable creditor, Death, has called another debtor to his last account; that debtor is Isaac Baker Brown, F.R.C.S. The debtor was not a man of the common stamp. His services in the cause of conservative surgery entitle him to more than a passing notice in the pages of a medical journal. That he had great faults I am bound to acknowledge, but it is due to his memory to assert

* Since the above was written, Sir H. Holland died on his 86th birthday—viz., Oct. 27, 1873.

that he had claims to be regarded as a great Surgeon in a particular department of his profession. His career "may point a moral and adorn a tale." With talents and abilities which justly entitled him to be a foremost man amongst us, his departure from the legitimate course of practice terminated in a manner which all must regret. Whatever his faults, the faithful biographer of his career will fail to do him justice if he ignores his claim to pre-eminence as, perhaps, the most skilful operator of his time in certain operations with which his name must be justly connected. Even those who have condemned him cannot fail to do him justice in this particular. His was an erratic career, but fruitful in events for the future. Unprejudiced writers of the history of Medicine will probably forget his errors and shortcomings, and adopt the wholesome motto of "*Nil mortuis nisi bonum.*"

Isaac Baker Brown was born June 8, 1812, at Colne, in Essex, his father being a country gentleman, farming his own land, and his mother the daughter of the Rev. James Boyer, well known as head master and rigid disciplinarian of Christ's Hospital, in the days of S. Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt.

Educated at Halstead, he was early apprenticed to Mr. Gilson of that town, and in process of time became a student at Guy's, and a house pupil of Mr. Hilton. He achieved some distinction at

the hospital, gaining the Astley Cooper Prize for Anatomy. He passed the College in 1834, and in the same year became a Member and Licentiate of the Hall. About this time he married, and settled in general practice in the West End. From his student days, when he read a paper at Guy's on ovarian disease, he had always shown a great predilection for the study of diseases of women, and he was a most successful accoucheur. At a time when ovariotomy was most severely on its trial, he was an enthusiastic ovariotomist; and on this subject two points may be mentioned—first, that he performed ovariotomy only after repeated attempts to destroy the disease by what appeared less dangerous procedures—*e.g.*, tapping, tapping and pressure (*Lancet*, 1844), injection of iodine, excision of a portion of the cyst, and the establishment of a fistulous opening so as to constantly drain away the secretion. The second fact in relation to this operation is, that, when once convinced in his own mind of its utility, nothing deterred Mr. Brown from pursuing it in what he deemed proper cases which came under his care: and it thus occurred that the patient in his first successful case of ovariotomy (his fourth operation) was his own sister. Few men would have had the courage—some might say the audacity—to have done this; but no better instance could be found of the intensity of purpose of the subject of this notice. It may be

interesting to know that this lady, operated on in 1852, afterwards married, has had several children, and is still living.* In 1848 Mr. Brown became a Fellow of the College of Surgeons by examination, and about this time he took a very active part in founding St. Mary's Hospital, and was appointed at its commencement Surgeon-Accoucheur and Lecturer on Surgical Diseases of Women and Children at that institution—a post not refilled since he resigned it in 1858, shortly after he founded the London Surgical Home. In 1854 Mr. Baker Brown published his work "On Surgical Diseases of Women," which went through three editions—the volume by which he achieved his fame, and by which he will in future be favourably remembered.

His labours for the cure of ruptured perineum, for prolapsus uteri, and for vesico-vaginal fistula would alone suffice to rank him as a great operative surgeon. His honesty in publishing all his unsuccessful cases of ovariotomy, and fully entering into the causes of failure, is hardly now acknowledged with sufficient gratitude by those who have profited by his work.

In the year 1861 he was visited by the great French surgeon, Professor Nélaton, who resided with him some days as his guest, and in whose presence he performed three ovariotomies in suc-

* "Ovarian Dropsy." Second edition, 1868.

cession in one afternoon. M. Nélaton saw him also operate on two other cases, and witnessed several under course of recovery after operation. On his return to Paris M. Nélaton gave an account in a clinical lecture of all that he had seen. It is not too much to say that through Mr. Brown's enthusiasm and success M. Nélaton introduced ovariotomy to the favourable notice of the profession in France.

In 1865 Mr. Brown achieved the high honour of being elected President of the Medical Society of London, and here he seemed to have reached his zenith.

It is due to Mr. Brown to say that he fulfilled his duties as President with exemplary dignity and hospitality. Seldom has there been a more popular President of that ancient Society than Mr. Brown. In the following year he published his "Remarks on the Curability, &c., of Epilepsy, &c."

I desire to touch with delicacy on the cause of his downfall; but it is impossible not to refer to it at some length, as it forms really an important episode in the history of Medicine, and at the time excited great interest in the Profession. Mr. Brown believed that he had discovered the cause of epilepsy in women, particularly of the younger class, but he did not limit his ideas to any age. He believed that epilepsy and other cognate disorders of the nervous system had their origin in, and

were kept up by, unnatural irritation of a local organ, and at once jumped to the conclusion that excision of that organ would arrest the nervous symptoms—in fact, effect a cure of the disorder under which the patient laboured. I shall not now discuss the question in its physiological aspect; suffice it to say, Mr. Brown immediately set to work to remove the organ in question whenever he had the opportunity of doing so. The results were by no means satisfactory, and the operation was generally condemned by the profession. He was so convinced, however, that he was right in his theory and his practice, that he made up his mind to publish a work on the subject. This work he brought in manuscript to me. He was advised not to publish, and the following caution was given: "The book may bring gold, but the 'gold will sink the ship.'" Unfortunately, Mr. Brown afterwards sought other advice: this coincided with his own opinion; the book was published, and from that time he was virtually a ruined man. The book was not only objectionable in its matter, but was loosely and carelessly put together. Soon complaints were made against him, and the Council of the Obstetrical Society summoned him before the Society to answer grave breaches of professional propriety and etiquette, and eventually a special meeting of the Society was held, at which resolutions were passed by a large majority which drove him from the Society. The attack on Mr. Brown

was certainly conducted in a spirit of bitter hostility, and the defence was as weak as it could be. But he really had no defence. Still, it was the bounden duty of those who attacked him to have heard him without unseemly interruptions.

In this, as in most other affairs attending his fall, Mr. Brown acted on the advice of persons who were most injudicious "friends." They had advised him to fight a losing battle, which he did with much courage and considerable ability. Had he resigned his Fellowship of the Society when he first heard of the steps which had been taken against him, his case would not have been entirely hopeless. At all events the *public* scandal might, to a great extent, have been avoided, the performance of the operation discontinued, and in time he might have partially recovered his position. From the time of his expulsion from the Society Mr. Brown became quite an altered man. Those who were acquainted with him could see that that energy and vivacity which had through life been natural to him were forced ; and though he would occasionally express himself with hopefulness and courage, it was too plain that the "iron had entered into his soul." Then soon followed that fatal illness which, gradually sapping away the physical and mental powers, left him but a wreck both in mind and body.

Mr. Brown for some years was unquestionably the most skilful operator in cases of ovarian dropsy

and vesico-vaginal fistula. He was fully occupied at the "Surgical Home" and in private practice, and his income was very considerable. In estimating the character of Mr. Baker Brown as a surgeon it must be admitted that he was somewhat rash and impetuous; he wanted ballast. He was quick in perception, and had the *tactus eruditus* in a great degree; he was deficient in reflection, and sometimes jumped too hastily to a conclusion. But when the time for operative procedure came, then you saw the consummate artist, the skilful dissector, the unequalled manipulator. If ever the perfection of a surgical hand existed, it existed in Isaac Baker Brown: those slender, long fingers, which could be moved in any direction, and worked with marvellous precision and intelligence in canals and cavities which it had been long thought could never be reached by the human hand. I am of opinion that Mr. Brown in certain surgical operations on women never had an equal in this country. This opinion is founded on a considerable experience, and has not been arrived at hastily.

As a man Mr. Brown was generous, hospitable, and kind-hearted, somewhat too vivacious, and perhaps occasionally too sanguine in what he undertook; but this was the main cause of his early success, as it was of his downfall. He was persevering, and most indefatigably industrious. The amount of work he got through was really marvel-

lous. But he seldom seemed fatigued even at the close of a heavy day's work in operating. In person he was of the middle height and of a spare figure. His face was of the Jewish type, his eyes sagacious, his nose of a size that would have satisfied Napoleon I., his mouth indicating energy, but not denoting extraordinary mental power. He dressed always in black, and with a white tie. He was spruce in his attire, and on every day of the year had a flower in his buttonhole.

Mr. Brown was twice married. By his second wife, who survives him, he leaves three young children. His young son is on the foundation of Epsom College. The profession, remembering all the good his father had done, and how generous a supporter he was of the charity in his prosperity, earnestly supported his candidature.

EDWARD LATHAM ORMEROD, M.D., F.R.S.

THE family of the Ormerods have occupied prominent positions in our profession. The grandfather of Dr. Ormerod was President of the Royal College of Physicians. Dr. Peter Mere Latham, formerly a distinguished physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and who retired some years since from the profession in consequence of ill-health, was his uncle. Dr. Ormerod received his Medical education at Cambridge and at St. Bartholomew's

Hospital. He took the M.D. at the University, and on commencing practice in the metropolis he was appointed pathological lecturer at the school of St. Bartholomew's: the duties of this office he performed with exemplary skill and diligence. About twenty-five years since circumstances induced him to take up his residence in Brighton, which at that time was in need of a Consulting Physician. He was shortly afterwards appointed Physician to the Sussex County Hospital, which appointment he retained until his death. True to his early aspirations, he devoted himself to the formation of a pathological museum in that institution, which is a monument to his memory. A Brighton newspaper speaks of him in the following terms :—"In connexion with the preparation of the new Public Museum he has also taken a prominent part. The services he rendered were of an important character, and if it were for this only his loss would be much regretted by all who are aware of the valuable assistance he has given to those who have undertaken this work. His ability and success gave him a leading position amongst Brighton practitioners, and he has for many years been regarded as the leading Consulting Physician in the town, and, indeed, in this part of the country. By his professional brethren he has always been held in the highest esteem. He was President of the Medical Society in Brighton, and of the South-Eastern Branch of the British Medical Association;

he was a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and recently also was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. His loss will be much felt, especially as he was taken away in the midst of a career of usefulness, and at a comparatively early age. He leaves a wife and five or six children, one of whom is but a few days old."

Dr. Ormerod contributed several valuable papers to the practice of Medicine. The principal of these were—"Clinical Observations on Continued Fever," a paper on "Fatty Degeneration of the Heart," which was published in *The Medical Times and Gazette*, and a paper on the "Pathology of Fatty Degeneration," which appeared in the St. Bartholomew's Hospital Reports, 1868. He found time, however, for studies in natural history, and published an interesting and valuable paper "On the Natural History of British Social Wasps." Dr. Ormerod owed his success in life to his eminent abilities and force of character. He owed nothing to "tact," as it is called, or to any extraneous aids to help him on. He was of a singularly retiring disposition, and was probably, as his countenance indicated, "a melancholy man." This was owing, no doubt, to his being for many years a sufferer from a painful and exhausting disease. To this disease he succumbed, and the post-mortem examination revealed cancerous growth at the neck of the bladder and prostate, with small calculi sprinkled over the surfaces, which gave

rise to exhausting and fatal hæmorrhage. Dr. Ormerod is a striking instance of success in our Profession under what may be called many disadvantageous circumstances. I well remember him in his early career in the metropolis, and at that time few would have been inclined to regard him in the future as a successful physician. I have alluded to his retiring disposition and to his melancholy expression of countenance, for even then he appeared to be suffering from bodily infirmity; but he did succeed in spite of these obstacles to success. His life is at the same time encouraging to those who labour under what might appear insurmountable difficulties in the commencement of life, but it is sad to think under what sufferings that success was achieved.

GEORGE HAMILTON ROE, M.D.,

DIED in the 77th year of his age. He was born at Wexford, in Ireland, in 1796. He entered on his medical studies at the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland in 1815. He took his degree of M.D. of Edinburgh in 1821, became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, in 1823, was also a Doctor of Medicine of Trinity College, Dublin, and the University of Oxford. Dr. Roe belonged to a class of practitioners which, if they have done little for the science of Medicine,

exercised considerable influence in their time on its practice. He may be associated with a number of well-educated men who, eschewing theories, and yet taking advantage of all improvements in Medicine, brought common sense and the observation of disease to their aid at the bedside. They might be compared with the great Surgeons who were their contemporaries, such as Cline and Astley Cooper; they were thoroughly practical, and they always kept in view the great "landmarks" of practice. Dr. Roe was not a man of genius, but those who met him in consultation could not fail to be impressed with his decision as to diagnosis, his fertility of resources, and his boldness of treatment in difficult and dangerous cases. It is not too much to say that he was successful in many instances where less bold and decided physicians would have failed. Yet, under these circumstances, however, he was never popular with surgeons in general practice. There was a good reason for this unpopularity. For many years, when he was a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and Physician to the Westminster Hospital, he gave gratuitous advice at his house in Hanover Square, where crowds attended in the morning as recipients of his charity. This abuse may be said to have culminated with him: he not only gave gratuitous advice to any one who applied, no questions being asked as to the applicant's position or circumstances, but he had one or two surgeons in general

practice sitting at the table with him, to whose private charge were handed over those who appeared likely to be remunerative, to the detriment of other practitioners, who in many instances had a juster claim to their suffrages. More than one surgeon in "general practice" thus commenced a successful career as a *protégé* of Dr. Roe. This vicious system entailed upon Dr. Roe a series of attacks and annoyances which were naturally consequent on the practice he pursued. His only published work was on the "Treatment of Hooping-cough by Prussic Acid." This book gave rise to a fierce controversy between himself and Dr. Granville, who charged him with plagiarism of the grossest kind. Dr. Granville had years before advocated that remedy. The result of this controversy ended in a humiliating defeat of Dr. Roe. In person Dr. Roe was rather above the middle height; he had a highly intelligent countenance, and his mouth was indicative of courage and decision. He has left behind him nothing to be favourably remembered but his shrewdness in diagnosis and his decision and boldness in practice. As a lecturer at the Westminster Hospital School on Medicine he was entitled to approbation.

These are no small tributes to his memory, and I can only regret that men of his firm and vigorous mind are fading from amongst us. Men of a different stamp are taking the lead in the practice of our Profession. Theorists and hair-

splitters on points of diagnosis and practice are now, with some eminent exceptions, in the ascendant; but are they more successful in the treatment of disease? I say, Certainly not. In spite of all the controversies which have lately taken place on some abstruse points of physiology and pathology, if the practice of Medicine is to be improved by an exercise of common sense and clinical observation on the part of those who have to treat disease as it is presented to them, the theorists and speculators will in the long run lamentably fail. Dr. Roe, though Senior Physician for many years to the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, to his honour, repudiated Specialism and Specialists, the great evils to which our Profession is now exposed.

APPENDIX.

THE following interesting articles, having an immediate reference to some of the foregoing papers, I have taken the liberty of reproducing from the pages of the *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

THE LATE ROBERT KEATE.

SIR,—Your contributor is not wrong when he says there are few men living who can pretend to describe Robert Keate. I do not grieve with him, however, at the loss of the papers that were promised. It is known that autobiographies are wont to prove disappointing, of which, if an instance were wanting, it might be found in that one left to us by Brodie, a most misleading document, with little of nature's hues.

Robert Keate was, I think, beyond a doubt a nephew of the Surgeon at St. George's, who had also a Court appointment, was one of the Army Examining Board, and bore the selfsame name as he. It is quite new to me that he was in the navy. Against so decided an assertion as that of your

able contributor I will not undertake to deny it. There was a general feeling among his friends that he had spent a short time in the army, and that he drew a small pension thence; but he never spoke about this. I can, at least, take upon me to declare that from now some seventy years back he attended on the Princess Amelia, and was at that time living in Windsor Castle. Her Royal Highness had then a white swelling or some affection of the knee that required his daily attention. Keate was then a very young man, placed there no doubt by older heads, for whom he was *locum tenens*, and I think beyond question by his uncle, a Surgeon of very great eminence, whose interest with the royal family stood very high indeed. A recommendation from the sailor prince would not have had weight in that quarter; in the bosom of the royal family his opinion had not that amount of sway. When Keate was seventy years of age, I have heard him sometimes mentioned as young Keate; by this name he was always known in Windsor, to distinguish him plainly from his uncle. By a very ancient inhabitant I have even heard him described as rather an assuming young man. His marriage with the daughter of a gentleman who was a member of the royal household, may have strengthened his hold on the family, at least in those early days. A friend of mine now deceased, the late Dr. West, of Greenwich, and formerly of the Kent militia,

has described to me more than once Keate's first amputation at St. George's, soon after his appointment to the Hospital, when still a young man of small experience. It was a timid bungling performance, and extorted much envious criticism, his uncle scolding all the time. No force of words, I verily believe, could have served to persuade Dr. West that Keate had become a good operator.

When first I was brought more nearly into contact with the late Robert Keate, he might be said to be in his prime as regards Professional ability. I accompanied him in his carriage to St. George's, to be entered under his name and to pay there the Surgeons' fees. He told me in his crusty way that, were he beginning life, he would rather turn shoeblack for a trade, or take to the chimney-sweeping line, than trust to a Surgical career. His wife, in more chosen terms, would express the very same opinion. But already I was under bond—I wish now with all my heart that I had taken his homely advice and let a few hundreds go! It is scarcely necessary to say that I walked the Hospitals with Keate. His portrait should have been taken then—a square compact little man, with a rough complaining sort of voice, going through his task very leisurely. In conversation at odd times, or when wiping his hands in the wards after the usual preliminary scour, with his head well thrown in the air and one foot well planted forwards, and talking very aptly and

intelligently, you could not mistake in him the gentleman. He had nothing of nasty pride, and was not a bit of a don. He had the best tone of all our men, not excepting the lordly Chambers; and yet, if the comparison may be allowed, with all its weakness of indication there was something of the Scotch terrier roughness in all that he said and did. He was always a favourite with the pupils. I never heard him turned into ridicule, in spite of his trying ways. He was a fairly educated man. I have known him quote Latin smartly, which is more than I ever heard from Brodie, who was supposed, but I think erroneously, to have had a superior education. Keate was perfect in minor Surgery, the placing of limbs, and bandaging, splints, pillows, strapping, and all that. Herein he contrasted with Brodie, who knew indeed as little of dressing as he did of drugs and therapeutics—he was thoroughly ignorant of both. The only man I have ever known who could construct a linseed poultice was the aforesaid Robert Keate. From this exception I exclude myself, but I learnt it with some pains from him. When water-dressing and vulneraries have sufficiently fatigued attention, and Liston and Lister are forgotten, honest linseed shall then have its own. Keate did marvels with the red precipitate, such as I have not seen with other Surgeons. "My uncle used it for many years. I have used it all my life, that's why I always use

it." This reply he made to a student who wanted a reason, forsooth. He was by no means averse to blue lint nor even to Armenian bole. In fact, I have thought at times, that something of the old French Surgery must have filtered down into Keate—a school with many excellences.

He was, I think, in standard operations the very best operator that I have seen, with not the least attempt at display. His circular amputations were perfection. When Liston first appeared in London, as it happened I was thrown by the side of this very popular Surgeon. I witnessed some of his operations in private as well as in public. They were unequal, not creditable performances, and contrasted most disadvantageously with what I had been used to see of Keate's. He had also the exceeding bad taste to speak contemptuously of Keate and of London Surgeons generally. It was some time before I could divest myself of a prejudice I thus early acquired against this boastful adventurer, this dashing blundering Surgeon. In London he had much to learn, and he learnt it, I allow, very fast. In the lateral operation for stone, Keate liked the *bistoire caché*, whether it were for boys or adults. The blunt gorget he freely used. I remember now seeing him operate for vesico-vaginal fistula. "Anything a Frenchman can do an Englishman may undertake," was a remark he made about it; but he was really not inventive or intellectual, as it is

called, nor even a reading man, yet out of his own experience he was less at a loss than others. I have seen him set Brodie right, and the other have to take it of him. He was also the more careful Surgeon. In his treatment of diseases of the joints he was rather more free than Brodie in using the potassa fusa, and I feel sure that I have seen the pain much relieved by the use of caustic issues in certain joint diseases. I remember, when I was his dresser, a sero-cystic tumour of the breast which he brought wholly away by ligature. The base of the tumour was encircled by a moderate skein of silk, and tightened some few times weekly. The enormous mass was thus strangled, and the case turned out very well. His judgment about tumours was very good; but his knowledge was entirely empirical; yet, although his range was narrow, he was not an enemy to new things. I do not think he cared for anatomy any more than Brodie did. He had no other tastes than for Surgery. He assisted admirably at operations, and was a very excellent colleague, not at all a party man.

Keate was certainly not liberal—I mean large-minded and generous—in no sense was he enlightened above his class and times, in understanding nor yet in conscience. He was not above taking a pupil in the same unprincipled way that was common, and indeed a rule, with most great Hospital Surgeons—a fee of some

hundreds to be paid, and nothing given in return, or next to nothing at least, with a prospective view to patronage whenever an opening might occur. He had but one pupil that I know of—a very good fellow, but not bright. He became a dentist at Boulogne.

I cannot believe of Keate that royalty brought him to ruin. Keate was not quite the stamp of man to carve out for himself a career. We know of the great Brunswick family that nothing of parsimony attaches to them, nor did they understand economy. Much good service went unrewarded. Much devotion was ill repaid. The Duke of York's debts and the Prince's fell heavy on many good men. Keate's public appointments were uncommonly good. Their figure was certainly high. He had a consulting practice at Windsor that might help to pay his post-chaises. Keate was not altogether fortunate in life; he had very great crosses to bear; but a man who can pay his way and leave a fair family to succeed him, in the Medical Profession at least, is not an unsuccessful man. Though economical himself, and living within moderate bounds, he had ever a first-class home. His family moved in a circle that it is rather the right than the rule of a Surgeon's family to move in. He was naturally and justly proud of his children, and, I believe, was a most indulgent father. When I dined with Keate as a student, the appointments were all of

the best, and not a shade of anything *de trop*. The Duke of Cambridge dined with Keate. I do not know what part he played in that cauldron of hostile ingredients, the College in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The system was wholly Venetian, and the same in the Hospital staffs; one never knew what had happened, or what was coming next. I have heard him tell the story of the charter. It is no secret now, I believe, that this precious piece of legislation was one of Sir James Graham's mud-pies. It was sent very summarily to the College, with the notice that the Government had been engaged upon that head of subject long enough, and that they must either take it or leave it, to be that or none at all. Twenty-four hours given for a reply. The College did not behave with becoming spirit on the occasion. I do not think that Brodie and Keate were otherwise accountable than this for what was most odious in the charter, but rather lamented its injustice, and would have mitigated its unkind usurpations. Brodie was a Russell Whig, and he might have had the ear of the Government accordingly, as it was then constituted. Lawrence was the *Deus ex machinâ*, or bad genius of the epoch, too well seconded by Stanley, his satellite. Nor were they slow to disown their work, or slow to lay it to profit. To us sparse members of the craft, without metropolitan privilege, the Act, with all the stain upon it, was in the main perhaps beneficial.

As life went on with Keate, the event of Brodie being sent for to lance the swelled legs of royalty, and the promise by the grateful George IV. to this highly fortunate man, of the appointment of Serjeant-Surgeon in the reign of the monarch succeeding, was very much discussed at the time; it must have told heavily upon the subject of this memoir, however, that the matter was accommodated. In the latter period of his life he hung on St. George's too long; there were others very eager for his shoes. The same has been seen elsewhere. It was then with him a frequent lament how many five guineas he had given in annual subscription to St. George's. This was still necessary to make him a governor and to secure him a place at the Board above the level of a servant. His House-Surgeoncy, as I have been informed, was the only one then worth having, as something was left to be performed, something committed to trust. He would drop in at irregular hours and change the ordinary diets to broth, for Keate was very slow to learn the tonic treatment of pyrexia. His memory at this time was not good, and his strain was wholly one of elegy —one long incessant complaining. I chanced to see him tie the femoral a short time before his retirement; though his sight was then getting bad, he set about it *con amore*, with the greatest skill and coolness possible.

The brother of Keate was an Eton master,

under Goodall in his early career, and later head-master at Eton. His history is largely written on the bottoms of little boys—a good working man in his day, of no great intellectual calibre, but, like his brother Bob, a character. Keate's son is the governor of a colony, another Robert Keate. His daughters are well bestowed. One of them was married to Dr. Page, a Physician of great mental accomplishments, who is now lost to the Profession, having died a few years back. This is all I can find to say of my old respected acquaintance, from whom I have taken good and ill. I only fear I have been led to describe a man of great merit and eminence with something of zoological minuteness, as Cowper describes his hares. His portrait in the board-room of St. George's is very much in the sign-board style. It serves to show the inroads of decay, but nothing of his livelier breath, nothing of his more courtly address, nothing of his fresher form. It even jars upon my remembrance.—BERKS.

REMINISCENCES OF "AN OLD GUY'S MAN."

I. BRANSBY COOPER.

WHILE the "Reminiscences" of Mr. J. F. Clarke are being published by you, I should like to add a few of my own, beginning about the time of the "Bransby Cooper trial *versus* Mr. Wakley." The last-named gentleman had been, I believe, a pupil in one of the Borough schools (I am not aware which), and one of the legends concerning him was that by nature he had a pugnacious temperament, and, indeed, excelled in the art of boxing—an art held in much esteem, no doubt, by those who are adepts in it. However that may be, he certainly showed much tenacity in all disputes in which he engaged, and they were many. I was among those who, as pupils, witnessed the operation for stone that Mr. Bransby Cooper performed on the unfortunate man, and I was one, also, among the "dressers" of the time at "Guy's" who were subpœnaed on the trial. I had already witnessed a considerable number of operations for stone, and I have since operated myself somewhere about sixty times. I can now affirm that, in my experience, two-thirds of the failures in the proper performance of the operation, and nearly half the deaths—I may probably say, with truth, *full* half the deaths

—have been caused by the operator not having fairly entered the bladder with the knife before he had attempted—and often again and again attempted—to push the forceps into the viscus before there was a way made for the instrument to pass in, and the consequence has been a disruption of the cellular connexions of the bladder and violence done to those parts. This is particularly liable to occur to young or somewhat inexperienced operators, and I myself never attempt to pass the forceps into the bladder until I have felt the tip of my left forefinger *hook* over the edge of the bladder on the prostate gland. The sensation when once experienced will not be forgotten, and it is the true guide to having fairly entered the bladder. I should consider a young operator as peculiarly unfortunate to find his first case one of so deep a perineum as not to allow him to pass his finger far enough to feel the opening into the bladder.

In Mr. Cooper's case, I do not think such was his error ; it may have been so, however, at first, for only the operator himself knows what he does after the point of the knife is beyond view. At any rate, I know that Mr. Cooper expressed more than once, "He could not say why he did not grasp the stone, when, to all appearance, he was fairly in the bladder." He certainly used the words, "Give me my uncle's knife," and passed that instrument carefully and quietly into the bladder ; then, again introduced the forceps ; but

still could not grasp the stone. Turning round to a large number of spectators, he said, "Gentlemen, I really do not know why I cannot find the stone, when I know there is one, as we have felt it."

Some one then said, "Press your hand over the pubes." Hills, the Surgery-man, did so; and immediately, without difficulty, the stone seemed to be dropped into the forceps, and was withdrawn. Mr. Cooper's character was wanting in the caution and reticence which is so essential in Medical men. He expressed whatever he felt, thinking every one as honest and open as himself.

The case, as we know, was reported in the then new *Lancet*, in an unfriendly spirit, and in a manner only too common in the early numbers of that publication.

Mr. Wakley was the known editor, but we always believed that a man named Lambert wrote the reports. Be that as it may, the anger of the students was so roused against the reporter that he was waylaid, for the purpose of being kicked and otherwise maltreated.

When the trial was to come on, I remember going with a number of the "dressers" to be examined by a solicitor, or barrister, and, having waited nearly to the last, I was going into the room, when Mr. Bransby Cooper came in also, with his rather jaunty manner—his hat a little on one side, as was usual with him (partly, I believe, to hide or shade his injured eye, which had been

lost by some accident when a boy). Looking round with his good-humoured smile, he asked, "How do you get on with them?" The lawyer replied, "Why, sir, we must not have them; their young blood is up, and there is not one that would not swear to anything for you. We must not trust them." Not, perhaps, very complimentary to *us*, but certainly showing how much Mr. Cooper was personally liked by the pupils.

Some time after the trial, that bore so hard upon a thoroughly upright, conscientious gentleman and Surgeon, Mr. Cooper appeared to have got the names of the dressers who were to have been examined as his witnesses, and though personally unknown to him at that time (as I thought myself), he gave each of us the first two volumes of the new *Medical Gazette*, as some acknowledgment of the trouble he fancied we had been put to, for to a man we had scouted the idea of being *paid* in any way.

I have continued to take the *Medical Gazette* to the present day, and I own, for some years, with a prejudice against the *Lancet*, though it often contained interesting and important papers and reports.

I shall never forget the excitement of the school, nor the crush on the benches, and the thrusting of bodies and heads through the trap doors, which at that time opened on to the landing above the operator, in that ill-ventilated, inconvenient hole

called the operating theatre, when a boy was brought in to be operated upon by Mr. B. Cooper —the first after the trial. What *he* felt I do not know, but I know we all felt for him acutely. To our great joy and relief, the operation was admirably done; he appeared to be self-possessed and steady. Then afterwards there came a case of axillary aneurism in a man—Mr. Cooper's case also. I *timed* that, as we often did in those days, and in one-quarter of an hour, without hitch or hindrance, the artery was successfully tied above the clavicle. A more masterly operation I have never since witnessed.

Then, I think, our hatred of the author of the "famous" report was at its height, and Bransby Cooper more a hero than a martyr.

Within a year of Mr. Cooper's death I again met him in the Museum at "Guy's," where I had last met him, when he gave me the *Medical Gazette* years ago. I made myself known to him, and he asked every particular about my success, as if I had been intimate before, which was not the case. By some accident, I mentioned his giving me the volumes of the *Gazette*, and that led us to talk of the trial. He told me *that* trial was the hardest one of his life, but he had lived to be asked by Mr. Wakley to give evidence, if required, which was likely, in favour of a near relative of Wakley's, on account of some want, or supposed want, of skill and judgment in his Professional career, which

he consented to do. I could not resist saying, "Then, sir, you have lived to take a Christian's revenge!" He was much moved, but I found, on further conversation, how much he was then depressed by family troubles, and his own state of failing health.

Though a young man when I knew most of the staff of Guy's Hospital, I always considered Mr. B. Cooper in the wrong place. He ought to have remained in the army, where he would have been a popular army Surgeon, or a dashing cavalry officer. Notwithstanding this, I have often known him make very acute, rapid, and accurate diagnoses; but his great openness, which was that of a student rather than a teacher, exposed him to be found tripping, when a more cautious man, like Mr. Key (particularly before pupils), would not have been found out. Mr. Key appeared never to have a doubt of himself. He once told me, years afterwards, "it was his custom to assert, and not retract; for pupils did not understand *doubts*, and were apt to go away uninstructed."

I have now, Mr. Editor, reached the chief, if not the only reason for addressing you, and that is, to say a few words and give reminiscences of one who was a better Surgeon, had a more scientific mind, more true physiological knowledge than any of his colleagues—I mean Mr. John Morgan. If you will accept them it will be a labour of love to send a short sketch of his life—not longer pro-

bably, than what has now been said of Mr. B. Cooper and "old times."

II. JOHN MORGAN.

Mr. John Morgan was the second son of Mr. William Morgan, who, for more than fifty years, was the actuary of the old Equitable Life Assurance Office, close to Blackfriars Bridge. Mr. William Morgan began life as a Medical student, and came from Glamorganshire to London, as he told me, with sixpence in his pocket and a "club-foot." He was nephew to the celebrated Dr. Price, whose mathematical talents were well known, and, from his calculations on the value of lives, was solicited to found a life assurance office. Other engagements interfered with this project, and therefore Dr. Price recommended his nephew, Mr. Morgan, to apply himself to mathematics, and actually taught him the multiplication table. From that time Mr. Morgan continued with his uncle, and became one of the most eminent authorities in his department as actuary.

From childhood, Mr. John Morgan showed an intense interest in natural history, and began to skin and stuff birds and small animals almost as early as he could use a knife and his fingers. His father was an excellent carpenter, and skilful in the use of the lathe, and taught all his sons to use their eyes and fingers in similar employments. I

believe that early education of the hands had a great effect in rendering Mr. John Morgan so beautifully neat, steady, and dexterous an operator and manipulator. He was patient and thoughtful in watching the habits of all living creatures that came under his notice; and it was remembered against him for many years, as a joke, that when very young he was taken into his mother's bedroom, soon after a confinement, to be reproved for mischief, and on coming out he remarked, "How savage she is now she has got a little one!" thus proving his keen notice of *one* habit of the female animal! In course of years Mr. John Morgan made a nearly perfect collection of stuffed "British birds," many of which were in their transition plumage, at that time a puzzling circumstance to naturalists. Among these, the "gulls" were least known. He was frequently of service, freely rendered, to the late Mr. W. Yarrell, during his researches for the materials of his well known and beautifully illustrated "British Birds." When Mr. J. Morgan became one of the Surgeons to Guy's Hospital, he felt constrained to part with his favourite collection of birds, saying "he must either be a showman or a Surgeon, and suspected that the latter would *pay* the best."

Mr. John Morgan was apprenticed to Sir Astley Cooper, with Tyrrell, Key, Travers, and others, who afterwards did honour to the school. He lectured on Anatomy and Surgery, and in my

time established a ward in Guy's Hospital entirely devoted to diseases of the eye. At that time he was working out many facts in physiology and comparative anatomy, using the microscope more than was prudent, which caused a violent attack of iritis. On recovery, Mr. Morgan continued his researches in comparative anatomy, in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Bell. He thought much about the possibility of curing tetanus and hydrophobia, and instituted some very interesting experiments, in conjunction with Dr. Addison and Dr. Hodgkin, as to the effects of some of the most powerful Indian poisons, hoping by their means to stay the convulsive spasms which characterize the two above-named diseases. Many of these experiments originated with Mr. Morgan—as I have reason to know, from having been permitted to witness them. His neat, steady dissection and manipulation, causing the least possible injury to the neighbouring parts, were of importance to the success of such researches. The results were published in the joint names of "Morgan and Addison on Poisons." As an operator, I think he excelled all his colleagues. His amputations were most masterly. He was the first to use the metal sutures for closing his flap amputations especially, and also for other large wounds, using for that purpose a soft, ductile, fine iron wire. This method, I think, went out of use at Guy's after Mr. Morgan's death, to be again brought into

extensive use, with the substitution only of fine silver wire. He also paid much attention to the cure of venereal diseases, and, at the time Carmichael's interesting book was attracting much attention, adopted the theory of the different forms of venereal disease, and was always content to "just *touch* the gums" in the use of mercury, never wishing to go further than that slight symptom of the specific effects of the remedy on the constitution. In the phagedenic sloughing forms of sores, he made it a point of treatment, and taught us, that opium internally, and strong nitric acid externally, to the sores were our sheet anchors —mercury never, until the sores had assumed a more healthy appearance, and then only when they showed a disposition to become sluggish in healing. At one time, I think, a book was contemplated on the subject, but the appearance of Carmichael's volume and Bacot's practical treatise may have induced Mr. Morgan to relinquish the design. I never knew him perform an operation without much, and often, very anxious thought—never for show, never without absolute necessity and a hope of success.

When I knew him as an oculist, he used to place his patients in a large high-backed chair, and sit before them at a convenient height, and in this (to me) very inconvenient position, he could trust to his hand and eye to perform section of the cornea; and this was done when we had no chloroform,

and must follow the retreating cornea as it dashed away from the point of the knife. He was ambidexter to a great degree.

I think Mr. Morgan was the first in modern days to attempt the removal of a diseased ovary, after Dr. Blundell had successfully removed the whole uterus. Mr. Morgan's operation was not undertaken without much previous thought and trouble. He frequently visited and witnessed the veterinary Surgeons and, so to speak, the empiric operations on beasts of different ages, before he ventured to operate on the case which he hoped to benefit, but the patient died ; and so ended for a long time the attempt to relieve women of ovarian tumours in a way which now astonishes us, and which would have been scouted as absurdly untrue and impossible forty years ago.

Mr. Morgan's dissection of, and investigations into, the anatomy and physiology of the reproductive organs of the kangaroo have not yet been surpassed. They are recorded, and beautifully illustrated, in one of the volumes of the Linnæan *Transactions*. He kept female kangaroos for months in his back-yard in Broad Street Buildings, taming them, so as to be able daily to examine them, by the hand put into the pouch, to find out when, or how, the little immature creature came to hang attached, as if organically, to the first-used nipple ; but, I believe, he never succeeded in making that part of the history quite clear.

His dissections of the mammary organs were masterly in a very high degree.

Mr. Morgan was one of the first, and certainly one of the most energetic, originators of the now fashionable Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. He published a small volume of lectures on diseases of the eye, for the use of his pupils, and this book was fully illustrated by very characteristic drawings. The diagrams, of large size, which illustrated his lectures, were mostly sketched by himself, and coloured by Canton, then of Guy's Hospital.

I have already mentioned that Mr. T. Bell, whose name has for years been familiar as one of the most distinguished writers on various subjects of natural history, was associated with Mr. Morgan as a friend and fellow-inquirer. I do not think it possible to express with more truth and feeling than this friend has done, in a recent letter to me, the esteem in which those who knew Mr. Morgan best held (and, after many years of separation by death, still hold) the memory of his character.

Professor Bell writes—and I need make no apology for thus giving his sentiments—

"No one had greater opportunities of judging of his (Mr. Morgan's) merits than I had. He was (and I say this with the greatest confidence) the most philosophical and thoughtful Surgeon at that time attached to 'our school.' His treatment of disease, the necessity, or the contrary, of an opera-

tion in any particular case, were subjects on which he invariably devoted much thoughtful consideration; for no man was more entirely free from all taint of empiricism, or more original in judgment. The work in which he and I were most closely associated was, of course, that of comparative anatomy, in which we jointly laboured for a considerable period, our manipulations being almost wholly conducted in my own dissecting-room. His contributions to physiological and anatomical science, with reference to comparative anatomy in particular, were all marked by the thoughtfulness and *simple truth which so entirely characterized his mind.* As an operating Surgeon, he was certainly unequalled in my time—for here, also, the same characteristic thoughtfulness was as conspicuous as in his scientific studies. I need not speak to you of his sincerity and warmth, and unchangeableness in friendship, and his affectionate heart. Those qualities were unsurpassed in any one I have ever known, and no one can speak with greater confidence and authority on this point than I can. Our friendship was most intimate for many years, and never for one moment darkened by a cloud."

Mr. Morgan's health was never very strong. He suffered during most part of his life from what were called bilious headaches.

During the time that Dr. Bright, with the assistance of Dr. Addison, and, though last not least, with the assistance of Mr. Morgan's *other* most

intimate and trusted friend, Dr. Hodgkin—whose indefatigable industry and patient investigations have never, to my mind, been properly acknowledged—I repeat, during the time Bright was making out the disease now called after his name, and watching its symptoms, Mr. Morgan was marking the approach of the same symptoms in his own body. With the courage natural to him, he said little or nothing about it, till one day he found himself on the floor of his consulting-room; and when he came to himself (as I have been informed) he went to his solicitor and told him to make his will while he stayed there, and could sign it—knowing only too well, from the course of that disease, that such an attack might recur. Mr. Morgan left a family, none of whom, he told me, should ever enter our Profession; but two sons have done so since their father's death. One of them I know to be still living: may he "do honour to an honoured name."

Mr. John Morgan's eldest son succeeds his uncle and grandfather in the old "Equitable," where it is to be hoped he may be as successful and beloved as they were before him.

DR. SIGMOND.

SINCE the last of my "Recollections" was written Dr. Sigmond has died. In a letter I received recently from my old friend Sir J. Rose Cormack he says—"Poor Sigmond died in the Hertford British Hospital on the 20th inst., having been admitted two or three days previously with senile bronchitis and great prostration. He was Dr. Herbert's patient in the months of January, February, March, and April, being his four months in charge. I saw the poor old man, with Dr. Herbert, on the 19th; he was then evidently sinking. I thought you would like to have this news wherewith to finish your sketch. Sigmond told me that a great deal that was "incorrect, though not uncomplimentary," had been published in biographies of him. He never saw your articles, but was interested in what I told him of them. He told me he was going to write to you when he had read your notice of him, which I promised to procure for him. He was buried yesterday at Neuilly." I had previously received from Sir J. Cormack two letters, one dated the 5th, the other the 6th of January, 1873. I quote them here as they are interesting and most creditable to the kindness of heart which they display :—

"Accidentally—for I seldom see the *Medical Times and Gazette*—I had the pleasure of perusing in yesterday's issue your very interesting and graphic recollections of the celebrities of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society. The notice of what Dr. Sigmond was in the olden time particularly interested me, for the poor old man came repeatedly under my notice during the German siege, and was my patient last summer in the Hertford British Hospital, where he was also previously ministered to by my colleague Dr. Herbert. During the siege Dr. Herbert was very kind to him, and it was as members of the British Charitable Fund Committee that Sigmond became known to us in a special manner. But for the Fund, he, like hundreds of British subjects shut up in Paris during these months of anguish, must have died at that time. Then, and since the siege, the siege privations have killed many, and permanently ruined the health of many more, and yet old Sigmond is not only alive, but in moderate health, and as profane as any trooper of the Crusades.

"He came to our hospital last summer with capillary bronchitis, which had at first an ugly aspect from his debility, and a chronic cardiac affection. . . . . He was very happy with us in his convalescence; he took his breakfast in bed, dressed, took his seat in the window of the smoking-room with feet on the window-sill (this relieved his swollen ankles, and was therefore

allowed); he read medical books and journals—French and English—supplied by myson (Resident Clinical Assistant); discoursed to the patients on their maladies, and how he would cure them. In fact, he had made himself '*too much at home.*' . .

"He is now living in a room near my residence—a little garret in an hotel. He comes down twice a day to feed at a neighbouring restaurant. Some day we shall be hearing of his inability to descend, and will, as before, have to receive him into the Hertford British Hospital. I mean to look him up some day, and keep my eye on him. He has five francs a week from the British Charitable Fund, and another small weekly allowance from a lady. Sir R. Wallace has given him repeated donations. I wonder how old he is—not quite so old as you make him out, I fancy, in your 'Autobiographical Recollections.'"

* * * * * * *

"Since I posted this morning the letter I wrote to you last night we have had an application from Sigmond for re-admission as a patient! He is exceedingly infirm, and near his end I think. At the same time he has no urgent malady, and is as saucy as possible. Dr. Herbert began his four months of duty on the 1st of this month, so that if Sigmond comes in he will be Herbert's patient; consequently I have only partial power. . . . . However, whether out or in, we will take care that he is looked after. I was wrong in saying that he

had only five francs a week from the British Charitable Fund; he has for some time past been getting forty francs a month, which is doled out in weekly sums of ten francs, on account of his improvidence. He no sooner gets money than he spends it on extravagant dinners. In addition to the British Charitable Fund's forty francs, he receives monthly from friends (who do not wish their names to be known) another monthly forty francs. Sir Richard Wallace gives him occasional donations, and will no doubt at this crisis remit a little present in money for him."

THE END.

LONDON:
SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

Digitized with financial assistance from

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on 27 November, 2018